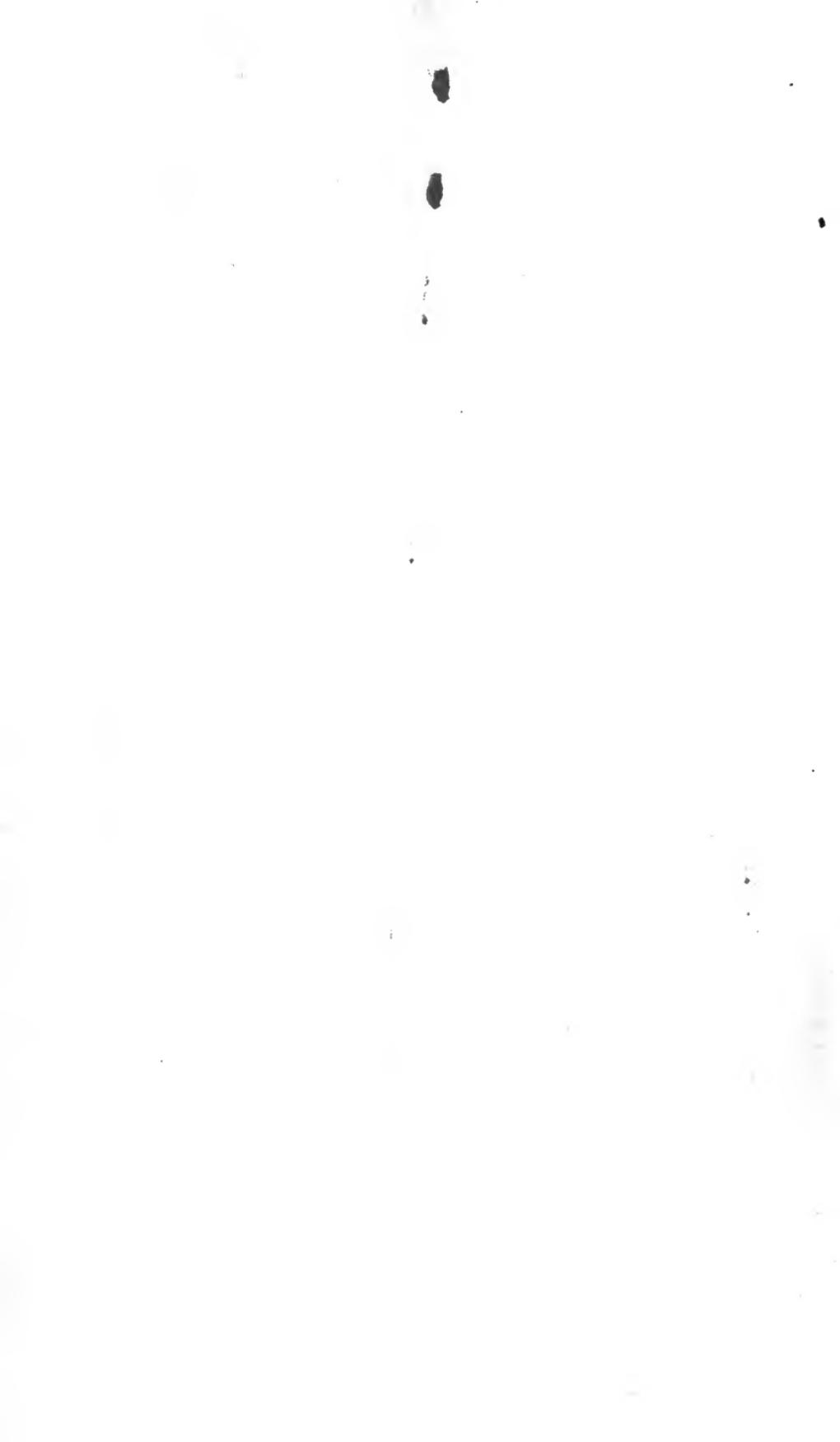


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ONEOTA.

OR

THE RED RACE OF AMERICA:

THEIR HISTORY, TRADITIONS, CUSTOMS,

POETRY, PICTURE-WRITING, &c.

IN EXTRACTS FROM

NOTES, JOURNALS, AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

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NEW YORK:

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ONEITA.

OR

THE RED RACE OF AMERICA.

NUMBER ONE, AUGUST, 1844.

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TO THE READER.

MORE than thirty years have passed (it was in 1809) since, by a change of residence from central, to western New York, the writer was first placed in a position to observe the Red Race of this continent. The public are apprized, that he had devoted several years of this period to the topics of geography and geology in exploratory journies, in the vallies of the Mississippi and the Missouri, and the latitudes west and north of them, before he entered the service of the U. S. government, in connexion with these tribes. Two and twenty years of his life, he may add, have been passed in the various capacities of an executive Agent, a Commissioner, and a Superintendant of Indian affairs, for the northern department.

Having received numerous letters of inquiry, from various quarters, on this head, since his return from the eastern hemisphere, to his native state, it is supposed that a general interest may be felt, to know something, more fully, of the results of his experience, observation and adventurous positions, in so wide a field. It is, in truth, to test this opinion, which is not, perhaps, well founded, or general, that the following extracts and memoranda, selected from his notes and papers, are published. The design is to continue them for a few numbers, at convenient intervals, to enable the reader to form his own opinion on the subject.

In making this essay, it was thought appropriate, that a title for it should be selected from the language of the people, whose history and traits are brought into discussion. The term Oneota is the name of one of these aboriginal tribes (the Oneidas.) It signifies, in the Mohawk dialect, the people who are sprung from a Rock. It is a term which will do as well as any, for the entire race, until we obtain better lights.

As the writer is about to go west, temporarily, these papers are put into the hands of a friend who is curious in these things, and who is known to be actuated, at the same time, by an enlarged benevolence for the race. If there be any thing farther, that the reader should be apprized of, it must be left to his hands.

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

New York, July, 1844.

INDIAN STORY TELLERS.

If a stranger among the Indians happens to be seated with the family in the lodge, (where the lonely wanderer has often found a welcome retreat,) he may sometimes observe a sudden commotion, and find, from the countenances of the family that agreeable news has arrived. "Old — has come!" There is general joy. An old Indian enters, enfeebled by years and no longer able to join the warriors and hunters, now perhaps absent on some dangerous enterprise. He possesses a memory retentive of the traditions of the tribe, and probably an imagination quick at invention or embellishment. As a necessary qualification, he is one of the few well acquainted with his native language. He loves to repeat his tales, and the children dearly love to listen. In the many waste hours of savage life, the mother often realizes the inconvenience of having to provide occupation for unemployed minds; and the story-teller is welcomed by her for the relief he brings.

The old man, seated on the ground, and surrounded by an attentive circle, begins his tale; and as the interest rises, and the narrative requires it, he now changes his tones to imitate different speakers, varies his countenance and attitudes, or moves across the lodge to personate the characters he describes. The mother, without disturbance, places the kettle on the fire, and quietly prepares some savory dish to regale the old wanderer at the close of his labors.

Thus, as by the minstrels, bards and troubadours of former days, and as by the Turkish story-tellers at the present time, the Indians hand down their traditions of different kinds from generation to generation. The two succeeding tales are connected with their religious systems, and were evidently forged for the purpose of teaching the duty of subserviency to the priests. They bear striking resemblances to certain mythological tales of other nations, ancient and modern, which may occur to some of our readers, but which we cannot at present point out.—*Editor.*

[The following legend was related by Audaname, an Ottowa of *L'Arbre Croche*, in an answer to inquiries respecting their astronomical opinions of the sun and moon. The bearing it has on the ancient worship of the sun, to which the white dog was offered, is, perhaps, the most important point furnished by it. He who scans these stories, for the light they may reflect on these ancient customs, religion and opinions, must separate truth from fiction, and tradition from fable, by the best lights he can get. I am content, as a collector and gleaner of this cabin lore, to set down these stories with all their incongruities about them. It does not always fall to the lot of the same person, both to furnish materials and to draw conclusions. *H. R. Schoolcraft.*]

TALES OF A WIGWAM.

TALE FIRST.

THE WHITE STONE CANOE.

THERE was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when, it was thought, by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had both lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say, that there was a path, that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out, one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while, he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills, and vallies, and streams had the same looks, which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground, when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length, it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild, the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the songs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands.

The young Chippewayan began to tell his story ; but the venerable chief arrested him, before he had proceeded to speak ten words. I have expected you, he replied, and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She, whom you seek, passed here but a few days since, and being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your enquiries, and give you directions for your journey from this point. Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge door. " You see yonder gulf, said he, and the wide stretching blue plains beyond. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle and your dog. You will find them safe on your return." So saying, he re-entered the lodge, and the freed traveller bounded forward, as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colours and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path, with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him, there was no blood shed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and sported in the waters. There was but one thing, in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows. When he had travelled half a day's journey, through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone, tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when to his joy and surprise, on turning round, he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in every thing. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from shore and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed, than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; and what added to it, was the *clearness of the water*, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones laid strewed on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and ranks, were there; some passed, and

some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves. At length, every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leapt out on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where every thing was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests—there was no ice, no chilly winds—no one shivered for the want of warm clothes: no one suffered for hunger—no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals; for the air itself was their food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in a soft breeze: “Go back, said this voice, to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you must observe, will be told you by my messenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterwards rejoin the spirit, which you must now leave behind. She is accepted and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows.” When this voice ceased, the narrator awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger and tears.

THE

LYNX AND THE HARE.

A FABLE FROM THE OJIBWA-ALGONQUIN.

A LYNX almost famished, met a hare one day in the woods, in the winter season, but the hare was separated from its enemy by a rock, upon which it stood. The lynx began to speak to it in a very kind manner. “Wabose! Wabose!” * said he, “come here my little white one, I wish to talk to you.” “O no,” said the hare, “I am afraid of you, and my mother told me never to go and talk with strangers.” “You are very pretty,” replied the lynx, “and a very obedient child to your parents; but you must know that I am a relative of yours; I wish to send some word to your lodge; come down and see me.” The hare was pleased to be called pretty, and when she heard that it was a relative, she jumped down from the place where she stood, and immediately the lynx pounced upon her and tore her to pieces.

* This word appears to be a derivation from the radix **WAWB**, white. The termination in o is the objective sign. The term is made diminutive in s.

TALE SECOND.

THE WORSHIP OF THE SUN.

AN OTTOWA TRADITION,

A LONG time ago, there lived an aged Odjibwa and his wife, on the shores of Lake Huron. They had an only son, a very beautiful boy, whose name was O-na-wut-a-qut-o, or he that catches the clouds. The family were of the totem of the beaver. The parents were very proud of him, and thought to make him a celebrated man, but when he reached the proper age, he would not submit to the We-koon-de-win, or fast. When this time arrived, they gave him charcoal, instead of his breakfast, but he would not blacken his face. If they denied him food, he would seek for birds' eggs, along the shore, or pick up the heads of fish that had been cast away, and broil them. One day, they took away violently the food he had thus prepared, and cast him some coals in place of it. This act brought him to a decision. He took the coals and blackened his face, and went out of the lodge. He did not return, but slept without; and during the night, he had a dream. He dreamed that he saw a very beautiful female come down from the clouds and stand by his side. "O-na-wut-a-qut-o," said she, "I am come for you—step in my tracks." The young man did so, and presently felt himself ascending above the tops of the trees—he mounted up, step by step, into the air, and through the clouds. His guide, at length, passed through an orifice, and he, following her, found himself standing on a beautiful plain.

A path led to a splendid lodge. He followed her into it. It was large, and divided into two parts. On one end he saw bows and arrows, clubs and spears, and various warlike implements tipped with silver. On the other end, were things exclusively belonging to females. This was the home of his fair guide, and he saw that she had, on the frame, a broad rich belt, of many colours, which she was weaving. She said to him: "My brother is coming and I must hide you." Putting him in one corner, she spread the belt over him. Presently the brother came in, very richly dressed, and shining as if he had had points of silver all over him. He took down from the wall a splendid pipe, together with his sack of a-pa-ko-ze-gun, or smoking mixture. When he had finished regaling himself in this way, and laid his pipe aside, he said to his sister: "Nemissa," (which is, my elder sister,) "when will you quit these practices? Do you forget that the Greatest of the Spirits has commanded that you should not

take away the children from below? Perhaps you suppose that you have concealed O-na-wut-a-qut-o, but do I not know of his coming? If you would not offend me, send him back immediately." But this address did not alter her purpose. She would not send him back. Finding that she was purposed in her mind, he then spoke to the young lad, and called him from his hiding place. "Come out of your concealment," said he, "and walk about and amuse yourself. You will grow hungry if you remain there." He then presented him a bow and arrows, and a pipe of red stone, richly ornamented. This was taken as the word of consent to his marriage; so the two were considered husband and wife from that time.

O-no-wut-a-qut-o found every thing exceedingly fair and beautiful around him, but he found no inhabitants except her brother. There were flowers on the plains. There were bright and sparkling streams. There were green vallies and pleasant trees. There were gay birds and beautiful animals, but they were not such as he had been accustomed to see. There was also day and night, as on the earth; but he observed that every morning the brother regularly left the lodge, and remained absent all day; and every evening the sister departed, though it was commonly but for a part of the night.

His curiosity was aroused to solve this mystery. He obtained the brother's consent to accompany him in one of his daily journeys. They travelled over a smooth plain, without boundaries, until O-no-wut-a-qut-o felt the gnawings of appetite, and asked his companion if there were no game. "Patience! my brother," said he, "we shall soon reach the spot where I eat my dinner, and you will then see how I am provided." After walking on a long time, they came to a place which was spread over with fine mats, where they sat down to refresh themselves. There was, at this place, a hole through the sky; and O-no-wut-a-qut-o, looked down, at the bidding of his companion, upon the earth. He saw below the great lakes, and the villages of the Indians. In one place, he saw a war party stealing on the camp of their enemies. In another, he saw feasting and dancing. On a green plain, young men were engaged at ball. Along a stream, women were employed in gathering the a-puk-wa for mats.

"Do you see," said the brother, "that group of children playing beside a lodge. Observe that beautiful and active boy," said he, at the same time darting something at him, from his hand. The child immediately fell, and was carried into the lodge.

They looked again, and saw the people gathering about the lodge. They heard the she-she-gwan of the meeta, and the song he sung, asking that the child's life might be spared. To this request, the companion of O-no-wut-a-qut-o made answer—"send me up the sacrifice of a white dog." Immediately a feast was ordered by the parents of the child, the white dog was killed, his carcass was roasted, and all the wise men and medicine men of the village assembled to witness the ceremony. "There are many

below," continued the voice of the brother, "whom you call great in medical skill, but it is because their ears are open, and they listen to my voice, that they are able to succeed. When I have struck one with sickness, they direct the people to look to me: and when they send me the offering I ask, I remove my hand from off them, and they are well." After he had said this, they saw the sacrifice parcelled out in dishes, for those who were at the feast. The master of the feast then said, "we send this to thee, Great Manitō," and immediately the roasted animal came up. Thus their dinner was supplied, and after they had eaten, they returned to the lodge by another way.

After this manner they lived for some time; but the place became wearisome at last. O-no-wut-a-qut-o thought of his friends, and wished to go back to them. He had not forgotten his native village, and his father's lodge; and he asked leave of his wife, to return. At length she consented. "Since you are better pleased," she replied, with the cares and the ills, and the poverty of the world, than with the peaceful delights of the sky, and its boundless prairies, go! I give you permission, and since I have brought you hither, I will conduct you back; but remember, you are still my husband, I hold a chain in my hand by which I can draw you back, whenever I will. My power over you is not, in any manner, diminished. Beware, therefore, how you venture to take a wife among the people below. Should you ever do so, it is then that you shall feel the force of my displeasure."

As she said this, her eyes sparkled—she raised herself slightly on her toes, and stretched herself up, with a majestic air; and at that moment, O-no-wut-a-qut-o awoke from his dream. He found himself on the ground, near his father's lodge, at the very spot where he had laid himself down to fast. Instead of the bright beings of a higher world, he found himself surrounded by his parents and relatives. His mother told him he had been absent a year. The change was so great, that he remained for some time moody and abstracted, but by degrees, he recovered his spirits. He began to doubt the reality of all he had heard and seen above. At last, he forgot the admonitions of his spouse, and married a beautiful young woman of his own tribe. But within four days, she was a corpse. Even the fearful admonition was lost, and he repeated the offence by a second marriage. Soon afterwards, he went out of the lodge, one night, but never returned. It was believed that his wife had recalled him to the region of the clouds, where the tradition asserts, he still dwells, and walks on the daily rounds, which he once witnessed.

The native tribes are a people without maxims: One of the few which have been noticed is this: Do not tell a story in the summer; if you do, the toads will visit you.

TALE THIRD.

SHINGEBISS.

FROM THE ODJIBWA-ALGONQUIN,

THERE was once a Shingebiss, [the name of a kind of duck] living alone, in a solitary lodge, on the shores of the deep bay of a lake, in the coldest winter weather. The ice had formed on the water, and he had but four logs of wood to keep his fire. Each of these, would, however, burn a month, and as there were but four cold winter months, they were sufficient to carry him through till spring.

Shingebiss was hardy and fearless, and cared for no one. He would go out during the coldest day, and seek for places where flags and rushes grew through the ice, and plucking them up with his bill, would dive through the openings, in quest of fish. In this way he found plenty of food, while others were starving, and he went home daily to his lodge, dragging strings of fish after him, on the ice.

Kabebonicca * observed him, and felt a little piqued at his perseverance and good luck in defiance of the severest blasts of wind he could send from the northwest. "Why! this is a wonderful man," said he; "he does not mind the cold, and appears as happy and contented, as if it were the month of June. I will try, whether he cannot be mastered." He poured forth ten-fold colder blasts, and drifts of snow, so that it was next to impossible to live in the open air. Still the fire of Shingebiss did not go out: he wore but a single strip of leather around his body, and he was seen, in the worst weather, searching the shores for rushes, and carrying home fish.

"I shall go and visit him," said Kabebonicca, one day, as he saw Shingebiss dragging along a quantity of fish. And accordingly, that very night, he went to the door of his lodge. Meantime Shingebiss had cooked his fish, and finished his meal, and was lying, partly on his side, before the fire singing his songs. After Kabebonicca had come to the door, and stood listening there, he sang as follows :

Ka	Neej	Ka	Neej
Be	In	Be	In
Bon	In	Bon	In
Oc	Ee.	Oc	Ee.
Ca	We-ya !	Ca	We-ya !

The number of words, in this song, are few and simple, but they are made up from compounds which carry the whole of their original meanings, and are rather suggestive of the ideas floating in the mind, than actual expressions of those ideas. Literally he sings :

Spirit of the North West—you are but my fellow man.

* A personification of the North West.

By being broken into syllables, to correspond with a simple chant, and by the power of intonation and repetition, with a chorus, these words are expanded into melodious utterance, if we may be allowed the term, and may be thus rendered :

Windy god, I know your plan,
You are but my fellow man,
Blow you may your coldest breeze,
Shingebiss you cannot freeze,
Sweep the strongest wind you can,
Shingebiss is still your man,
Heigh ! for life—and ho ! for bliss,
Who so free as Shingebiss ?

The hunter knew that Kabebonicca was at his door, for he felt his cold and strong breath ; but he kept on singing his songs, and affected utter indifference. At length Kabebonicca entered, and took his seat on the opposite side of the lodge. But Shingebiss did not regard, or notice him. He got up, as if nobody were present, and taking his poker, pushed the log, which made his fire burn brighter, repeating as he sat down again :

You are but my fellow man.

Very soon the tears began to flow down Kabebonicca's cheeks, which increased so fast, that, presently, he said to himself, "I cannot stand this—I must go out." He did so, and left Shingebiss to his songs ; but resolved to freeze up all the flag orifices, and make the ice thick, so that he could not get any more fish. Still Shingebiss, by dint of great diligence, found means to pull up new roots, and dive under for fish. At last Kabebonicca was compelled to give up the contest. "He must be aided by some Monedo," said he, "I can neither freeze him, nor starve him, he is a very singular being—I will let him alone."

The introduction of the Saxon race into North America, has had three determined opponents, the life of each of whom forms a distinct era. They were Powhatan, Metakom, and Pontiac. Each pursued the same method to accomplish his end, and each was the indomitable foe of the race.—Sassacus ought, perhaps, to be added to the number. Brant, was but a partisan, and fought for one branch, against another. Tecumseh, was also, rather the foe of the American type of the race, than the whole race. The same can be said of lesser men, such as Little Turtle, Buckanjaheela, and Black Hawk. Uncas was also a partisan, not a hater of the white race, and like Waub Ojeeg in the north, fought, that one tribe might prevail over another. If the Saxon race profited by this, he could not help it. Tuscaloosa fought for his tribe's supremacy ; Osceola for revenge.

NAMES OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.

ONTARIO, is a word from the Wyandot, or, as called by the Iroquois, Quatoghe language. This tribe, prior to the outbreak of the war against them, by their kindred the Iroquois, lived on a bay, near Kingston, which was the ancient point of embarkation and debarkation, or, in other words, at once the commencement and the terminus of the portage, according to the point of destination for all, who passed into or out of the lake. From such a point it was natural that a term so euphonous, should prevail among Europeans, over the other Indian names in use. The Mohawks and their confederates, generally, called it Cadaracqui—which was also their name for the St. Lawrence. The Onondagas, it is believed, knew it, in early times, by the name of Oswego.* Of the meaning of Ontario, we are left in the dark by commentators on the Indian. Philology casts some light on the subject. The first syllable, *on*, it may be observed, appears to be the notarial increment or syllable of Onondio, a hill. Tarak, is clearly, the same phrase, written darac, by the French, in the Mohawk compound of Cadaracqui; and denotes rocks, i. e. rocks standing in the water. In the final vowels *io*, we have the same term, with the same meaning which they carry in the Seneca, or old Mingo word Ohio.† It is descriptive of an extended and beautiful water prospect, or landscape. It possesses all the properties of an exclamation, in other languages, but according to the unique principles of the Indian grammar, it is an exclamation-substantive. How beautiful! [the prospect, scene present.]

Erie is the name of a tribe conquered or extinguished by the Iroquois. We cannot stop to inquire into this fact historically, farther than to say, that it was the policy of this people to adopt into their different tribes of the confederacy, the remnants of nations whom they conquered, and that it was not probable, therefore, that the Eries were annihilated. Nor is it probable that they were a people very remote in kindred and language, from the ancient Sinondowans, or Senecas, who, it may be supposed, by crushing them, destroyed and exterminated their name only, while they strengthened their numbers by this inter-adoption. In many old maps, this lake bears the name of Erie or "Oskwago."

Huron, is the *nom de guerre* of the French, for the "Yendats," as they are called in some old authors, or the Wyandots. Charlevoix tells us that it is a term derived from the French word *hure*, [a wild boar,] and was applied to this nation from the mode of wearing their hair. "Quelles Hures!" said the first visitors, when they saw them, and hence, according to this respectable author, the word Huron.

* Vide a Reminiscence of Oswego.

† The sound of *i* in this word, as in Ontario, is long *e* in the Indian.

When this nation, with their confederates, the Algonquins, or Adirondaks, as the Iroquois called them, were overthrown in several decisive battles on the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec, and compelled to fly west; they at first took shelter in this lake, and thus transferred their name to it. With them, or at least, at the same general era, came some others of the tribes who made a part of the people called by the French, Algonquins, or Nipercineans, and who thus constituted the several tribes, speaking a closely cognate language, whose descendants are regarded by philologists, as the modern Lake-Algonquins.

The French sometimes called this lake *Mer douce*, or the Placid sea. The Odjibwas and some other northern tribes of that stock, call it Ottawa lake. No term has been found for it in the Iroquois language, unless it be that by which they distinguished its principal seat of trade, negociation and early rendezvous, the island of Michilimackinac, which they called Tiedonderagie.

Michigan is a derivative from two Odjibwa-Algonquin words, signifying large, i. e. large in relation to masses in the inorganic kingdom, and a lake. The French called it, generally, during the earlier periods of their transactions, the lake of the Illinese, or Illinois.

Superior, the most northwesterly, and the largest of the series, is a term which appears to have come into general use, at a comparatively early era, after the planting of the English colonies. The French bestowed upon it, unsuccessfully, one or two names, the last of which was Traci, after the French minister of this name. By the Odjibwa-Algonquins, who at the period of the French discovery, and who still occupy its borders, it is called Gitch-Igomee, or The Big Sea-water; from Gitchee, great, and grand, a generic term for bodies of water. The term IGOMA, is an abbreviated form of this, suggested for adoption.

The poetry of the Indians, is the poetry of naked thought. They have neither ryhme, nor metre to adorn it.

Tales and traditions occupy the place of books, with the Red Race.—They make up a kind of oral literature, which is resorted to, on long winter evenings, for the amusement of the lodge.

The love of independence is so great with these tribes, that they have never been willing to load their political system with the forms of a regular government, for fear it might prove oppressive.

To be governed and to be enslaved, are ideas which have been confounded by the Indians.

ODJIBWA SONG.

THE following song, taken from the oral traditions of the north, is connected with a historical incident, of note, in the Indian wars of Canada. In 1759, great exertions were made by the French Indian department, under Gen. Montcalm, to bring a body of Indians into the valley of the lower St. Lawrence, and invitations, for this purpose reached the utmost shores of Lake Superior. In one of the canoes from that quarter, which was left on their way down, at the lake of Two Mountains, near the mouth of the Utawas, while the warriors proceeded farther, was a Chippewa girl called Paig-wain-e-osh-e, or the White Eagle, driven by the wind. While the party awaited there, the result of events at Quebec, she formed an attachment for a young Algonquin belonging to the French mission of the Two Mountains. This attachment was mutual, and gave origin to the song, of which the original words, with a literal prose translation, are subjoined:

I.

Ia indenaindum
Ia indenaindum
Ma kow we yah
Nin denaindum we.

Ah me! when I think of him—when I think of him—my sweetheart,
my Algonquin.

II.

Pah bo je aun
Ne be nau be koning
Wabi megwissun
Nene mooshain we
Odishquagumee.

As I embarked to return, he put the white wampum around my neck
—a pledge of truth, my sweetheart, my Algonquin.

III.

Keguh wejewin
Ain dah nuk ke yun
Ningee egobun
Nene mooshain we
Odishquagumee.

I shall go with you, he said, to your native country—I shall go with
you, my sweetheart—my Algonquin.

IV.

Nia! nin de nah dash
 Wassahwud gushuh
 Aindahnuk ke yaun
 Ke yau ninemooshai wee
 Odishquagumee.

Alas! I replied—my native country is far, far away—my sweetheart; my Algonquin.

V.

Kai aubik oween
 Ain aube aunin
 Ke we naubee
 Ne ne mooshai we
 Odishquagumee.

When I looked back again—where we parted, he was still looking after me, my sweetheart ; my Algonquin.

VI.

Apee nay we ne bow
 Unishe bun
 Aungwash agushing
 Ne ne mooshai we
 Odishquagumee.

He was still standing on a fallen tree—that had fallen into the water, my sweetheart ; my Algonquin.

VII.

Nia ! indenaindum
 Nia ! in denaindum
 Ma kow we yuh
 Nin de nain dum we
 Odishquagumee.

Alas! when I think of him—when I think of him—It is when I think of him ; my Algonquin.

Eloquence on the part of the speakers, is not so much the result of superior force of thought, as of the strong and clear positions of right, in which they have been placed by circumstances. It is the force of truth, by which we are charmed.

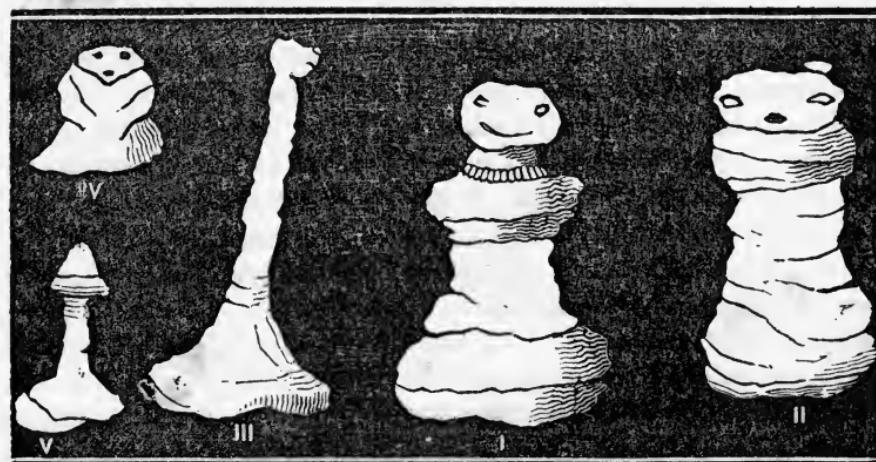
An Indian war song, sung in public, by the assembled warriors on the outbreak of hostilities, is a declaration of war.

SHINGABA-WOSSINS, OR IMAGE STONES.

THE native tribes who occupy the borders of the great lakes, are very ingenious in converting to the uses of superstition, such masses of loose rock, or boulder stones, as have been fretted by the action of water into shapes resembling the trunks of human bodies, or other organic forms.

There appears, at all times, to have been a ready disposition to turn such masses of rude natural sculpture, so to call them, to an idolatrous use ; as well as a most ingenious tact, in aiding the effect of the natural resemblance, by dots or dabs of paint, to denote eyes, and other features, or by rings of red ochre, around their circumference, by way of ornament.

In the following figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, some of these masses are represented.



Number 3. was brought to the office of the Indian Agent at Michilimackinac in 1839, and placed among objects of analogous interest to visitors. It consisted of a portion of a vein or mass of gneiss or granite, from which both mica and feldspar were nearly absent, existing only in trace, while the quartzy portion predominated, and had, by its superior hardness, resisted the elemental action. The mode of the formation of such masses is very well known to geologists, resulting, in almost every case, from the unequal degree of hardness of various parts of a mass, submitted to an equal force of attrition, such as is ordinarily given by the upheaving and rolling force of waves on a lake, or ocean beach. To the natives, who are not prone to reason from cause to effect, such productions appear wonderful. All that is past comprehension, or wonderful, is attributed by them to the supernatural agency of spirits. The hunter or

warrior, who is travelling along the coast, and finds one of these self-sculptured stones, is not sure that it is not a direct interposition of his God, or guardian Manito, in his favour. He is habitually a believer in the most subtle forms of mysterious power, which he acknowledges to be often delegated to the native priests, or necromancers. He is not staggered by the most extraordinary stretch of fancy, in the theory of the change or transformation of animate into inanimate objects, and vice versa. All things, "in heaven and earth," he believes to be subject to this subtle power of metamorphosis. But, whatever be the precise operating cause of the respect he pays to the imitative rolled stones, which he calls Shingaba-wossins, and also by the general phrase of Muz-in-in-a-wun, or images, he is not at liberty to pass them without hazarding something, in his opinion, of his chance of success in life, or the fortune of the enterprize in hand.

If the image be small, it is generally taken with him and secreted in the neighborhood of his lodge. If large and too heavy for this purpose, it is set up on the shore, generally in some obscure nook, where an offering of tobacco, or something else of less value, may be made *to* it, or rather *through* it, to the spirit.

In 1820 one of these stones (No. 2.) was met by an expedition of the government sent north, that year, for the purpose of interior discovery and observation, at the inner Thunder Bay island, in Lake Huron. It was a massy stone, rounded, with a comparatively broad base and entablature, but not otherwise remarkable. It was set up, under a tree on the island, which was small, with the wide and clear expanse of the lake in plain view. The island was one of those which were regarded as desert, and was probably but seldom stopped at. It was, indeed, little more than a few acres of boulders and pebbles, accumulated on a limestone reef, and bearing a few stunted trees and shrubs. The water of the lake must, in high storms, have thrown its spray over this imaged stone. It was, in fine, one of those private places which an Indian might be supposed to have selected for his secret worship.

In No. 3. is figured an object of this kind, which was found in 1832, in the final ascent to the source of the Mississippi, on the right cape, in ascending this stream into lac Traverse—at the distance of about 1000 miles above the falls of St. Anthony. I landed at the point to see it, having heard, from my interpreter, that such an object was set up and dedicated to some unknown Manito there. It was a pleasant level point of land shaded with trees, and bearing luxuriant grass and wild shrubbery and flowers. In the middle of this natural parterre the stone was placed, and was overtopped by this growth, and thus concealed by it. A ring of red paint encircled it, at the first narrowed point of its circumference, to give it the resemblance of a human neck; and there were some rude dabs to denote other features. The Indian is not precise in the matter of

proportion, either in his drawing, or in his attempts at statuary. He seizes upon some minute and characteristic trait, which is at once sufficient to denote the *species*, and he is easily satisfied about the rest. Thus a simple cross, with a strait line from shoulder to shoulder, and a dot, or circle above, to serve for a head, is the symbol of the human frame ; and without any adjunct of feet, or hands, it could not have been mistaken for any thing else—certainly for any other object in the animal creation.

THE TITLE PAGE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

The various figures composing the borders of our title page are accurate copies from drawings made by western Indians, and are designed to be fully explained in future. Some introductory remarks will be necessary, to acquaint the reader with the objects and uses of the rude pictures of our savages. The subject will be new to him, as it has never been correctly and fully made known to the world. It is interesting, as it is made highly useful, and frequently resorted to for a variety of purposes.

The drawings may appear too simple and rude to merit attention ; but, like the few forms of our own alphabet, the ideas they are employed to represent render them objects well worthy of regard and of study. They will be found to be connected with the habits and character, the superstitions, history and language of the peculiar race of men to whom they belong ; and, if we mistake not, will afford some illustrations or hints relating to the monuments and records of other and distant nations.

The ways in which they are applied are various. They are sometimes mere guide-posts, sometimes epitaphs, histories or mnemonics, often connected with figurative meanings, and sometimes have a mysterious significance which cannot be unravelled without an acquaintance with some of the profoundest of Indian superstitions, which are reluctantly communicated to a white man. This subject will have a very prominent place in our pages ; and we wish to acquaint the reader with a very interesting result towards which we shall begin, in this number, to conduct him, viz : the interpretation of the inscription or drawing on the celebrated *Dighton Rock*. The learned men of Sweden have recently displayed great zeal and industry, in their attempts to explain it as a work of their Northmen, the discoverers of the coast of New England about A. D. 1000 : but our readers, we believe, will soon be able to prove for themselves that it is a genuine specimen of Indian picture writing, and to comprehend the principles on which it has been interpreted by some aged Western Indians, at the request of Mr. Schoolcraft. His remarks on Picture writing, inserted in the present number of this magazine, are intended as an introduction to that extensive and interesting department of inquiry on which we are entering.—*Editor.*

PAWNEE BARBARITY.

THAT the tribes west of the Missouri, and beyond the pale of the ordinary influence of civilization, should retain some shocking customs, which, if ever prevalent among the more favoured tribes east of the Mississippi and the Alleghenies, have long disappeared, may be readily conceived. Wild, erratic bands, who rove over immense plains on horseback, with bow and lance, who plunge their knives and arrows daily into the carcasses of the buffalo, the elk and the deer, and who are accustomed to sights of blood and carnage, cannot escape the mental influence of these sanguinary habits, and must be, more or less, blunted in their conceptions and feelings. Where brute life is so recklessly taken, there cannot be the same nice feeling and sense of justice, which some of the more favoured tribes possess, with respect to taking away human life. Yet, it could hardly have been anticipated, that such deeds as we are now called upon to notice, would have their place even in the outskirts of the farther "Far West," and among a people so sunk and degraded in their moral propensities, as the Pawnees. But the facts are well attested.

In the fierce predatory war carried on between the Pawnees and Sioux, acts of blood and retaliation, exercised on their prisoners, are of frequent occurrence. In the month of Febury, 1838, the Pawnees captured a Sioux girl only fourteen years of age. They carried her to their camp on the west of the Missouri, and deliberated what should be done with her. It is not customary to put female captives to death, but to make slaves of them. She, however, was doomed to a harder fate, but it was carefully concealed from her, for the space of some sixty or seventy days. During all this time she was treated well, and had comfortable lodgings and food, the same as the rest enjoyed. On the 22nd of April, the chiefs held a general council, and when it broke up, it was announced that her doom was fixed, but this was still carefully concealed from her. This doom was an extraordinary one, and so far as the object can be deduced, from the circumstances and ceremonies, the national hatred to their enemies was indulged, by making the innocent non-combatant, a sacrifice to the spirit of corn, or perhaps, of vegetable fecundity.

When the deliberations of the council were terminated, on that day, she was brought out, attended by the whole council, and accompanied on a visit from lodge to lodge, until she had gone round the whole circle. When this round was finished, they placed in her hands a small billet of wood and some paints. The warriors and chiefs then seated themselves in a circle. To the first person of distinction she then handed this billet of wood and paint; he contributed to this offering, or sort of sacrificial

charity some wood and paint, then handed it to the next, who did likewise, and he passed it to the next, until it had gone the entire rounds, and each one had contributed some wood and some paint. She was then conducted to the place of execution. For this purpose they had chosen an open grassy glade, near a cornfield, where there were a few trees. The spot selected was between two of these trees, standing about five feet apart, in the centre of which a small fire was kindled, with the wood thus ceremoniously contributed. Three bars had been tied across, from tree to tree, above this fire, at such a graded height, that the points of the blaze, when at its maximum, might just reach to her feet. Upon this scaffold she was compelled to mount, when a warrior at each side of her held fire under her arm pits. When this had been continued as long as they supposed she could endure the torture, without extinguishing life, at a given signal, a band of armed bow-men let fly their darts, and her body, at almost the same instant, was pierced with a thousand arrows. These were immediately withdrawn, and her flesh then cut with knives, from her thighs, arms and body, in pieces not longer than half a dollar, and put into little baskets. All this was done before life was quite extinct.

The field of newly planted corn reached near to this spot. This corn had been dropped in the hill, but not covered with earth. The principal chief then took of the flesh, and going to a hill of corn, squeezed a drop of blood upon the grains. This was done by each one, until all the grains put into the ground, had received this extraordinary kind of sprinkling.

This horrible cruelty took place in the vicinity of Council Bluffs. Offers to redeem the life of the prisoner had been made by the traders, in a full council of eighty chiefs and warriors, but they were rejected. The original narrator was an eye witness. He concludes his description by adding, that his wife's brother, a Pawnee, had been taken prisoner by the Sioux, in the month of June following, and treated in the same manner. Truly, it may be said that the precincts of the wild roving Red man, are "full of the abodes of cruelty."

Hunting and war are arts which require to be taught. The Indian youth, if they were not furnished with bows and arrows, would never learn to kill. The same time spent to teach them war and hunting, if devoted to teach them letters, would make them readers and writers. Education is all of a piece.

Example is more persuasive than precept in teaching an Indian. Tell him that he should never touch alcohol, and he may not see clearly why; but show him, by your invariable practice, that you never do, and he may be led to confide in your admonitions.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

RELATIVE TO

THE OFFICIAL CONNECTION OF THE WRITER WITH THE ABORIGINAL RACE.

IT is now twenty-six years since I first entered the area of the Mississippi valley, with the view of exploring its then but imperfectly known features, geographical and geological. Twenty-two years of this period have elapsed since I entered on the duties of an Executive Agent for the United States Government in its higher northern latitudes among the Indian tribes in the west. Having devoted so large a portion of my life in an active sphere, in which the intervals of travel left me favourable opportunities of pursuing the languages and history of this branch of the race, it appears to be a just expectation, that, in sitting down to give some account of this people, there should be some preliminary remarks, to apprise the reader how and why it is, that his attention is recalled to a topic which he may have supposed to be well nigh exhausted. This it is proposed to do by some brief personal reminiscences, beginning at the time above alluded to.

The year 1814 constituted a crisis, not only in our political history, but also in our commercial, manufacturing, and industrial interests. The treaty of Ghent, which put a period to the war with England, was a blessing to many individuals and classes in America: but, in its consequences, it had no small share of the effects of a curse upon that class of citizens who were engaged in certain branches of manufactures. It was a peculiarity of the crisis, that these persons had been stimulated by double motives, to invest their capital and skill in the perfecting and establishment of the manufactoryes referred to, by the actual wants of the country and the high prices of the foreign articles. No pains and no cost had been spared, by many of them, to supply this demand; and it was another result of the times, that no sooner had they got well established, and were in the high road of prosperity than the peace came and plunged them headlong from the pinnacle of success. This blow fell heavier upon some branches than others. It was most fatal to those manufacturers who had undertaken to produce fabrics of the highest order, or which belong to an advanced state of the manufacturing prosperity of a nation. Be this as it may, however, it fell with crushing force upon that branch in which I was engaged. As soon as the American ports were opened to these fabrics, the foreign makers who could undersell us, poured in cargo on cargo; and when the first demands had been met, these cargoes were ordered to be sold at auction; the prices immediately fell to the lowest point, and the men who had staked in one enterprise their zeal, skill and money, were ruined at a blow.

Every man in such a crisis, must mentally recoil upon himself. Habits

of application, reading, and an early desire to be useful, had sustained me at a prior period of life, through the dangers and fascinations of jovial company. There was in this habit or temper of room-seclusion, a pleasing resource of a conservative character, which had filled up the intervals of my busiest hours ; and when business itself came to a stand, it had the effect to aid me in balancing and poising my mind, while I prepared to enter a wider field, and indeed, to change my whole plan of life. If it did not foster a spirit of right thought and self-dependence, it, at least, gave a degree of tranquillity to the intervals of a marked pause, and, perhaps, flattered the ability to act.

Luckily I was still young, and with good animal spirits, and a sound constitution I resolved I would not go down so. The result of seven years of strenuous exertions, applied with persevering diligence and success, was cast to the winds, but it was seven years of a young man's life, and I thought it could be repaired by time and industry. What the east withheld, I hoped might be supplied by another quarter. I turned my thoughts to the west, and diligently read all I could find on the subject. The result of the war of 1812, (if this contest had brought no golden showers on American manufacturers, as I could honestly testify in my own case,) had opened to emigration and enterprise the great area west of the Alleghanies. The armies sent out to battle with Indian, and other foes, on the banks of the Wabash, the Illinois, the Detroit, the Raisin and the Miami of the Lakes, had opened to observation attractive scenes for settlement ; and the sword was no sooner cast aside, than emigrants seized hold of the axe and the plough. This result was worth the cost of the whole contest, honour and glory included. The total prostration of the moneyed system of the country, the effects of city-lot and other land speculations, while the system was at its full flow, and the very backward seasons of 1816 and 1817, attended with late and early frosts, which extensively destroyed the corn crop in the Atlantic states, all lent their aid in turning attention towards the west and south-west, where seven new states have been peopled and organized, within the brief period to which these reminiscences apply : namely, Indiana, Illinois, Mississippi, Missouri, Alabama, Arkansas and Michigan, besides the flourishing territories of Wisconsin and Iowa, and the more slowly advancing territory of Florida. It appeared to me, that information, geographical and other, of such a wide and varied region, whose boundaries were but ill defined, must be interesting at such a period ; and I was not without the hope that the means of my future advancement would be found in connexion with the share I might take in the exploration of it. With such views I resolved to go west. This feeling I find to be expressed on the back of an old slip of an account of the period :

"I will go by western fountain,
I will wander far and wide ;

Till some sunny spot invite me,
Till some guardian bid me bide.

“ Snow or tempest—plain the drearest
Shall oppose a feeble bar,
Since I go from friends the dearest,
’Tis no matter then how far.

“ On !—’tis useless here to dally ;
On !—I can but make or mar ;
Since my fortune leads to sally,
’Tis no matter then how far.”

Of the “ seven years” to which allusion has been made I had spent four in New England a land, which is endeared to me at this distance of time, by recollections of hospitality, virtue, and manly intelligence.

While engaged in the direction of the business above named, I had prepared the notes and materials for my first publication, in which I aimed to demonstrate the importance of an acquaintance with Chemistry and Mineralogy in the preparation and fusion of numerous substances in the mineral kingdom, which result in the different conditions of the various glasses, enamels, &c. I had, from early youth, cultivated a taste for mineralogy, long indeed it may be said, before I knew that mineralogy was a science ; and, as opportunities increased, had been led by my inquiries, (which I followed with ardour but with very slight helps,) to add to this some knowledge of elementary chemistry and experimental philosophy, and to supply myself, from Boston and New York, with books, apparatus, and tests. I do not know that there were any public lectures on mineralogy, &c. at this time, say from 1810 to ’16 ; certainly, there were none within my reach. I gleaned from the best sources I could, and believe that the late Professor Frederick Hall was the only person to whom I was indebted even for occasional instructions in these departments. He was a man strongly devoted to some of the natural sciences, particularly mineralogy ; and was erudite in the old authors on the subject, whom he liked to quote ; and I may say that I continued to enjoy his confidence and friendship to the time of his death, which happened in 1843. From such sources, from the diligent reading of books, and from experiments, conducted with the advantage of having under my charge extensive works, at various times, in the states of New York, Vermont and New Hampshire, I drew the principles which formed the basis of my treatise on Vitreology. With this work in hand, I left Keene, in New Hampshire, early in the winter of 1817 ; and, crossing the Connecticut river at Brattleboro, proceeded over the Green Mountains, by the route of Bennington, to Albany, and thence returned to my father’s house in western New York. No time was lost in issuing proposals for the work ; and I had the satisfaction to find that the portions published, and

the entire plan and merits of it were warmly approved by the pen of the late Mr. Maynard of Utica, and by several liberal minded and intelligent persons. Before quitting New England, I had determined to go to the Mississippi valley, and had begun to study its geography ; and I now resolved to proceed, without unnecessary delay.

Means constitute the first object of solicitude in all such undertakings. The ebbing tide of manufacturing prosperity to which I have referred, had left me very poor. From the fragments of former acquisitions, for which, however, I was exclusively indebted to my own industry, I raised a small sum of money—much smaller I think than most men would be willing to start with, who had resolved to go so far. I had, in truth, but sixty dollars in the world ; but I possessed a very good wardrobe, and some other personal means, such as it may be supposed will adhere to a man who has lived in abundance for many years. I put up a miniature collection of mineralogical specimens, to serve as a standard of comparison in the west, a few implements for analysis, some books which I thought it would be difficult to meet with in that region, and some drawing materials. I had connected these things in some way with my future success. In other respects, I had the means, as above hinted, of making a respectable appearance. Thus prepared, I bade adieu to my father and mother, and also to three sisters and a brother, all younger than myself, and set forward. The winter of 1818 had opened before I reached my brother's house at Geneva, in western New York. From this point I determined to leave the main track, through the Genessee county west, and to strike the head waters of the Alleghany river, so as to descend that stream with the spring flood.

My brother drove me in his own sleigh, as far as Angelica. By the time we reached that place, being no traveller and much fatigued with the intricacies and roughness of the road, he was fain to give over his undertaking, and I parted from him, sending back the sleigh from Olean, to take him home.

The Alleghany river was locked with ice when I reached it. I had an opportunity to cross it on foot, and to examine in the vicinity those evidences of the coal formation which are found in masses of bituminous shale, slaty coal and petroleum. The river began to open about the middle of March. I left Olean in the first ark for the season, borne onwards down the sweeping Alleghany at the top of the flood, often through winding channels, and once in danger of being precipitated over a mill dam, by taking the wrong channel.

On another occasion, just as we were coming to the division of the channel, at the head of a group of islands, a tall Seneca Indian, standing in the bow of a very long pine canoe, cried out, in a tone of peculiar emphasis, "Keep to the right—I speak it." This direction we followed, and were saved from another mishap. We tied the ark to the shore at night,

built a fire on the bank and cooked a supper. On passing the Conowonga, it was at the height of its flood, and appeared to bring in as much water as the Alleghany. We stopped at the noted chief Cornplanter's village, and also to gratify a reminiscent curiosity, at the mouth of French Creek, connected with Washington's perilous adventure in visiting Fort de Boef, now Erie. At Kittanning, a great scow ferry boat was rowed and managed by two women or girls with a degree of muscular exertion, or rather ease, which would put to the blush many a man east or west of the Alleghanies. The tone, air, and masculine strength of these girl-boatmen, reminded me of nothing this side of Rollin's description of the Amazons — save that the same provision was not apparent for drawing the bow. Bold hills line both banks of the river along its upper parts, and continue, indeed, at farther intervals apart, to very near the junction of the Monongahela ; but long before this point, the stream is one of noble dimensions, clear, broad, and strong. After a voyage of exciting and vivid interest, I reached and landed at Pittsburgh.

(To be continued.)

THE INDIAN LANGUAGES.

Most persons are not acquainted with the nature of the languages of our Indians. Many of them are so entirely different that no words have been found alike in them. At the same time, they are all formed on a plan so different from ours, and indeed from other common languages, that our rules of grammar give us very little assistance in investigating them.

But there are some very important particulars in which they are all alike, that is, they have a few simple roots, and certain short sounds to express time, number and other circumstances, and these are put together in a manner generally similar throughout North and South America. This renders many of the words very long : but every syllable is expressive.

To analyze Indian words, therefore, is a very interesting exercise ; and as we are invited to it by the names of many places and objects connected with our national history, and with the endearing associations of childhood, it is to be presumed that some of our readers will require nothing but the opportunity to direct some attention to the subject.

Many books exist which attempt to trace some of the Indian languages to those of other nations, but most of them were written by persons unacquainted with their construction, and guided only by the sounds of a few words, written by others incorrectly, or in an uncertain manner. Good grammars of some of the languages exist ; and the American Bible Society has published parts of the scriptures in several Indian tongues. The reader is referred for more particular information to Mr. Duponceau's and Mr. Gallatin's works on this subject, as well as to some of Mr. Schoolcraft's former publications.—*Editor.*

C O N S I D E R A T I O N S
ON THE
A R T O F P I C T U R E W R I T I N G ,
AND THE SYSTEM OF
MNEOMONIC SYMBOLS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

C H A P T E R I .

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.—SYMBOLICAL REPRESENTATIONS AND HIEROGLYPHICS, ONE OF THE EARLIEST OBSERVED TRAITS IN THE CUSTOMS AND ARTS OF THE AMERICAN ABORIGINES; BUT THIS ART NOT SUSPECTED TO HAVE A SYSTEMATIC FORM AMONG THE RUDE HUNTER TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA, UNTIL THE YEAR 1820, WHEN IT WAS DISCOVERED ON THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI. THIS INSTANCE GIVEN, WITH A DRAWING: THE HINT PURSUED.

THE practice of the North American tribes, of drawing figures and pictures on skins, trees, and various other substances, has been noticed by travellers and writers from the earliest times. Among the more northerly tribes, these figures are often observed on that common substitute for the ancient papyrus, among these nations, the bark of the *betula papyracea*, or white birch: a substance possessing a smooth surface, easily impressed, very flexible, and capable of being preserved in rolls. Often these devices are cut, or drawn in colours on the trunks of trees, more rarely on rocks or boulders. According to Colden and Lafitou records of this rude character were formerly to be seen on the blazed surface of trees, along some of the ancient paths and portages leading from the sources of the Atlantic rivers into the interior, or in the valley of the St. Lawrence; but these, after satisfying a transient curiosity, have long since yielded to the general fate of these simple and unenduring monuments. Pictures and symbols of this kind are now to be found only on the unreclaimed borders of the great area west of the Alleghanies and the Lakes, in the wide prairies of the west, or along the Missouri and the upper Mississippi. It is known that such devices were in use, to some extent, at the era of the discovery, among most of the tribes, situated between the latitudes of the capes of Florida, and Hudson's Bay, although they have been considered as more particularly characteristic of the tribes of the Algonquin type. In a few instances, these pictorial inscriptions have been found to be painted or stained on the faces of rocks, or on loose boulders, and still more rarely, devices were scratched or pecked into the surface, as is found to be the case still at Dighton and Venango. Those who are intent

on observations of this kind, will find figures and rude hieroglyphics invariably at the present time, on the grave posts which mark the places of Indian sepulchre at the west and north. The nations who rove over the western prairies, inscribe them on the skins of the buffalo. North of latitude 42° , the bark of the birch, which furnishes at once the material of canoes, tents, boxes, water-dippers, and paper, constitutes the common medium of their exhibition. Tablets of hard wood are confined to such devices as are employed by their priests and prophets, and medicine-men; and these characters uniformly assume a more mystical or sacred import. But the recent discovery, on one of the tributaries of the Susquehanna, of an Indian map, drawn on stone, with intermixed devices, a copy of which appears in the 1st volume of the collections of the Historical Committee of the American Philosophical Society, proves that stone was also employed in that branch of inscription. This discovery was on the area occupied by the Lenapees.

Colden, in his history of the Five Nations,* informs us that when, in 1696, the Count de Frontenac marched a well appointed army into the Iroquois country, with artillery and all other means of regular military offence, he found, on the banks of the Onondaga, now called Oswego river, a tree, on the trunk of which the Indians had depicted the French army, and deposited two bundles of cut rushes at its foot, consisting of 1434 pieces—an act of defiance on their part, which was intended to inform their invaders, that they would have to encounter this number of warriors. In speaking in another passage of the general traits of the Five Nations, he mentions the general custom prevalent among the Mohawks going to war, of painting, with red paint, on the trunk of a tree, such symbols, as might serve to denote the object of their expedition. Among the devices was a canoe pointed towards the enemies' country. On their return, it was their practice to visit the same tree, or precinct, and denote the result: the canoe being, in this case, drawn with its bows in the opposite direction. Lafitou, in his account of the nations of Canada, makes observations on this subject to which we shall more particularly refer hereafter, which denote the general prevalence of the custom in that quarter. Other writers, dating as far back as Smith and de Bre, bear a passing testimony to the existence of this trait among the northern tribes. Few have however done more than notice it, and none are known to have furnished any amount of connected details.

A single element in the system attracted early notice. I allude to the institution of the Totem, which has been well known among the Algonquin tribes from the settlement of Canada. By this device, the early missionaries observed, that the natives marked their division of a tribe into clans, and of a clan into families, and the distinction was thus very clearly preserved. Affinities were denoted and kept up, long after tradi-

* London, 1747, p. 190.

tion had failed in its testimony. This distinction, which is marked with much of the certainty of heraldic bearings in the feudal system, was seen to mark the arms, the lodge, and the trophies of the chief and warrior. It was likewise employed to give identity to the *clan* of which he was a member, on his ad-je-da-teg or grave-post. This record went but little farther; a few strokes or geometric devices were drawn on these simple monuments, to denote the number of men he had slain in battle.

It has not been suspected in any notices to which I have had access, that there was a pictorial alphabet, or a series of homophonous figures, in which, by the juxtaposition of symbols representing acts, as well as objects of action, and by the introduction of simple adjunct signs, a series of disjunctive, yet generally connected ideas, were denoted; or that the most prominent incidents of life and death could be recorded so as to be transmitted from one generation to another, as long at least as the monument and the people endured. Above all, it was not anticipated that there should have been found, as will be observed in the subsequent details, a system of symbolic notation for the songs and incantations of the Indian metas and priests, making an appeal to the memory for the preservation of language.

Persons familiar with the state of the western tribes of this continent, particularly in the higher northern latitudes, have long been aware that the songs of the Indian priesthood, and wabenoes, were sung from a kind of pictorial notation, made on bark. It is a fact which has often come to the observation of military officers performing duties on those frontiers, and of persons exercising occasional duties in civil life, who have passed through their territories. But there is no class of persons to whom the fact of such notations being made, is so well known, as the class of Indian traders and interpreters who visit or reside a part of the season at the Indian villages. I have never conversed with any of this latter class of persons to whom the fact of such inscriptions, made in various ways, was not so familiar as in their view to excite no surprise or even demand remark.

My attention was first called to the subject in 1820. In the summer of that year I was on an exploring journey through the lake country. At the mouth of the small river Huron, on the banks of Lake Superior, there was an Indian grave fenced around with saplings, and protected with much care. At its head stood a post, or tabular stick, upon which was drawn the figure of the animal which was the symbol of the clan to which the deceased chief belonged. Strokes of red paint were added to denote, either the number of war parties in which he had been engaged, or the number of scalps which he had actually taken from the enemy. The interpreter who accompanied us, and who was himself tinctured with Indian blood, gave the latter, as the true import of these marks.

On quitting the river St. Louis, which flows into the head of the lake at the Fond du Lac, to cross the summit dividing its waters from those of

the Mississippi, the way led through heavy and dense woods and swamps, and the weather proved dark and rainy, so that, for a couple of days together, we had scarcely a glimpse of the sun.

The party consisted of sixteen persons, with two Indian guides ; but the latter, with all their adroitness in threading the maze, were completely at fault for nearly an entire day. At night we lay down on ground elevated but a few inches above the level of the swamp. The next morning as we prepared to leave the camp, a small sheet of birch bark containing devices was observed elevated on the top of a sapling, some 8 or 10 feet high. One end of this pole was thrust firmly into the ground leaning in the direction we were to go. On going up to this object, it was found, with the aid of the interpreter, to be a symbolic record of the circumstances of our crossing this summit, and of the night's encampment at this spot. Each person was appropriately depicted, distinguishing the soldiers from the officer in command, and the latter from the scavans of the party. The Indians themselves were depicted without hats, this being, as we noticed, the general symbol for a white man or European. The entire record, of which a figure is annexed, accurately symbolized the circumstances, and they were so clearly drawn, according to their conventional rules, that the intelligence would be communicated thereby to any of their people who might chance to travel or wander this way. This was the object of the inscription.

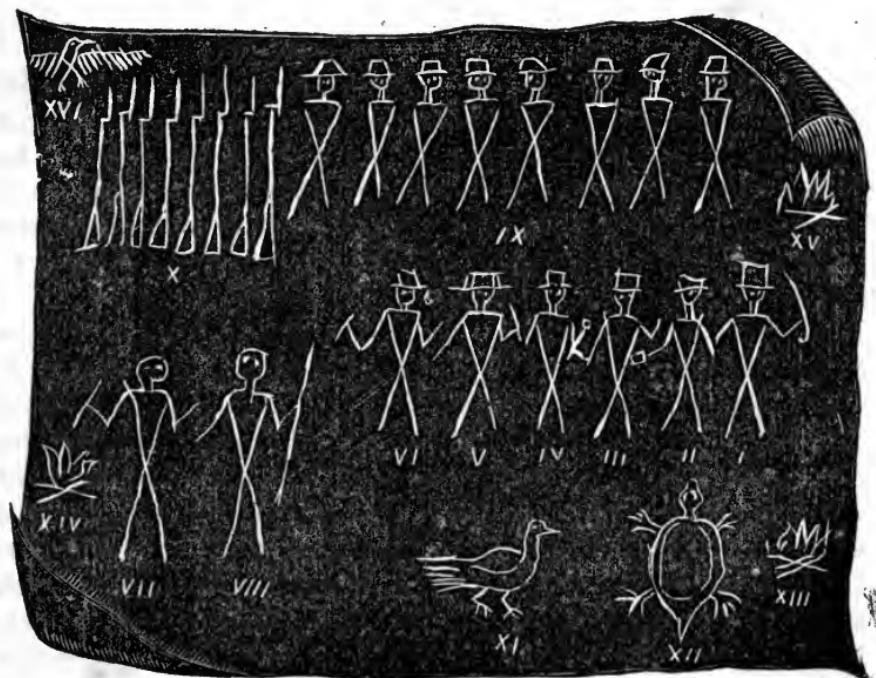


Fig. No. 1. represents the subaltern officer in command of the party of the U. S. troops. He is drawn with a sword to denote his official

rank. No. 2 denotes the person who officiated in quality of Secretary. He is represented holding a book. No. 3 denotes the geologist and mineralogist of the party. He is drawn with a hammer. Nos. 4 and 5 are attachés ; No. 6, the interpreter.

The group of figures marked 9 represents eight infantry soldiers, each of whom, as shown in group No. 10, was armed with a musket. No. 15 denotes that they had a separate fire, and constituted a separate mess. Figures 7 and 8 are the two Chippewa guides, the principal of whom, called Chamees, or the Pouncing-hawk, led the way over this dreary summit. These are the only human figures on this unique bark letter, who are drawn without a hat. This was the characteristic seized on, by them, and generally employed by the tribes, to distinguish the Red from the white race. Figures 11 and 12 represent a prairie hen, and a green tortoise, which constituted the sum of the preceding day's chase, and were eaten at the encampment. The inclination of the pole, was designed to show the course pursued from that particular spot : there were three hacks in it, below the scroll of bark, to indicate the estimated length of this part of the journey, computing from water to water, that is to say, from the head of the portage Aux Couteaux on the St. Louis river, to the open shores of Sandy lake, the Ka-ma-ton-go-gom-ag of the Odjibwas.

The story was thus briefly and simply told ; and this memorial was set up by the guides, to advertise any of their countrymen, who might chance to wander in that direction, of the adventure—for it was evident, both from this token, and from the dubiousness which had marked the prior day's wanderings, that they regarded the passage in this light, and were willing to take some credit for the successful execution of it.

Before we had penetrated quite to this summit, we came to another evidence of their skill in this species of knowledge, consisting of one of those contrivances which they denominate Man-i-to-wa-teg, or Manito Poles. On reaching this our guides shouted, whether from a superstitious impulse, or the joy of having found a spot they certainly could recognize, we could not tell. We judged the latter. It consisted of eight poles, of equal length, shaved smooth and round, painted with yellow ochre, and set so as to enclose a square area. It appeared to have been one of those rude temples, or places of incantation or worship, known to the metas, or priests, where certain rites and ceremonies are performed. But it was not an ordinary medicine lodge. There had been far more care in its construction.

On reaching the village of Sandy lake, on the upper Mississippi, the figures of animals, birds, and other devices were found, on the rude coffins, or wrappings of their dead, which were scaffolded around the precincts of the fort, and upon the open shores of the lake. Similar devices were also observed, here, as at other points in this region, upon their

arms, war-clubs, canoes, and other pieces of moveable property, as well as upon their grave posts.

In the descent of the Mississippi, we observed such devices painted on a rock, below and near the mouth of Elk river, and at a rocky island in the river, at the Little Falls. In the course of our descent to the Falls at St. Anthony, we observed another bark letter, as the party now began to call these inscriptions, suspended on a high pole, on an elevated bank of the river, on its west shore. At this spot, where we encamped for the night, and which is just opposite a point of highly crystalized hornblende rock, called the Peace Rock, rising up through the prairie, there were left standing the poles or skeletons of a great number of Sioux lodges. It is near and a little west of the territorial boundary of the Sioux nation; and on inspecting this scroll of bark, we found it had reference to a negociation for bringing about a permanent peace between the Sioux and Chippewas. A large party of the former, from St. Peter's, headed by their chief, had proceeded thus far, in the hope of meeting the Chippewa hunters, on their summer hunt. They had been countenanced, or directed in this step, by Col. Leavenworth, the commanding officer of the new post, just then about to be erected. The inscription, which was read off at once, by the Chippewa Chief Babesacundabee, who was with us, told all this; it gave the name of the Chief who had led the party, and the number of his followers, and gave that chief the first assurance he had, that his mission for the same purpose, would be favourably received.

After our arrival at St. Anthony's Falls, it was found that this system of picture writing was as familiar to the Dacotah, as we had found it among the Algonquin race. At Prairie du Chien, and at Green Bay, the same evidences were observed among the Monomonees, and the Winnebagoes, at Chicago among the Pottowottomies, and at Michilimakinac, among the Chippewas and Ottawas who resort, in such numbers, to that Island. While at the latter place, on my return, I went to visit the grave of a noted chief of the Monomonee tribe, who had been known by his French name of Toma, i. e. Thomas. He had been buried on the hill west of the village; and on looking at his Ad-je-da-tig or grave post, it bore a pictorial inscription, commemorating some of the prominent achievements of his life.

These hints served to direct my attention to the subject when I returned to the country in 1822. The figures of a deer, a bear, a turtle, and a crane, according to this system, stand respectively for the names of men, and preserve the language very well, by yielding to the person conversant with it, the corresponding words, of Addick, Muckwa, Mickenock, and Adjeejauk. Marks, circles, or dots, of various kinds, may symbolize the number of warlike deeds. Adjunct devices may typify or explain adjunct acts. If the system went no farther, the record would yield a kind of information both gratifying and useful to one of his countrymen who had

no letters and was expert in the use of symbols ; and the interpretation of it, would be easy and precise in proportion as the signs were general, conventional, and well understood. There was abundant evidence in my first year's observation, to denote that this mode of communication was in vogue, and well understood by the northern tribes ; but it hardly seemed susceptible of a farther or extended use. It was not till I had made a personal acquaintance with one of their Medas—a man of much intelligence, and well versed in their customs, religion, and history, that a more enlarged application of it appeared to be practicable. I observed in the hands of this man a tabular piece of wood, covered over on both sides, with a series of devices cut between parallel lines, which he referred to, as if they were the notes of his medicine and mystical songs. I heard him sing these songs, and observed that their succession was fixed and uniform. By cultivating his acquaintance, and by suitable attention and presents, such as the occasion rendered proper, he consented to explain the meaning of each figure, the object symbolized, and the words attached to each symbol. By this revelation, which was made with closed doors, I became a member or initiate of the Medicine Society, and also of the Wabeno Society. Care was taken to write each sentence of the songs and chants in the Indian language, with its appropriate devices, and to subjoin a literal translation in English. When this had been done, and the system considered, it was very clear that the devices were mnemonic—that any person could sing from these devices, very accurately, what he had previously committed to memory, and that the system revealed a curious scheme of symbolic notation.

All the figures thus employed, as the initiatory points of study, related exclusively to either the medicine dance, or the wabeno dance ; and each section of figures, related exclusively to one or the other. There was no intermixture or commingling of characters, although the class of subjects were sometimes common to each. It was perceived, subsequently, that this classification of symbols extended to the songs devoted to war, to hunting, and to other specific topics. The entire inscriptive system, reaching from its first rudimental characters, in the ad-je-da-tig, or grave board, to the extended roll of bark covered with the inscriptions of their magicians and prophets, derived a new interest from this feature. It was easy to perceive that much comparative precision was imparted to interpretations in the hands of the initiated, which before, or to others, had very little. An interest was thus cast over it distinct from its novelty. And in truth, the entire pictorial system was thus invested with the character of a subject of accurate investigation, which promised both interest and instruction.

It has been thought that a simple statement of these circumstances, would best answer the end in view, and might well occupy the place of a more formal or profound introduction. In bringing forward the elements

of the system, after much reflection, it is thought, however, that a few remarks on the general character of this art may not be out of place. For, simple as it is, we perceive in it the native succedaneum for letters. It is not only the sole graphic mode they have for communicating ideas, but it is the mode of communicating all classes of ideas commonly entertained by them—such as their ideas of war, of hunting, of religion, and of magic and necromancy. So considered, it reveals a new and unsuspected mode of obtaining light on their opinions of a deity, of the structure or cosmogony of the globe, of astronomy, the various classes of natural objects, their ideas of immortality and a future state, and the prevalent notions of the union of spiritual and material matter. So wide and varied, indeed, is the range opened by the subject, that we may consider the Indian system of picture writing as the thread which ties up the scroll of the Red man's views of life and death, reveals the true theory of his hopes and fears, and denotes the relation he bears, in the secret chambers of his own thoughts, to his Maker. What a stoic and suspicious temper would often hold him back from uttering to another, and what a limited language would sometimes prevent his fully revealing, if he wished, symbols and figures can be made to represent and express. The Indian is not a man prone to describe his god, but he is ready to depict him, by a symbol. He may conceal under the figures of a serpent, a turtle, or a wolf, wisdom, strength, or malignity, or convey under the picture of the sun, the idea of a supreme, all-seeing intelligence. But he is not prepared to discourse upon these things. What he believes on this head, he will not declare to a white man or a stranger. His happiness and success in life, are thought to depend upon the secrecy of that knowledge of the Creator and his system in the Indian view of benign and malignant agents. To reveal this to others, even to his own people, is, he believes, to expose himself to the counteracting influence of other agents known to his subtle scheme of necromancy and superstition, and to hazard success and life itself. This conduces to make the Red man eminently a man of fear, suspicion, and secrecy. But he cannot avoid some of these disclosures in his pictures and figures. These figures represent ideas—whole ideas, and their juxtaposition or relation on a roll of bark, a tree, or a rock, discloses a continuity of ideas. This is the basis of the system.

Picture writing is indeed the literature of the Indians. It cannot be interpreted, however rudely, without letting one know what the Red man thinks and believes. It shadows forth the Indian intellect, it stands in the place of letters for the Unishinaba.* It shows the Red man in all periods of our history, both as he *was*, and as he *is*; for there is nothing more true than that, save and except the comparatively few instances where they have truly embraced experimental christianity, there has not

* A generic term denoting the common people of the Indian race.

been beyond a few external customs, such as dress, &c., any appreciable and permanent change in the Indian character since Columbus first dropped anchor at the island of Guanahana.

(*To be continued.*)

GRAVE CREEK MOUND.

THIS gigantic tumulus, the largest in the Ohio valley, was opened some four or five years ago, and found to contain some articles of high antiquarian value, in addition to the ordinary discoveries of human bones, &c. A rotunda was built under its centre, walled with brick, and roofed over, and having a long gallery leading into it, at the base of the mound. Around this circular wall, in the centre of this heavy and damp mass of earth, with its atmosphere of peculiar and pungent character, the skeletons and other disinterred articles, are hung up for the gratification of visitors, the whole lighted up with candles, which have the effect to give a strikingly sepulchral air to the whole scene. But what adds most to this effect, is a kind of exuded flaky matter, very white and soft, and rendered brilliant by dependent drops of water, which hangs in rude festoons from the ceiling.

To this rotunda, it is said, a delegation of Indians paid a visit a year or two since. In the "Wheeling Times and Advertiser" of the 30th August 1843, the following communication, respecting this visit, introducing a short dramatic poem, was published.

"An aged Cherokee chief who, on his way to the west, visited the rotunda excavated in this gigantic tumulus, with its skeletons and other relics arranged around the walls, became so indignant at the desecration and display of sepulchral secrets to the white race, that his companions and interpreter found it difficult to restrain him from assassinating the guide. His language assumed the tone of fury, and he brandished his knife, as they forced him out of the passage. Soon after, he was found prostrated, with his senses steeped in the influence of alcohol.

"'Tis not enough! that hated race
 Should hunt us out, from grove and place
 And consecrated shore—where long
 Our fathers raised the lance and song—
 Tis not enough!—that we must go
 Where streams and rushing fountains flow
 Whose murmurs, heard amid our fears,
 Fall only on a stranger's ears—
 'Tis not enough!—that with a wand,
 They sweep away our pleasant land,
 And bid us, as some giant-foe,
 Or willing, or unwilling *go!*
 But they must ope our very graves
 To tell the *dead*—they too, are slaves."

GEOGRAPHICAL TERMINOLOGY OF THE U. STATES,

DERIVED FROM THE INDIAN LANGUAGE.

These Extracts are made from "Cyclopaedia Indiaensis" a MS. work in preparation.

No. I.

HUDSON RIVER.—By the tribes who inhabited the area of the present County of Dutchess, and other portions of its eastern banks, as low down as Tappan, this river was called Shatemuc—which is believed to be a derivative from Shata, a swan. The Minisi, who inhabited the west banks, below the point denoted, extending indeed over all the east half of New Jersey, to the falls of the Raritan, where they joined their kindred the Lenni Lenape, or Delawares proper, called it Mohicanittuck—that is to say, River of the Mohicans. The Mohawks, and probably the other branches of the Iroquois, called it Cahohatatea—a term of which the interpreters who have furnished the word, do not give an explanation. The prefixed term Caho, it may be observed, is their name for the lower and principal falls of the Mohawk. Sometimes this prefix was doubled, with the particle *ha*, thrown in between. Hatatea is clearly one of those descriptive and affirmative phrases representing objects in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, which admitted as we see, in other instances of their compounds, a very wide range. By some of the more westerly Iroquois, the river was called Sanataty.

ALBANY.—The name by which this place was known to the Iroquois, at an early day, was Schenectady, a term which, as recently pronounced by a daughter of Brant, yet living in Canada, has the still harsher sound of Skoh-nek-ta-ti, with a stress on the first, and the accent strongly on the second syllable, the third and fourth being pronounced rapidly and short. The transference of this name, to its present location, by the English, on the bestowal on the place by Col. Nichols, of a new name, derived from the Duke of York's Scottish title, is well known, and is stated, with some connected traditions, by Judge Benson, in his eccentric memoir before the New York Historical Society. The meaning of this name, as derived from the authority above quoted, is *Beyond the Pines*, having been applied exclusively in ancient times, to the southern end of the ancient portage path, from the Mohawk to the Hudson. By the Minci, who did not live here, but extended, however, on the west shore above Coxackie, and even Coeymans, it appears to have been called Gaishtinic. The Mohegans, who long continued to occupy the present area of Rensselaer and Columbia counties, called it Pempotawuthut, that is to say, the City or Place of the Council Fire. None of these terms appear to have

found favour with the European settlers, and, together with their prior names of Beaverwyck and Fort Orange, they at once gave way, in 1664, to the present name. A once noted eminence, three miles west, on the plains, i. e. Trader's Hill, was called Isutchera, or by prefixing the name for a hill, Yonondio Isutchera. It means the hill of oil. Norman's Kill, which enters the Hudson a little below, the Mohawks called Towasentha, a term which is translated by Dr. Yates, to mean, a place of many dead.

NIAGARA.—It is not in unison, perhaps, with general expectation, to find that the exact translation of this name does not entirely fulfil poetic pre-conception. By the term O-ne-aw-ga-ra, the Mohawks and their co-tribes described on the return of their war excursions, the neck of water which connects lake Erie with Ontario. The term is derived from their name for the human neck. Whether this term was designed to have, as many of their names do, a symbolic import, and to denote the importance of this communication in geography, as connecting the head and heart of the country, can only be conjectured. Nor is it, in this instance, probable. When Europeans came to see the gigantic falls which marked the strait, it was natural that they should have supposed the name descriptive of that particular feature, rather than the entire river and portage. We have been assured, however, that it is not their original name for the water-fall, although with them, as with us, it may have absorbed this meaning.

BUFFALO.—The name of this place in the Seneca, is Te-ho-sa-ro-ro. Its import is not stated.

DETROIT.—By the Wyandots, this place is called Teuchsagrondie; by the Lake tribes of the Algic type, Wa-we-á-tun-on: both terms signify the Place of the turning or Turned Channel. It has been remarked by visitors who reach this place at night, or in dark weather, or are otherwise inattentive to the courses, that owing to the extraordinary involutions of the current the sun appears to rise in the wrong place.

CHICAGO.—This name, in the Lake Algonquin dialects, to preserve the same mode of orthography, is derived from Chicagowunzh, the wild onion or leek. The orthography is French, as they were the discoverers and early settlers of this part of the west. Kaug, in these dialects is a porcupine, and She kaug a polecat. The analogies in these words are apparent, but whether the onion was named before or after the animal, must be judged if the *age* of the derivation be sought for.

TUSCALOOSA, a river of Alabama. From the Chacta words *tushka*, a warrior, and *lusa* black.—[Gallatin.]

ARAGISKE, the Iroquois name for Virginia.

ASSARIGOA, the name of the Six Nations for the Governor of Virginia.

OWENAGUNGAS, a general name of the Iroquois for the New England Indians.

OTESEONTEO, a spring which is the head of the river Delaware.

ONTONAGON; a considerable river of lake Superior, noted from early times, for the large mass of native copper found on its banks. This name is said to have been derived from the following incident. It is known that there is a small bay and dead water for some distance within its mouth. In and out of this embayed water, the lake alternately flows, according to the influence of the winds, and other causes, upon its level. An Indian woman had left her wooden dish, or Onagon, on the sands, at the shore of this little bay, where she had been engaged. On coming back from her lodge, the outflowing current had carried off her valued utensil. *Nia Nin-do-nau-gon!* she exclaimed, for it was a curious piece of workmanship. That is to say—*Alas! my dish!*

CHUAH-NAH-WHAH-HAH, or Valley of the Mountains. A new pass in the Rocky Mountains, discovered within a few years. It is supposed to be in N. latitude about 40° . The western end of the valley gap is 30 miles wide, which narrows to 20 at its eastern termination, it then turns oblique to the north, and the opposing sides appear to close the pass, yet there is a narrow way quite to the foot of the mountain. On the summit there is a large beaver pond, which has outlets both ways, but the eastern stream dries early in the season, while there is a continuous flow of water west. In its course, it has several beautiful, but low cascades, and terminates in a placid and delightful stream. This pass is now used by emigrants.

AQUIDNECK.—The Narragansett name for Rhode Island. Roger Williams observes, that he could never obtain the meaning of it from the natives. The Dutch, as appears by a map of Novi Belgii published at Amsterdam in 1659, called it Roode Eylant, or Red Island, from the autumnal colour of its foliage. The present term, as is noticed, in Vol. III. of the Collections of the R. I. Hist. Soc. is derived from this.

INCAPATCHOW, a beautiful lake in the mountains at the sources of the river Hudson.—[Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.]

HOUSATONIC; a river originating in the south-western part of Massachusetts, and flowing through the State of Connecticut into Long Island Sound, at Stratford. It is a term of Mohegan origin. This tribe on retiring eastward from the banks of the Hudson, passed over the High-lands, into this inviting valley. We have no transmitted etymology of the term, and must rely on the general principles of their vocabulary. It appears to have been called the valley of the stream beyond the Mountains, from *ou*, the notarial sign of *wudjo*, a mountain, *atun*, a generic phrase for stream or channel, and *ic*, the inflection for locality.

WEA-NUD-NEC.—The Indian name, as furnished by Mr. O'Sullivan, [D. Rev.] for Saddle Mountain, Massachusetts. It appears to be a derivative from *Wa-we-a*, round, i. e. any thing round or crooked, in the inanimate creation.

MA-HAI-WE; The Mohegan term, as given by Mr. Bryant [N. Y. E. P.] for Great Barrington, Berkshire County, Massachusetts.

MASSACHUSETTS.—This was not the name of a particular tribe, but a geographical term applied, it should seem, to that part of the shores of the North Atlantic, which is swept by the tide setting into, and around the peninsula of Cape Cod, and the wide range of coast trending southerly. It became a generic word, at an early day, for the tribes who inhabited this coast. It is said to be a word of Narragansett origin, and to signify the Blue Hills. This is the account given of it by Roger Williams, who was told, by the Indians, that it had its origin from the appearance of an island off the coast. It would be more in conformity to the general requisitions of ethnography, to denominate the language the New England-Algonquin, for there are such great resemblances in the vocabulary and such an identity in grammatical construction, in these tribes, that we are constantly in danger, by partial conclusions as to original supremacy, of doing injustice. The source of origin was doubtless west and south west, but we cannot stop at the Narragansetts, who were themselves derivative from tribes still farther south. The general meaning given by Williams seems, however, to be sustained, so far as can now be judged. The terminations in *ett*, and *set*, as well as those in *at* and *ak*, denoted locality in these various tribes. We see also, in the antipenultimate Chu, the root of Wudjo, a mountain.

TA-HA-WUS, a very commanding elevation, several thousand feet above the sea, which has of late years, been discovered at the sources of the Hudson, and named Mount Marcy. It signifies, he splits the sky.—[Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.]

MONG, the name of a distinguished chief of New England, as it appears to be recorded in the ancient pictorial inscription on the Dighton Rock, in Massachusetts, who flourished before the country was colonized by the English. He was both a war captain, and a prophet, and employed the arts of the latter office, to increase his power and influence, in the former. By patient application of his ceremonial arts, he secured the confidence of a large body of men, who were led on, in the attack on his enemies, by a man named Piz-hu. In this onset, it is claimed that he killed forty men, and lost three. To the warrior who should be successful, in this enterprize, he had promised his younger sister. [Such are the leading events symbolized by this inscription, of which extracts giving full details, as interpreted by an Indian chief, now living, and read before the Am. Ethnological Society, in 1843, will be furnished, in a subsequent number.]

TIOGA.—A stream, and a county of the State of New-York. From Teoga, a swift current, exciting admiration.

DIONDEROGA, an ancient name of the Mohawk tribe, for the site at the mouth of the Schoharie creek, where Fort Hunter was afterwards built. [Col. W. L. Stone.]

ALMOUCHICO, a generic name of the Indians for New England, as printed

on the Amsterdam map of 1659, in which it is stated that it was thus "by d'inwoonders genaemt." (So named by the natives.)

IROCOISIA, a name bestowed in the map, above quoted, on that portion of the present state of Vermont, which lies west of the Green Mountains, stretching along the eastern bank of Lake Champlain. By the application of the word, it is perceived that the French were not alone in the use they made of the apparently derivative term "Iroquois," which they gave to the (then) Five Nations.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

It is desirable that all the remains of the original inhabitants of our soil, which are discovered, should be preserved. We know, from frequent examples, that many persons in our country feel an interest in such objects; but they are scattered individuals, and seldom found together or in correspondence with each other. Probably one such person might be met with in almost every neighborhood; but it is difficult to keep up much interest in a subject to which others around us are indifferent.

We wish to have it generally understood, that American antiquities are worthy of attention and study, and that they are rising in importance in the opinions of many intelligent people, both at home and abroad. We urgently invite all, who have the opportunity, to collect and preserve objects connected with history, to seek for local traditions and record them with the evidences, and to forward to the editor of this work, by private hands, such information with local names, queries &c.—*Editor.*

The influence of association is benign, if it be but the association of barbarians.

Were it not for woman, the Indians would be as reckless savages as the animals they hunt.

The duty of caring for others, teaches the hunters to care for themselves.

If the Indian female be compared to a shadow, it is a shadow which reflects the softer outlines of the substance. There is a grace and modesty in the rudest female of the forest.

Ridicule is very powerful on the mind of an Indian. He can bear the faggot, better than the taunt of laughter. I knew an instance of a young Saganaw, who took up a pot ladle and fractured the skull of an elderly hunter, because the latter laughed at him, for a great swelling that had taken place on a part of his body, owing to a fall from a tree.

INDIAN MUSIC, SONGS, AND POETRY.

No. I.

THE North American tribes have the elements of music and poetry. Their war songs frequently contain flights of the finest heroic sentiment, clothed in poetic imagery. And numbers of the addresses of the speakers, both occasional and public, abound in eloquent and poetic thought. "We would anticipate eloquence," observes a modern American writer, "from an Indian. He has animating remembrances—a poetry of language, which exacts rich and apposite metaphorical allusions, even for ordinary conversation—a mind which, like his body, has never been trammelled and mechanized by the formalities of society, and passions which, from the very outward restraint imposed upon them, burn more fiercely within." Yet, it will be found that the records of our literature, scattered as they are, in periodicals and ephemeral publications, rather than in works of professed research, are meagre and barren, on these topics. One of the first things we hear of the Indians, after their discovery, is their proneness to singing and dancing. But however characteristic these traits may be, and we think they are eminently so, it has fallen to the lot of but few to put on record specimens, which may be appealed to, as evidences of the current opinion, on these heads. With favourable opportunities of observation among the tribes, we have but to add our testimony to the difficulties of making collections in these departments, which shall not compromit the intellectual character of the tribes, whose efforts are always oral, and very commonly extemporaneous. These difficulties arise from the want of suitable interpreters, the remoteness of the points at which observations must be made, the heavy demands made upon hours of leisure or business by such inquiries, and the inconvenience of making notes and detailed memoranda on the spot. The little that it is in our power to offer, will therefore be submitted as contributions to an inquiry which is quite in its infancy, and rather with the hope of exciting others to future labours, than of gratifying, to any extent, an enlightened curiosity on the subject.

Dancing is both an amusement and a religious observance, among the American Indians, and is known to constitute one of the most wide spread traits in their manners and customs. It is accompanied, in all cases, with singing, and, omitting a few cases, with the beating of time on instruments. Tribes the most diverse in language, and situated at the greatest distances apart, concur in this. It is believed to be the ordinary mode of expressing intense passion, or feeling on any subject, and it is a custom

which has been persevered in, with the least variation, through all the phases of their history, and probably exists among the remote tribes, precisely at this time, as it did in the era of Columbus. It is observed to be the last thing abandoned by bands and individuals, in their progress to civilization and christianity. So true is this, that it may be regarded as one of the best practical proofs of their advance, to find the native instruments and music thrown by, and the custom abandoned.

Every one has heard of the war dance, the medicine dance, the wabeno dance, the dance of honour (generally called the begging dance,) and various others, each of which has its appropriate movements, its air, and its words. There is no feast, and no religious ceremony, among them, which is not attended with dancing and songs. Thanks are thus expressed for success in hunting, for triumphs in war, and for ordinary providential cares. Public opinion is called to pressing objects by a dance, at which addresses are made, and in fact, moral instructions and advice are given to the young, in the course of their being assembled at social feasts and dances. Dancing is indeed the common resource, whenever the mass of Indian mind is to be acted on. And it thus stands viewed in its necessary connection with the songs and addresses, in the room of the press, the newspaper, and the periodical. The priests and prophets have, more than any other class, cultivated their national songs and dances, and may be regarded as the skalds and poets of the tribes. They are generally the composers of the songs, and the leaders in the dance and ceremonies, and it is found, that their memories are the best stored, not only with the sacred songs and chants, but also with the traditions, and general lore of the tribes.

Dancing is thus interwoven throughout the whole texture of Indian society, so that there is scarcely an event important or trivial, private or public, which is not connected, more or less intimately, with this rite. The instances where singing is adopted, without dancing, are nearly confined to occurrences of a domestic character. Among these, are wails for the dead, and love songs of a simple and plaintive character. Maternal affection evinces itself, by singing words, to a cheerful air, over the slumbers of the child, which, being suspended in a kind of cradle receives, at the same time vibratory motion. Children have likewise certain chants, which they utter in the evenings, while playing around the lodge door, or at other seasons of youthful hilarity. Some of the Indian fables are in the shape of duets, and the songs introduced in narrating their fictitious tales, are always sung in the recital.

Their instruments of music are few and simple. The only wind instrument existing among them is the Pibbegwon, a kind of flute, resembling in simplicity the Arcadian pipe. It is commonly made of two semi-cylindrical pieces of cedar, united with fish glue, and having a snake skin, in a wet state, drawn tightly over it, to prevent its cracking. The holes

are eight in number, and are perforated by means of a bit of heated iron. It is blown like the flagolet, and has a similar orifice or mouth piece.

The TAYWA'EGUN, (struck-sound-instrument,) is a tamborine, or one-headed drum, and is made by adjusting a skin to one end of the section of a moderate sized hollow tree. When a heavier sound is required, a tree of larger circumference is chosen, and both ends closed with skins. The latter is called MITTIGWUKEEK, i. e. Wood-Kettle-Drum, and is appropriately used in religious ceremonies, but is not, perhaps, confined to this occasion.

To these may be added a fourth instrument, called the SHESHEGWON, or Rattle, which is constructed in various ways, according to the purpose or means of the maker. Sometimes it is made of animal bladder, from which the name is derived, sometimes of a wild gourd; in others, by attaching the dried hoofs of the deer to a stick. This instrument is employed both to mark time, and to produce variety in sound.

ORAL COMPOSITION.

Common as the Indian songs are, it is found to be no ordinary acquisition to obtain accurate specimens of them. Even after the difficulties of the notation have been accomplished, it is not easy to satisfy the requisitions of a correct taste and judgment, in their exhibition. There is always a lingering fear of misapprehension, or misconception, on the part of the interpreter—or of some things being withheld by the never sleeping suspicion, or the superstitious fear of disclosure, on the part of the Indian. To these must be added, the idiomatic and imaginative peculiarities of this species of wild composition—so very different from every notion of English versification. In the first place there is no unity of theme, or plot, unless it be that the subject, war for instance, is kept in the singer's mind. In the next place both the narration and the description, when introduced, is very imperfect, broken, or disjointed. Prominent ideas flash out, and are dropped. These are often most striking and beautiful, but we wait in vain for any sequence. A brief allusion—a shining symbol, a burst of feeling or passion, a fine sentiment, or a bold assertion, come in as so many independent parts, and there is but little in the composition to indicate the leading theme which is, as it were, kept in mental reserve, by the singer. Popular, or favourite expressions are often repeated, often transposed, and often exhibited with some new shade of meaning. The structure and flexibility of the language is highly favourable to this kind of wild improvisation. But it is difficult to translate, and next to impossible to preserve its spirit. Two languages more unlike in all their leading characteristics, than the English and the Indian were never brought into contact. The one monosyllabic, and nearly without inflections—the other polysyllabic, polysynthetic and so full of inflections*

of every imaginative kind, as to be completely transpositive—the one from the north of Europe, the other, probably, from Central Asia, it would seem that these families of the human race, had not wandered wider apart, in their location, than they have in the sounds of their language, the accidence of their grammar and the definition of their words. So that to find equivalent single words in translation, appears often as hopeless as the quadrature of the circle.

The great store-house of Indian imagery is the heavens. The clouds, the planets, the sun, and moon, the phenomena of lightning, thunder, electricity, aerial sounds, electric or atmospheric, and the endless variety produced in the heavens by light and shade, and by elemental action,—these constitute the fruitful themes of allusion in their songs and poetic chants. But they are mere allusions, or broken description, like touches on the canvass, without being united to produce a perfect object. The strokes may be those of a master, and the colouring exquisite ; but without the art to draw, or the skill to connect, it will still remain but a shapeless mass.

In war excursions great attention is paid to the flight of birds, particularly those of the carnivorous species, which are deemed typical of war and bravery, and their wing and tail feathers are appropriated as marks of honor, by the successful warrior. When the minds of a war party have been roused up to the subject, and they are prepared to give utterance to their feelings by singing and dancing, they are naturally led to appeal to the agency of this class of birds. Hence the frequent allusions to them, in their songs. The following stanza is made up of expressions brought into connection, from different fragments, but expresses no more than the native sentiments :

The eagles scream on high,
They whet their forked beaks,
Raise—raise the battle cry,
'Tis fame our leader seeks.

Generally the expressions are of an exalted and poetic character, but the remark before made of their efforts in song, being discontinuous and abrupt, apply with peculiar force to the war songs. To speak of a brave man—of a battle—or the scene of a battle, or of the hovering of birds of prey above it, appears sufficient to bring up to the warrior's mind, all the details consequent on personal bravery or heroic achievement. It would naturally be expected, that they should delight to dwell on scenes of carnage and blood : but however this may be, all such details are omitted or suppressed in their war songs, which only excite ideas of noble daring.

The birds of the brave take a flight round the sky,
They cross the enemy's line,
Full happy am I—that my body should fall,
Where brave men love to die.

Very little effort in the collocation and expansion of some of their sentiments, would impart to these bold and unfettered rhapsodies, an attractive form, among polished war songs.

The strain in which these measures are sung, is generally slow and grave in its commencement and progress, and terminates in the highest note. While the words admit of change, and are marked by all the fluctuation of extempore composition, the air and the chorus appear to be permanent, consisting not only of a graduated succession of fixed sounds, but, always exact in their enunciation, their quantity, and their wild and startling musical expression. It has always appeared to me that the Indian music is marked by a nationality, above many other traits, and it is a subject inviting future attention. It is certain that the Indian ear is exact in noting musical sounds, and in marking and beating time. But little observation at their dances, will be sufficient to establish this fact. Nor is it less certain, by attention to the philology of their language, that they are exact in their laws of euphony, and syllabical quantity. How this remark may consist with the use of unmeasured and fluctuating poetry in their songs, it may require studied attention to answer. It is to be observed, however, that these songs are rather *recited*, or *chanted*, than sung. Increments of the chorus are not unfrequently interspersed, in the body of the line, which would otherwise appear deficient in quantity; and perhaps rules of metre may be found, by subsequent research, which are not obvious, or have been concealed by the scantiness of the materials, on this head, which have been examined. To determine the airs and choruses and the character of the music, will prove one of the greatest facilities to this inquiry. Most of the graver pieces, which have been written out, are arranged in metres of sixes, sevens, and eights. The lighter chants are in threes or fours, and consist of iambics and trochees irregularly. Those who have translated hymns into the various languages, have followed the English metres, not always without the necessity of elision, or employing constrained or cramp modes of expression. A worse system could not have been adopted to show Indian sentiment. The music in all these cases has been like fetters to the free, wild thoughts of the native singer. As a general criticism upon these translations, it may be remarked that they are often far from being literal, and often omit parts of the original. On the other hand, by throwing away adjectives, in a great degree, and dropping all incidental or side thoughts, and confining the Indian to the leading thought or sentiment, they are, sometimes, rendered more simple, appropriate, and effective. Finally, whatever cultivated minds among the Indians, or their descendants may have done, it is quite evident to me, from the attention I have been able to give the subject, that the native compositions were without metre. The natives appear to have sung a sufficient number of syllables to comply with the air, and effected the necessary pauses, for sense or sound, by either slurring over,

and thus shortening, or by throwing in floating particles of the language, to eke out the quantity, taken either from the chorus, or from the general auxiliary forms of the vocabulary.

Rhyme is permitted by the similarity of the sounds from which the vocabulary is formed, but the structure of the language does not appear to admit of its being successfully developed in this manner. Its forms are too cumbrous for regularly recurring expressions, subjected at once to the laws of metre and rhyme. The instances of rhyme that have been observed in the native songs are few, and appear to be the result of the fortuitous positions of words, rather than of art. The following juvenile see-saw is one of the most perfect specimens noticed, being exact in both particulars :

Ne osh im aun
Ne way be naun.

These are expressions uttered on sliding a carved stick down snow banks, or over a glazed surface of ice, in the appropriate season ; and they may be rendered with nearly literal exactness, thus :

My sliding stick
I send quick—quick.

Not less accurate in the rhyme, but at lines of six and eight feet, which might perhaps be exhibited unbroken, is the following couplet of a war song :

Au pit she Mon e tōg
Ne mud wa wa wau we ne gōg.

The Spirit on high,
Repeats my warlike name.

In the translation of hymns, made during the modern period of missionary effort, there has been no general attempt to secure rhyme ; and as these translations are generally due to educated natives, under the inspection and with the critical aid of the missionary, they have evinced a true conception of the genius of the language, by the omission of this accident. Eliot, who translated the psalms of David into the Massachusetts language, which were first printed in 1661, appears to have deemed it important enough to aim at its attainment : but an examination of the work, now before us, gives but little encouragement to others to follow his example, at least while the languages remain in their present rude and uncultivated state. The following is the XXIII Psalm from this version :

1. Mar teag nukquenaabikoo
shepse nanaauk God.
Nussepsinwahik ashkoshqut
nuttinuk ohtopagod

2. Nagum nukketeahog kounoh
wutomohkinuh wonk
Nutuss oonuk ut sampoi may
newutch oowesnonk.
3. Wutonkauhtamut pomushaon
muppoonk oonauhkoe
Woskehettuonk mo nukqueh tamoo
newutch koowetomah:
4. Kuppogkomunk kutanwohon
nish noonenehikquog
Koonochoo hkah anquabhattit
wame nummatwomog
5. Kussusseqnum nuppuhkuk
weetepummee nashpea
Wonk woi God nootallamwaitch
pomponetupohs hau
6. Oniyeuonk monaneteonk
nutasukkonkqunash
Tohsohke pomantam wekit God
michem nuttain pish *.

This appears to have been rendered from the version of the psalms appended to an old edition of King James' Bible of 1611, and not from the versification of Watts. By comparing it with this, as exhibited below, there will be found the same metre, eights and sixes, the same syllabical quantity, (if the notation be rightly conceived,) and the same coincidence of rhyme at the second and fourth lines of each verse; although it required an additional verse to express the entire psalm. It could therefore be sung to the ordinary tunes in use in Eliot's time, and, taken in connection with his entire version, including the Old and New Testament, evinces a degree of patient assiduity on the part of that eminent missionary, which is truly astonishing :

- The Lord is my shepherd, I'll not want ;
 2. He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green : he leadeth me
 the quiet waters by.
 3. My soul he doth restore again
 and me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness
 E'en for his own name's sake.

* Eliot employed the figure 8, set horizontally, to express a peculiar sound: otherwise he used the English alphabet in its ordinary powers.

4. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill ;
For thou art with me and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.
5. My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes ;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.
6. Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house forevermore
my dwelling place shall be.

The harmony of numbers has always detracted from the plain sense, and the piety of thought, of the scriptures, which is the probable cause of so many failures on the subject. In the instance of this Psalm, it will be observed, by a comparison, that Watts, who has so generally succeeded, does not come up, in any respect, to the full literal meaning of the original, which is well preserved, with the requisite harmony, in the old version.

There is one species of oral composition existing among all the tribes, which, from its peculiarities, deserves to be separately mentioned. I allude to the hieratic chants, choruses and incantations of their professed prophets, medicine men and jugglers—constituting, as these men do, a distinct order in Indian society, who are entitled by their supposed skill, wisdom or sanctity, to exercise the offices of a priesthood. Affecting mystery in the discharge of their functions, their songs and choruses are couched in language which is studiously obscure, oftentimes cabalistic, and generally not well understood by any but professed initiates.

Nothing, however, in this department of my inquiries, has opened a more pleasing view of society, exposed to the bitter vicissitudes of Indian life, than the little domestic chants of mothers, and the poetic see-saws of children, of which specimens are furnished. These show the universality of the sentiments of natural affection, and supply another proof, were any wanting, to demonstrate that it is only ignorance, indolence and poverty, that sink the human character, and create the leading distinctions among the races of men. Were these affections cultivated, and children early taught the principles of virtue and rectitude, and the maxims of industry, order and cleanliness, there is no doubt that the mass of Indian society would be meliorated in a comparatively short period ; and by a continuance of efforts soon exalted from that state of degradation, of which the want of letters and religion have been the principal causes.

In presenting these specimens of songs, gathered among the recesses of the forest, it is hoped it will not be overlooked, by the reader, that they

are submitted *as facts or materials*, in the mental condition of the tribes, and not as evidences of attainment in the arts of metre and melody, which will bear to be admitted or even criticised by the side of the refined poetry of civilized nations. And above all, not as efforts to turn Indian sentiments to account, in original composition. No such idea is entertained. If materials be supplied from which some judgment may be formed of the actual state of these songs and rude oral compositions, or improvisations, the extent of the object will have been attained. But even here, there is less, with the exception of a single department, i. e. versification and composition by cultivated natives, than it was hoped to furnish. And this little, has been the result of a species of labour, in the collection, quite disproportionate to the result. It is hoped at least, that it may indicate the mode in which such collections may be made, among the tribes, and become the means of eliciting materials more worthy of attention.

This much seemed necessary to be said in introducing the following specimens, that there might not appear, to the reader, to be an undue estimate placed on the literary value of these contributions, and translations, while the main object is, to exhibit them in the series, as illustrations of the mental peculiarities of the tribes. To dismiss them, however, with a bare, frigid word for word translation, such as is required for the purposes of philological comparison, would by no means do justice to them, nor convey, in any tolerable degree, the actual sentiments in the minds of the Indians. That the opposite error might not, at the same time, be run into, and the reader be deprived altogether of this means of comparison, a number of the pieces are left with literal prose translations, word for word as near as the two languages will permit. Others exhibit both a literal, and a versified translation.

All the North American Indians know that there is a God ; but their priests teach them that the devil is a God, and as he is believed to be very malignant, it is the great object of their ceremonies and sacrifices, to appease him.

The Indians formerly worshipped the Sun, as the symbol of divine intelligence.

Fire is an unexplained mystery to the Indian ; he regards it as a connecting link between the natural and spiritual world. His traditional lore denotes this.

Zoroaster says : " When you behold secret fire, without form, shining flashingly through the depths of the whole world—hear the voice of fire." One might suppose this to have been uttered by a North American Indian.

EARLY INDIAN BIOGRAPHY.

PISKARET.

THERE lived a noted chief on the north banks of the St. Lawrence in the latter part of the 16th century, who was called by the Iroquois, Piskaret, but the true pronunciation of whose name, by his own people, was Bisconace, or the Little Blaze. Names are often arbitrarily bestowed by the Indians, from some trivial circumstance in domestic life, or hunting, as mere nick names, which take the place of the real names: for it is a practice among this people to conceal their real names, from a subtle, superstitious notion, that, if so known, they will be under the power of priestly incantation, or some other evil influence.

What the real name of this man was, if it differed from the above, is not known, as this was his only appellation. He was an Adirondak: that is to say, one of the race of people who were called Adirondaks by the Iroquois, but Algonquins by the French. And as the Algonquins and Iroquois, had lately became deadly enemies and were so then, the distinction to which Bisconace rose, was in the conducting of the war which his people waged against the Iroquois, or Five Nations.

It seems, from the accounts of both English and French authors, that the Algonquins, at the period of the first settlement of the St. Lawrence, were by far the most advanced in arts and knowledge, and most distinguished for skill in war and hunting, of all the nations in North America. This at least is certain, that no chief, far or near, enjoyed as high a reputation for daring valor and skill as Bisconace. He is spoken of in this light by all who name him; he was so fierce, subtle and indomitable that he became the terror of his enemies, who were startled at the very mention of his name. Bisconace lived on the north banks of the St. Lawrence, below Montreal, and carried on his wars against the Indians inhabiting the northern parts of the present state of New York, often proceeding by the course of the River Sorel.

The period of the Adirondak supremacy, embraced the close of the 15th century and the beginning of the 16th, and at this time the people began to derive great power and boldness, from the possession of fire arms, with which the French supplied them, before their southern and western neighbours came to participate in this great improvement, this striking era of the Red man, in the art of war. Colden is thought to be a little out, in the great estimate he furnishes of the power, influence, and advances of this great family of the Red Race. The French naturally puffed them up a good deal; but we may admit that they were most expert warriors, and hunters, and manufactured arms and canoes, with great skill. They

were the prominent enemies of the Five Nations ; and like all enemies at a distance had a formidable name. The word Adirondak is one of Iroquois origin ; but the French, who always gave their own names to the Tribes, and had a policy in so doing, called them Algonquins—a term whose origin is involved in some obscurity. For a time, they prevailed against their enemies south of the St. Lawrence, but the latter were soon furnished with arms by the Dutch, who entered the Hudson in 1609, and their allies, the Iracoson, or Iroquois, soon assumed that rank in war which, if they had before lacked, raised them to so high a point of pre-eminence. It was in that early period of the history of these nations that Bisconace exerted his power.

Where a people have neither history nor biography, there is but little hope that tradition will long preserve the memory of events. Some of the acts of this chief are known through the earlier colonial writers. So great was the confidence inspired in the breast of this chief, by the use of fire arms, that he pushed into the Iroquois country like a mad man, and performed some feats against a people armed with bows only, which are astonishing.

With only four chiefs to aid him, he left Trois Rivieres, on one occasion, in a single canoe, with fifteen loaded muskets, thus giving three pieces, to each man. Each piece was charged with two balls, joined by a small chain ten inches long. Soon after entering the Sorel river, he encountered five bark canoes of Iroquois, each having ten men. To cloak his ruse he pretended to give himself up for lost, in view of such a disparity of numbers ; and he and his companions began to sing their death song. They had no sooner got near their enemies, however, than they began to pour in their chain-shot, riddling the frail canoes of the enemy, who tumbled into the water, and sank under the active blows of their adversaries. Some he saved to grace his triumphant return, and these were tortured at the stake.

On another occasion he undertook an enterprize alone. Being well acquainted with the Iroquois country, he set out, about the time the snow began to melt, taking the precaution to put the hinder part of his snow-shoes forward to mislead the enemy, in case his track should be discovered. As a further precaution, he avoided the plain forest paths, keeping along the ridges and high stony grounds, where the snow was melting, that his track might be often lost. When he came near to one of the Villages of the Five Nations, he hid himself till night. He then crept forth, and entered a lodge, where he found every soul asleep. Having killed them all, he took their scalps, and went back to his lurking place. The next day the people of the village searched in vain for the perpetrator. At night he again sallied forth, and repeated the act, on another lodge, with equal secrecy and success. Again the villagers searched, but could find no traces of his footsteps. They determined, however, to set a watch. Pis-

karet, anticipating this, gathered up his scalps, and stole forth slyly, but found the inhabitants of every lodge on the alert, save one, where the sentinel had fallen asleep. This man he despatched and scalped, but alarmed the rest, who rose in the pursuit. He was, however, under no great fears of being overtaken. One of the causes of his great confidence in himself was found in the fact that he was the swiftest runner known. He eluded them often, sometimes, however, lingering to draw them on, and tire them out. When he had played this trick, he hid himself. His pursuers, finding they had let him escape, encamped, thinking themselves in safety, but they had no sooner fallen asleep, than he stole forth from his lurking place, and despatched every one of them. He added their scalps to his bundle of trophies, and then returned.

Recitals of this kind flew from village to village, and gave him the greatest reputation for courage, adroitness and fleetness.

The Five Nations were, however, early noted for their skill in stratagem, and owed their early rise to it. They were at this era engaged in their long, fierce and finally triumphant war against the Algonquins and Wyandots, or to adopt the ancient terms, the Adirondaks and Quatoghes. These latter they defeated in a great battle, fought within two miles of Quebec. In this battle the French, who were in reality weak in number, were neutral. Their neutrality, on this occasion, happened in this way. They had urged the reception of priests upon the Five Nations, through whose influence, they hoped to prevail over that people, and to wrest western New York from the power of the Dutch and English. As soon as a number of these missionaries of the sword and cross had insinuated themselves among the Five Nations, the latter seized them, as hostages; and, under a threat of their execution, kept the French quiet in this decisive battle. This scheme had succeeded so well, that it taught the Five Nations the value of negociation; and they determined, the next year, to try another. Pretending that they were now well satisfied with their triumph on the St. Lawrence, they sent word that they meant to make a formidable visit to Yonnendio, this being the official name they bestowed on the governor of Canada. Such visits they always made with great pomp and show; and on this occasion, they came with 1000 or 1200 men. On the way to Quebec, near the river Nicolet, their scouts met Piskaret, whom they cajoled, and kept in utter ignorance of the large force behind until they had drawn out of him an important piece of information, and then put him to death. They cut off his head, and carried it to the Iroquois army. To have killed him, was regarded as an assurance of ultimate victory. These scouts also carried to the army the information, which they had obtained, that the Adirondaks were divided into two bodies, one of which hunted on the river Nicolet, and the other at a place called Wabmeke, on the north side of the St. Lawrence. They immedi-

ately divided their forces, fell upon each body at unawares and cut them both to pieces.

This is the great triumph to which Charlevoix, in his history of New France, alludes. It was the turning point in the war against the confederated Wyandots, and Algonquins, and, in effect, drove both nations, in the end, effectually out of the St. Lawrence valley. The former fled to Lake Huron, to which they imparted their name. Some of the Adirondaks took shelter near Quebec, under the care of the Jesuits; the larger number went up the Utawas, to the region of Lake Nipising; the Atawairois fled to a large chain of islands in Lake Huron, called the Menaloulins; other bands scattered in other directions. Each one had some local name; and all, it is probable, were well enough pleased to hide their defeat by the Five Nations, under local and geographical designations. But they had no peace in their refuge. The spirit of revenge burned in the breast of the Iroquois, particularly against their kindred tribe, the Wyandots, whom they pursued into Lake Huron, drove them from their refuge at Michilimackinac, and pushed them even to Lake Superior, where for many years, this ancient tribe continued to dwell.

The pernicious examples of white men, who have conducted the Indian trade, their immoral habits, injustice, and disregard of truth, and open licentiousness, have created the deepest prejudice in the minds of the Red men against the whole European race.

The Indian only thinks when he is forced to think, by circumstances. Fear, hunger and self-preservation, are the three prominent causes of his thoughts. Affection and reverence for the dead, come next.

Abstract thought is the characteristic of civilization. If teachers could induce the Indians to think on subjects not before known to them, or but imperfectly known, they would adopt one of the most efficacious means of civilizing them.

Christianity is ultraism to an Indian. It is so opposed to his natural desires, that he, at first, hates it, and decries it. Opposite states of feeling, however, affect him, precisely as they do white men. What he at first hates, he may as suddenly love and embrace.

Christianity is not propagated by ratiocination, it is the result of feelings and affections on the will and understanding. Hence an Indian can become a christian.

HISTORICAL TRADITIONS.

THE SAUSTAWRAYTSEES,

OR

THE ORIGIN OF THE WYANDOT AND SENECA TRIBES.

A WYANDOT TRADITION.

TOWARDS the middle of the seventeenth century, a body of Indians, composed of the Wyandots (or as they were then called the Saus-taw-raytsee) and Seneca tribes inhabited the borders of Lake Ontario. The present Wyandots and Senecas are the remains of this community, and of the cause of their separation and of the relentless hostilities by which it was succeeded, the following details are given in the traditional history of the Wyandots.

A Wyandot girl, whose name for the sake of distinction shall be *Oon-yay-stee*, and in whom appeared united a rare combination of moral attractions, and of extraordinary personal beauty, had for her suitors, nearly all the young men of her tribe. As insensible however, as beautiful, the attentions of her lovers were productive of no favorable effect, for though none were rejected, yet neither was any one distinguished by her partiality. This unaccountable apathy became, in time, a subject not only of general, but of common interest to the young Wyandots. A council composed of those interested in the issue of these many and importunate applications for her favor, was held for the purpose of devising some method, by which her intentions in relation to them might be ascertained. At this, when these amourists had severally conceded, each, that he could boast of no indication of a preference shown by Oon-yay-stee to himself, upon which to found a reasonable hope of ultimately succeeding, it was finally determined, that their claims should be withdrawn in favor of the War Chief of their lodge. This was adopted, not so much for the purpose of advancing the interests of another to the prejudice of their own, as to avoid the humiliating alternative of yielding the object of so much competition to some more fortunate rival not connected with their band.

It may be here necessary to remark that nearly all the suitors belonged to one lodge, and that each of these was a large oblong building, capable of containing 20 or 30 families, the domestic arrangements of which were regulated by a war chief, acknowledged as the head of that particular subordinate band.

Many objections to the task imposed on him by this proposition were

interposed by the chief, the principal of which were, the great disparity of age and the utter futility of any further attempt, upon the affections of one so obdurate of heart. The first was obviated by some well applied commendations of his person, and the second yielded to the suggestion that women were often capricious, were not always influenced by considerations the most natural, or resolvable to reasons the most obvious.

The chief then painted and arrayed himself as for battle, bestowing some little additional adornment upon his person, to aid him in this species of warfare, with which he was not altogether so familiar as that in which he had acquired his reputation; his practice having been confined rather to the use of stone-headed arrows than love darts, and his dexterity in the management of hearts displayed rather in making bloody incisions, than tender impressions. Before he left the lodge, his retainers pledged themselves, that if the prosecution of this adventure should impose upon their chief the necessity of performing any feat, to render him better worthy the acceptance of Oon-yay-stee, they would aid him in its accomplishment, and sustain him against its consequences to the last extremity. It was reserved for so adventurous a spirit that it should be as successful in love, as it had hitherto been resistless in war.

After a courtship of a few days, he proposed himself and was conditionally accepted, but what the nature of this condition was, further than that it was indispensable, Oon-yay-stee refused to tell him, until he should have given her the strongest assurances that it should be complied with. After some hesitation and a consultation with the lovers who urged him to give the promise, he declared himself ready to accept the terms of the compact. Under her direction he then pledged the word of a warrior, that neither peril to person, nor sacrifice of affection should ever prevail with him to desist, imprecating the vengeance of *Hau-men-dee-zhoo*, and the persecution of *Dairh-shoo-oo-roo-no* upon his head if he failed to prosecute to the uttermost, the enterprise, if its accomplishment were only possible.

She told him to bring her the scalp of a Seneca chief whom she designated, who for some reason she chose not to reveal, was the object of her hatred.

The Wyandot saw too late, that he was committed. He besought her to reflect, that this man was his bosom friend, they had eaten and drank and grown up together—and how heavy it would make his heart to think that his friend had perished by his hand. He remonstrated with her on the cruelty of such a requisition, on the infamy of such an outrage of confidence and the execration which would forever pursue the author of an action so accursed. But his expostulations were made to deaf ears. She told him either to redeem his pledge, or consent to be proclaimed for a lying dog, whose promises were unworthy ever to be heard, and then left him.

An hour had hardly elapsed, before the infuriated Wyandot blackened his face, entered the Seneca Village, tomahawked and scalped his friend, and as he rushed out of the lodge shouted the scalp-whoop. In the darkness of the night his person could not be distinguished, and he was challenged by a Seneca to whom he gave his name, purpose, and a defiance and then continued his flight. But before it had terminated, the long mournful scalp-whoop of the Senecas was resounding through the Wyandot Village; and the chief had hardly joined in the furious conflict that ensued between the avengers of his murdered victim and his own retainers, before he paid with his life the forfeit of his treachery.

After a deadly and sustained combat for three days and nights, with alternate success, the Wyandots were compelled to retire, deserting their village and abandoning their families to such mercy as might be granted by an infuriated enemy. Those who were left, sunk under the tomahawk and scalping knife—the village was devastated—and the miserable author of the bloody tragedy herself perished amid this scene of indiscriminate slaughter and desolation.

This war is said to have continued for a period of more than 30 years, in which time, the Wyandots had been forced backwards as far as Lakes Huron and Michigan. Here they made an obstinate stand, from which all the efforts of their relentless enemies to dislodge them were ineffectual. Their inveterate hatred of each other was fostered by the war parties of the respective tribes, whose vindictive feelings led them to hunt and destroy each other, like so many beasts of the forest. These resulted generally in favor of the Wyandots, who, inspirited by these partial successes, prepared for more active operations. Three encounters took place, on the same day, two being had on Lake Michigan and one on Lake Erie, and which from their savage and exterminating character, closed this long and merciless contest. It is somewhat remarkable, as no other tradition makes mention of an Indian battle upon water, that one of these, said to have occurred on Lake Erie, between Long Point and Fort Talbot, was fought in canoes. Of this the following detail is given.

A large body of Wyandots accompanied by two Ottawas left Lake Huron in birch canoes, on a war excursion into the country of the Senecas, who had settled at this time, near the head of the Niagara river. They put ashore at Long Point to cook, when one of the Ottawas and a Wyandot were sent out as spies to reconnoitre. They had proceeded but a short distance from the camp, when they met two Senecas, who had been despatched by their party for the like purposes, and from whom they instantly fled. The Ottawa finding his pursuers gaining upon him, hid himself in the branches of a spruce tree, where he remained till the Seneca had passed. The Wyandot, fleeter of foot, succeeded in reaching his camp and gave the alarm, when the whole body embarked and pushed out into the lake. In another moment a party of Senecas was discovered, turning

the nearest point of land in wooden canoes. Immediately the war-whoops were sounded and the hostile bands began to chant their respective songs. As they slowly approached each other, the Wyandots struck a fire, and prepared their gum and bark to repair any damage which might occur to the canoes. The battle was fought with bows and arrows, and after a furious and obstinate contest of some hours, in which the carnage was dreadful, and the canoes were beginning to fill with blood, water and mangled bodies, the Senecas began to give way. The encouraged Wyandots fought with redoubled ardor, driving the Senecas to the shore, where the conflict was renewed with unabated fury. The Wyandots were victorious, and few of the surviving Senecas escaped to tell the story of their defeat. One of the prisoners, a boy, was spared and adopted by the nation. Two Wyandots are now living who profess to have seen him, when very far advanced in years.

The two other attacks to which allusion has been made, as occurring on the borders of Lake Michigan, were not more fortunate in their issue. The Senecas were repulsed with great slaughter.

Thus, say the Wyandots, originated this long, bloody and disastrous war, and thus it terminated after proving nearly the ruin of our nation.

HO-TSHUNG-RAH.

Upper Sandusky, March 1st, 1827.

EARLY SKETCHES OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE oldest books we possess written by the first observers of our Indians abound in interest. Among these is a small work by William Wood, who visited Plymouth and Massachusetts soon after their settlement, and published his "*New England's Prospect*," in London, in 1634.

The following extract from this book, (now very scarce,) we make here, partly for the purpose which the author declares he had in view in writing it, viz.: to excite the special interest of our female readers, though the good humour and wit, as well as the benevolence of the writer, will doubtless commend it to persons of both sexes. That we may not run the risk of losing any of the effect of the quaint, old-fashioned style of the original, we have been careful to preserve the author's orthography and punctuation, together with the long sentences, for which, as well as many of his contemporaries, he was remarkable. We have omitted short and unimportant passages in a few places, marked with asterisks. *Editor.*

From "New England Prospect."

CHAPTER XIX.

OF THEIR WOMEN, THEIR DISPOSITIONS, EMPLOYMENTS, USAGE BY THEIR HUSBANDS, THEIR APPARELL, AND MODESTY.

To satisfie the curious eye of women-readers, who otherwise might thinke their sex forgotton, or not worthy a record, let them peruse these few lines, wherein they may see their owne happinesse, if weighed in the womans ballance of these ruder *Indians*, who scorne the tuterings of their wives, or to admit them as their equals, though their qualitie and industrious deservings may justly claime the preheminence, and command better usage and more conjugall esteeme, their persons and features being every way correspondent, their qualifications more excellent, being more loving, pittifull, and modest, milde, provident, and laborious than their lazie husbands. Their employments be many: First their building of houses, whose frames are formed like our garden-arbours, something more round, very strong and handsome, covered with close-wrought mats of their owne weaving, which deny entrance to any drop of raine, though it come both fierce and long, neither can the piercing North winde, finde a crannie, through which he can conveigh his cooling breath, they be warmer than our *English* houses; at the top is a square hole for the smoakes evacuation, which in rainy weather is covered with a pluver: these bee such smoakie dwellings, that when there is good fires, they are not able to stand upright, but lie all along under the smoake, never using any stooles or chaires, it being as rare to see an *Indian* sit on a stoole at home, as it is strange to see an *English* man sit on his heels abroad. Their houses are smaller in the Summer, when their families be dispersed, by reason of heate and occasions. In Winter they make some fiftie or thereescore foote long, fortie or fistie men being inmates under one roofe; and as is their husbands occasion these poore tectonists are often troubled like snailes, to carrie their houses on their backs sometimes to fishing-places, other times to hunting places, after that to a planting-place, where it abides the longest: an other work is their planting of corne, wherein they exceede our *English* husband-men, keeping it so cleare with their Clamme shell-hooes, as if it were a garden rather than a corne-field, not suffering a choaking weede to advance his audacious head above their infant corne, or an undermining worme to spoile his spurnes. Their corne being ripe, they gather it, and drying it hard in the Sunne, conveigh it to their barnes, which be great holes digged in the ground in forme of a brasse pot, seeled with rinds of trees, wherein they put their corne, covering it from the inquisitive search of their gurmandizing husbands, who would eate up both their allowed portion, and reserved seede, if they knew where to finde it. But our hogges having found a way to unhidge their barne doores, and robbe their garners, they are glad to im-

plore their husbands helpe to roule the bodies of trees over their holes, to prevent those pioners, whose theeverie they as much hate as their flesh. An other of their employments is their Summer processions to get Lobsters for their husbands, wherewith they baite their hookes when they goe a fishing for Basse or Codfish. This is an every dayes walke, be the weather cold or hot, the waters rough or calme, they must dive sometimes over head and eares for a Lobster, which often shakes them by their hands with a churlish nippe, and bids them adiew. The tide being spent, they trudge home two or three miles, with a hundred weight of Lobsters at their backs, and if none, a hundred scoules meeet them at home, and a hungry belly for two days after. Their husbands having caught any fish, they bring it in their boates as farre as they can by water, and there leave it; as it was their care to catch it, so it must be their wives paines to fetch it home, or fast: which done, they must dresse it and cooke it, dish it, and present it, see it eaten over their shoulders; and their loggerships having filled their paunches, their sweete lullabies scramble for their scrappes. In the Summer these *Indian* women when Lobsters be in their plenty and prime, they drie them to keepe for Winter, erecting scaffolds in the hot sun-shine, making fires likewise underneath them, by whose smoake the flies are expelled, till the substance remains hard and drie. In this manner they drie Basse and other fishes without salt, cutting them very thinne to dry suddainely, before the flies spoile them, or the raine moist them, having a speciaall care to hang them in their smoakie houses, in the night and dankish weather.

In Summer they gather flagges, of which they make Matts for houses, and Hempe and rushes, with dying stufse of which they make curious baskets with intermixed colours and portraatures of antique Imagerie. these baskets be of all sizes from a quart to a quarter, in which they carry their luggage. In winter time they are their husbands Caterers, trudging to the Clamm bankes for their belly timber, and their Porters to lugge home their Venison which their lazinessse exposes to the Woolves till they impose it upon their wives shoulders. They likewise sew their husbands shooes, and weave coates of Turkie feathers, besides all their ordinary household drudgerie which daily lies upon them. *

[Of the treatment of babes the writer says] : The young Infant being greased and sooted, wrapt in a beaver skin, bound to his good behaviour with his feete upon a board two foote long and one foote broade, his face exposed to all nipping weather ; this little *Pappouse* travells about with his bare footed mother to paddle in the ice Clammbanks after three or foure dayes of age have sealed his passeboard and his mothers recoverie. For their carriage it is very civill, smiles being the greatest grace of their mirth ; their musick is lullabies to quiet their children, who generally are as quiet as if they had neither spleene or lungs. To hear one of these *Indians* unseene,

good eare might easily mistake their untaught voyce for the warbling of a well tuned instrument. Such command have they of their voices.

* * * * *

Commendable is their milde carriage and obedience to their husbands, notwithstanding all this their customarie churlishnesse and salvage inhumanitie, not seeming to delight in frownes or offering to word it with their lords, not presuming to proclaime their female superiority to the usurping of the least title of their husbands charter, but rest themselves content under their helppesse condition, counting it the womans portion: since the *English* arrivall comparison hath made them miserable, for seeing the kind usage of the *English* to their wives, they doe as much condemne their husbands for unkindnesse, and commend the *English* for their love. As their husbands commanding themselves for their wit in keeping their wives industrious, doe condemne the *English* for their folly in spoyling good working creatures. These women resort often to the *English* houses, where *pares cum paribus congregatæ**, in Sex I meane, they do somewhat ease their miserie by complaining and seldome part without a releefe: If her husband come to seeke for his *Squaw* and beginne to bluster, the *English* woman betakes her to her armes which are the warlike Ladle, and the scalding liquors, threatening blistering to the naked runaway, who is soon expelled by such liquid comminations. In a word to conclude this womans historie, their love to the *English* hath deserved no small esteeme, ever presenting them some thing that is either rare or desired, as Strawberries, Hurtleberries, Rasberries, Gooseberries, Cherries, Plummes, Fish, and other such gifts as their poore treasury yeelds them. But now it may be, that this relation of the churlish and inhumane behaviour of these ruder *Indians* towards their patient wives, may confirme some in the belief of an aspersion, which I have often heard men cast upon the *English* there, as if they should learne of the *Indians* to use their wives in the like manner, and to bring them to the same subjection, as to sit on the lower hand, and to carrie water and the like drudgerie: but if my own experience may out-ballance an ill-grounded scandalous rumour, I doe assure you, upon my credit and reputation, that there is no such matter, but the women finde there as much love, respect, and ease, as here in old *England*. I will not deny, but that some poore people may carrie their owne water, and doe not the poorer sort in *England* doe the same; witnesse your *London* Tankard-bearers, and your countrie-cottagers? But this may well be knowne to be nothing, but the rancorous venome of some that beare no good will to the plantation. For what neede they carrie water, seeing every one hath a Spring at his doore, or the Sea by his house? Thus much for the satisfaction of women, touching this entrenchment upon their prerogative, as also concerning the relation of these *Indians* Squawes.

* Equals assembled with equals.

CHANT TO THE FIRE-FLY.

IN the hot summer evenings, the children of the Chippewa Algonquins, along the shores of the upper lakes, and in the northern latitudes, frequently assemble before their parents' lodges, and amuse themselves by little chants of various kinds, with shouts and wild dancing. Attracted by such shouts of merriment and gambols, I walked out one evening, to a green lawn skirting the edge of the St. Mary's river, with the fall in full view, to get hold of the meaning of some of these chants. The air and the plain were literally sparkling with the phosphorescent light of the fire-fly. By dint of attention, repeated on one or two occasions, the following succession of words was caught. They were addressed to this insect :

Wau wau tay see !
Wau wau tay see !
E mow e shin
Tshe bwau ne baun-e wee !
Be eghaun—be eghaun—ewee !
Wa Wau tay see !
Wa wau tay see !
Was sa koon ain je gun
Was sa koon ain je gun.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Flitting-white-fire-insect ! waving-white-fire-bug ! give me light before I go to bed ! give me light before I go to sleep. Come, little dancing *-white-fire-bug ! Come little flitting-white-fire-beast ! Light me with your bright white-flame-instrument—your little candle †.

Metre there was none, at least, of a regular character : they were the wild improvisations of children in a merry mood.

* In giving the particle *wa*, the various meanings of "flitting," "waving," and "dancing," the Indian idiom is fully preserved. The final particle *see*, in the term *wa wa tai see*, is from the generic root *asee*, meaning a living creature, or created form, not man. By prefixing *Ahw* to the root, we have the whole class of quadrupeds, and by *pen*, the whole class of birds, &c. The Odjibwa Algonquin term for a candle, was *sa koon ain je gun*, is literally rendered from its elements—"bright—white—flamed—instrument." It is by the very concrete character of these compounds that so much meaning results from a few words, and so considerable a latitude in translation is given to Indian words generally.

[† Fire-fly, fire-fly ! bright little thing,
Light me to bed, and my song I will sing.
Give me your light, as you fly o'er my head,
That I may merrily go to my bed.
Give me your light o'er the grass as you creep,
That I may joyfully go to my sleep.
Come little fire-fly—come little beast—
Come ! and I'll make you to-morrow a feast.
Come little candle that flies as I sing,
Bright little fairy-bug—night's little king ;
Come, and I'll dance as you guide me along,
Come, and I'll pay you, my bug, with a song.]

INDIAN ARROW HEADS, &c.

By far the most numerous relics of the Red Race, now found in those parts of our country from which it has disappeared, are the small stones with which they headed their arrows. Being made of the most durable substances, they have generally remained in the soil, unaffected by time and the changes of season. They most abound in those rich meadows which border some of our rivers, and in other spots of peculiar fertility, though of less extent, where the pasture, or other attractions, collected game for the Red men. The stones most commonly used were quartz and flint, which were preferred on account of the facility of shaping them, the keenness of the points and edges, which they readily present under the blows of a skilful manufacturer, as well as their superior hardness and imperishable nature. Multitudes of specimens still exist, which show the various forms and sizes to which the Red men reduced stones of these kinds: and they excite our admiration, by their perfect state of preservation, as well by the skilfulness of their manufacture.

Other stones, however, were not unfrequently used: and a collection which we have been making for many years, presents a considerable variety of materials, as well as of sizes, shapes and colors. Hard sand-stone, trap or graacke, jasper and chalcedony, appear occasionally; some almost transparent. One of the larger size is made of steatite, and smooth, as if cut or scraped with a knife, contrary to the common method, of gradually chipping off small fragments of more brittle stone, by light blows often repeated. These arrow heads were fastened to the shaft, by inserting the butt into the split end, and tying round it a string of deer's sinews. A groove or depression is commonly observable in the stone, designed to receive the string. But it is sometimes difficult to imagine how the fastening was effected, as some perfect arrow-heads show no such depressions, and their forms are not well adapted to such a purpose. This peculiarity, however, is most frequently to be observed in specimens of small size, the larger, and especially such as are commonly supposed to have been the heads of spears, being usually well shaped for tying.

It is remarkable that some spots have been found, where such relics were surprizingly numerous. In Hartford, Connecticut, about thirty years ago, many were picked up in a garden, at the corner of Front and Mill streets. The spot was indeed on the bank of the Little River, probably at the head of Indian Canoe navigation: but yet no rational conjecture could be formed, to account for the discovery, except one. It was concluded that the place was an ancient burying ground. Many bits of coarse earthen-ware were found, such as are common in many parts of the country. About two miles below Middletown, Connecticut, on the slope of a

hill on the southern side of the Narrows, we discovered, some years since, a great number of small fragments of white quartz, scattered thickly over the surface of the ground, perhaps for half an acre. Among them were several arrow heads of various forms, most of them imperfect, and many pieces of stone, which at first sight resembled them, but, on closer inspection, seemed to have been designed for arrow heads, but spoiled in the making. Some had one good edge, or a point or barb, while the other parts of the same stones showed only the natural form and fracture. In many instances, it was easy to see that the workman might well have been discouraged from proceeding any farther, by a flaw, a break or the nature of the stone. Our conclusion was, that the spot had long been a place where Indian arrow heads were made, and that we saw around us the refuse fragments rejected by the workmen. Other spots have been heard of resembling this.

If such relics were found nowhere else but in our own country, they would be curios, and worthy of preservation and attention: but it is an interesting fact, not however generally known, that they exist in many other parts of the world. Stone arrow and spear heads have been found in England for hundreds of years, and are believed to have been made and used by the Britons, who, in respect to civilization, were nearly on a level with our Indians. These relics are called by the common people Celts, from the race whose memory they recal; and particular accounts of them are given, with drawings, in several antiquarian works. They bear a striking resemblance to our Indian arrow heads; and many of them could be hardly, if at all, distinguished from those of America.

African arrows have been brought to this country, in which the points were of the same forms and materials, and fastened in the same manner. About twelve years ago a vessel from Stonington was attacked by a party of Patagonians, who threw arrows on board. One of these which we procured, was pointed with a head of milky quartz, exactly corresponding with specimens picked up in New England.

Among the relics found in excavating the low mounds on the plain of Marathon, as we were informed by one of our countrymen, who was at Athens some years ago, there were spear heads made of flint, which, he declared, were like those he had often seen ploughed up in his native fields. These, it was conjectured, might have been among the weapons of some of the rude Scythians in the Persian army, which met its defeat on that celebrated battle ground.

A negro, from an obscure group of islands, just north of New Guinea, in describing the weapons in use among his countrymen, drew the forms of spear heads, which he said were often made of stones; and, when shown specimens from our collection, declared that they were very much like them.

It has been thought, that certain instruments would naturally be inven-

ted by men in particular states of society and under certain circumstances, as the result of their wants and the means at hand to supply them. It is not, however, always easy to reconcile this doctrine with facts. For example, the black race of the islands north of New Holland, (of which so little is yet known,) appear to require the use of the bow as much as any other savage people, yet they are entirely ignorant of it, though it has been thought one of the simple, most natural and most indispensable instruments in such a condition of society.

We are therefore left in doubt, in the present state of our knowledge, whether the manufacture and use of stone arrow heads have been so extensively diffused over the globe by repeated inventions, or by an intercourse between portions of the human race long since ceased, or by both causes. To whichever of these opinions we may incline, the subject must still appear to us worthy of investigation, as the history of these relics must necessarily be closely connected with that of different families and races of men in every continent and in every zone.

We would invite particular attention to the position and circumstances of Indian remains which may hereafter be found; and would express a wish that they might be recorded and made known. Our newspapers offer a most favorable vehicle for the communication of such discoveries and observations, and our editors generally must have taste and judgment enough to give room for them.

It was remarked in some of our publications a few years ago, that no unequivocal remains of the Red men had yet been discovered in the earth, below the most recent strata of soil, excepting cases in which they had been buried in graves, &c. Perhaps later observations may furnish evidence of the longer presence of that race on our continent than such a statement countenances.

One of the most interesting objects of enquiry, with some antiquaries, is whether there are any ancient indications of Alphabetical writing in our continent. A small stone found in the Grave-Creek Mound, and others of a more doubtful character, are quite sufficient to awaken interest and stimulate enquiry.

A few specimens of rude sculpture and drawing have been found in different parts of the U. States; and shells, ornaments, &c., evidently brought from great distances. There may be others, known to individuals, of which antiquaries are not aware. After perusing the foregoing pages, it will be easy to realize that all such remains may be worthy of attention. Not only copies should be made and dimensions taken, but descriptions should be written, local information and traditions collected, measures taken to preserve the originals, and some notice given which may reach persons interested in such subjects.—(*Editor.*)



ONEOTA.

OR

THE RED RACE OF AMERICA.

NUMBER ONE, AUGUST, 1844.

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ONNEÓTA.

OR

THE RED RACE OF AMERICA:

THEIR HISTORY, TRADITIONS, CUSTOMS,
POETRY, PICTURE-WRITING, &c.

IN EXTRACTS FROM

NOTES, JOURNALS, AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT,

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS TO THE SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI;" "ALGIC RESEARCHES;"
"EXPEDITION TO ITASCA LAKE," ETC.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY BURGESS, STRINGER & CO.

222 Broadway, Corner of Ann street.

1844.

The Bancroft Library

Ms.

ONEOTA.

OR

THE RED RACE OF AMERICA.

SECOND PART.

PLAN AND OBJECTS OF INQUIRY.

Circumstances favour the continuance of this work. It will be issued in parts, or numbers, of which the present series will embrace eight, making a volume of 512 pages.

The topics discussed, will comprise, as a basis, the following :—

- I. HORÆ INDICÆ, OR SCENES, INCIDENTS AND OBSERVATIONS IN THE INDIAN TERRITORIES.
- II. TALES OF A WIGWAM. COLLECTED FROM INDIAN TRADITIONS.
- III. MANNERS, CUSTOMS AND OPINIONS.
- IV. SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF NOTED RED MEN AND WOMEN, WHO HAVE APPEARED ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT.
- V. ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE RACE, AS EXHIBITED IN THEIR OWN TRADITIONS.
- VI. LANGUAGES.
- VII. ETHNOLOGY.
- VIII. PICTURE WRITING.
- IX. ANTIQUITIES.
- X. SONGS, MUSIC AND POETRY, ETC.

Papers and extracts respecting some of these subjects will be given in each number. The order of their insertion, and the time of the issues, are left to depend upon convenience. It can only be added that it is the design to make the periods of recurrence short, and that arrangements are made to complete the series with the utmost dispatch.

HORÆ INDICÆ.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

[CONTINUED FROM PART I.]

It is Dr. Johnson, I think, who says, that we take slight occasions to be pleased. At least, I found it so, on the present occasion; the day of my arrival was my birth day, and it required but little stretch of imagination to convert the scene upon which I had now entered, into a new world. It was new to me.—I was now fairly in the great geological valley of the west, the object of so many anticipations.

The ark, in which I had descended the Allegany, put ashore near the point of land, which is formed by the junction of the Monongahela with this fine clear stream. The dark and slowly moving waters of the one, contrasted strongly with the sparkling velocity of the other. I felt a buoyancy of spirits as I leapt ashore, and picked up some of its clean pebbles to see what kind of geological testimony they bore to the actual character of their parent beds in the Appalachian range.

"What shall I pay you, for my passage, from Olean," said I, to the gentleman with whom I had descended, and at whose ark-table I had found a ready seat with his family. "Nothing, my dear sir," he replied with a prompt and friendly air,—"Your cheerful aid in the way, taking the oars whenever the case required it, has more than compensated for any claims on that score, and I only regret that you are not going further with us."

Committing my baggage to a carman, I ascended the bank of diluvial earth and pebbles with all eagerness, and walked to the point of land where Fort Pitt (old Fort Du Quesne) had stood. It is near this point that the Alleghany and Monongahela unite, and give birth to the noble Ohio. It is something to stand at the head of such a stream. The charm of novelty is beyond all others. I could realize, in thought, as I stood here, gazing on the magnificent prospect of mingling waters, and their prominent and varied shores, the idea, which is said to be embodied in the old Mingo substantive-exclamation of *O-he-o!* a term, be it remembered, which the early French interpreters at once rendered, and truly, it is believed, by the name of *La Belle Rivière*.

So far, I said to myself, all is well,—I am now west of the great spinal chain. All that I know of America is now fairly *east* of me—bright streams, warm hearts and all. I have fairly cast myself loose

on the wide waters of the west. I have already come as many hundred miles, as there are days in the week, but I begin my travels here. I have, as it were, taken my life in my hand. Father and mother, I may never see more. God wot the result. I go to seek and fulfil an unknown destiny. Come weal or woe, I shall abide the result. All the streams run south, and I have laid in, with "time and chance" for a journey with them. I am but as a chip on their surface—nothing more! Whether my bones are to rest in this great valley, or west of the Cordilleras, or the Rocky Mountains, I know not. I shall often think of the silver Iosco, the farther I go from it. To use a native metaphor, My foot is on the path, and the word, is onward! "The spider taketh hold with her hands," Solomon says, "and is in king's palaces." Truly, a man should accomplish, by diligence, as much as a spider.

Pittsburgh was, even then, a busy manufacturing town, filled with working machinery, steam engines, hammers, furnaces, and coal smoke. I visited Mr. O'Hara, and several other leading manufacturers. They made glass, bar iron, nails, coarse pottery, castings, and many other articles, which filled its shops and warehouses, and gave it a city-like appearance. Every chimney and pipe, perpendicular or lateral, puffed out sooty coal smoke, and it required some dexterity to keep a clean collar half a day. I met ladies who bore this *impress* of the city, on their morning toilet. I took lodgings at Mrs. McCullough's, a respectable hotel on Wood street, and visited the various manufactories, for which the place was then, and is now celebrated. In these visits, I collected accurate data of the cost of raw material, the place where obtained, the expense of manufacture, and the price of the finished fabric. I had thus a body of facts, which enabled me, at least to converse understandingly on these topics, to give my friends in the east, suitable data, and to compare the advantages of manufacturing here with those possessed by the eastern and middle states. Every thing was, in the business prospects of the west, however, at a comparatively low ebb. The prostrating effects of the war, and of the *peace*, were alike felt. We had conquered England, in a second contest, but were well exhausted with the effort. The country had not recovered from the sacrifices and losses of a series of military operations, which fell most heavily on its western population. Its agricultural industry had been crippled. Its financial affairs were deranged. Its local banks were broken; its manufactories were absolutely ruined. There was little confidence in business, and never was credit, public and private, at a lower ebb. There was however, one thing, in which the west held out a shining prospect. It had abundance of the finest lands in the world, and in fact, it promised a happy home to the agricultural industry of half the world. It was literally the land of promise, to the rest of the union, if not to Europe.

Having seen whatever I wished in Pittsburgh, I hired a horse and

crossing the Monongahela, went up its southern banks, as high as Williamsport. I found the country people were in the habit of calling the city "Pitt" or "Fort Pitt," a term dating back doubtless to the time of the surrender, or rather taking possession of Fort Du Quesne, by Gen. Forbes. Mineral coal (bituminous) characterizes the entire region, as far as my excursion reached. By a happy coincidence in its geological structure, iron ores are contained in the series of the coal deposits. On returning from this trip, night set in, very dark: on the evening I approached the summit of the valley of the Monongahela, called Coal Hill. The long and winding road down this steep was one mass of moving mud, only varied in its consistence, by sloughs, sufficient to mire both man and horse. I was compelled to let the animal choose his own path, and could only give him aid, when the flashes of lightning lit up the scene with a momentary brilliance, which, however, had often no other effect but to remind me of my danger. He brought me, at length, safely to the brink of the river, and across the ferry.

To be at the head of the Ohio river, and in the great manufacturing city of the West, was an exciting thought, in itself. I had regarded Pittsburgh as the alpha, in my route, and after I had made myself familiar with its characteristics, and finding nothing to invite my further attention, I prepared to go onward. For this purpose, I went down to the banks of the Monongahela, one day, where the arks of that stream usually touch, to look for a passage. I met on the beach, a young man from Massachusetts, a Mr. Brigham,—who had come on the same errand, and being pleased with each other, we engaged a passage together, and getting our baggage aboard immediately, set off the same evening. To float in an ark, down one of the loveliest rivers in the world, was, at least, a novelty, and as all novelty gives pleasure, we went on charmingly. There were some ten or a dozen passengers, including two married couples. We promenaded the decks, and scanned the ever changing scenery, at every bend, with unalloyed delight. At night we lay down across the boat, with our feet towards the fire-place, in a line, with very little diminution of the wardrobe we carried by day,—the married folks, like light infantry in an army, occupying the flanks of our nocturnal array. The only objection I found to the night's rest, arose from the obligation, each one was tacitly under, to repair on deck, at the hollow night-cry of "oars!" from the steersman. This was a cry which was seldom uttered, however, except when we were in danger of being shoved, by the current, on the head of some island, or against some frowning "snag," so that we had a mutual interest in being punctual at this cry. By it, sleep was to be enjoyed only in sections, sometimes provokingly short, and our dreams of golden vallies, studded with pearls and gems, were oddly jumbled with the actual presence of plain matter of fact things, such as running across a tier of "old monongahela" or getting one's fingers

trod on, in scrambling on deck. We took our meals on our laps, sitting around on boxes and barrels, and made amends for the want of style or elegance, by cordial good feeling and a practical exhibition of the best principles of "association." There was another pleasing peculiarity in this mode of floating. Two or more arks were frequently lashed together, by order of their commanders, whereby our conversational circle was increased, and it was not a rare circumstance to find both singers and musicians, in the moving communities for "the west," so that those who were inclined to, might literally dance as they went. This was certainly a social mode of conquering the wilderness, and gives some idea of the buoyancy of American character. How different from the sensations felt, in floating down the same stream, by the same means, in the era of Boon,—the gloomy era of 1777, when instead of violin, or flageolet, the crack of the Indian rifle was the only sound to be anticipated at every new bend of the channel.

Off Wheeling the commander of our ark made fast to a larger one from the Monongahela, which, among other acquaintances it brought, introduced me to the late Dr. Sellman of Cincinnati, who had been a surgeon in Wayne's army. This opened a vista of reminiscences, which were wholly new to me, and served to impart historical interest to the scene. Some dozen miles below this town, we landed at the Grave Creek Flats, for the purpose of looking at the large mound, at that place. I did not then know that it was the largest artificial structure of this kind in the western country. It was covered with forest trees of the native growth, some of which were several feet in diameter, and it had indeed, essentially the same look and character, which I found it to present, twenty-five years afterwards, when I made a special visit to this remarkable mausoleum to verify the character of some of its antiquarian contents. On ascending the flat summit of the mound, I found a charming prospect around. The summit was just 50 feet across. There was a cup-shaped concavity, in its centre, exciting the idea that there had been some internal sub-structure which had given way, and caused the earth to cave in. This idea, after having been entertained for more than half a century, was finally verified in 1838, when Mr. Abelard Tomlinson, a grandson of the first proprietor, caused it to be opened. They discovered two remarkable vaults, built partly of stone, and partly of logs, as was judged from the impressions in the earth. They were situated about seventeen feet apart, one above the other. Both contained bones, the remains of human skeletons, along with copper bracelets, plates of mica, sea shells, heads of wrought conch, called "ivory" by the multitude, and some other relics, most of which were analogous to articles of the same kind occurring in other ancient mounds in the west. The occasion would not indeed have justified the high expectations which had been formed, had it not been for the discovery, in one of the vaults, of a small flat stone of an oval form,

containing an inscription in ancient characters. This inscription, which promises to throw new light on the early history of America, has not been decyphered. Copies of it have been sent abroad. It is thought, by the learned at Copenhagen, to be Celtiberic. It is not, in their view, Runic. It has, apparently, but one hieroglyphic, or symbolic figure.

A good deal of historical interest clusters about this discovery of the inscribed stone. Tomlinson, the grandfather, settled on these flats in 1772, two years before the murder of Logan's family. Large trees, as large as any in the forest, then covered the flats and the mound. There stood in the depression I have mentioned, in the top of the mound, a large beech tree, which had been visited earlier, as was shewn by several names and dates cut on the bark. Among these, there was one of the date of A. D. 1734. This I have seen stated under Mr. Tomlinson's own hand. The place continued to be much visited from 1770 to 1790, as was shewn by newer names and dates, and indeed, continues to be so still. There was standing at the time of my first visit in 1818, on the very summit of the mound, a large dead or decayed white oak, which was cut down, it appears, about ten years afterwards. On counting its cortical layers, it was ascertained to be about 500 years old. This would denote the desertion of the mound to have happened about the commencement of the 13th century. Granting to this, what appears quite clear, that the inscription is of European origin, have we not evidence, in this fact, of the continent's having been visited prior to the era of Columbus? Visited by whom? By a people, or individuals, it may be said, who had the use of an antique alphabet, which was much employed, (although corrupted, varied and complicated by its spread) among the native priesthood of the western shores and islands of the European continent, prior to the introduction of the Roman alphabet.

The next object of antiquarian interest, in my descent, was at Gallipolis —the site of an original French settlement on the west bank, which is connected with a story of much interest, in the history of western migrations. It is an elevated and eligible plain, which had before been the site of an Indian, or aboriginal settlement. Some of the articles found in a mound, such as plates of mica and sea shells, and beads of the wrought conch, indicated the same remote period for this ancient settlement, as the one at Grave Creek Flats; but I never heard of any inscribed articles, or monuments bearing alphabetic characters.

All other interest, then known, on this subject, yielded to that which was felt in witnessing the antique works at Marietta. Like many others who had preceded me and many who have followed me, in my visit, I felt while walking over these semi-military ruins, a strong wish to know, who had erected works so different from those of the present race of Indians, and during what phasis of the early history of the continent? A covered way had, evidently, been constructed, from the margin of

the Muskingum to the elevated square, evincing more than the ordinary degree of military skill exercised by the Western Indians. Yet these works revealed one trait, which assimilates them, in character, with others, of kindred stamp, in the west. I allude to the defence of the open gate-way, by a minor mound ; clearly denoting that the passage was to be disputed by men, fighting hand to hand, who merely sought an advantage in exercising manual strength, by elevation of position. The Marietta tumuli also, agree in style with others in the Ohio valley.

A leaden plate was found near this place, a few years after this visit, of which an account was given by Gov. Clinton, in a letter to the American Antiquarian Society, in 1827, but the inscription upon it, which was in Latin, but mutilated, proved that it related to the period of the French supremacy in the Canadas. It appeared to have been originally deposited at the mouth of the river Venango, A. D. 1749, during the reign of Louis XV.

While at Marietta, our flotilla was increased by another ark from the Muskingum, which brought to my acquaintance the Hon. Jesse B. Thomas, of Illinois, to whose civilities I was afterwards indebted, on several occasions. Thus reinforced, we proceeded on, delighted with the scenery of every new turn in the river, and augmenting our circle of fellow travellers, and table acquaintance, if that can be called a table acquaintance which assembles around a rustic board. One night an accident befel us, which threatened the entire loss of one of our flotilla. It so happened, at the spot of our landing, that the smaller ark, being outside, was pressed by the larger ones, so far ashore, as to tilt the opposite side into the stream below the caulked seam. It would have sunk, in a few minutes, but was held up, partly by its fastening to the other boats. To add to the interest felt, it was filled with valuable machinery. A congress of the whole travelling community assembled on shore, some pitching pebble-stones, and some taking a deeper interest in the fate of the boat. One or two unsuccessful efforts had been made to bail it out, but the water flowed in faster than it could be removed. To cut loose the rope and abandon it, seemed all that remained. "I feel satisfied," said I, "to my Massachusetts friend, that two men, bailing with might and main, *can* throw out more water, in a given time, than is let in by those seams ; and if you will step in with me, we will test it, by trying again." With a full assent and ready good will he met this proposition. We pulled off our coats, and each taking a pail, stepped in the water, then half-leg deep in the ark, and began to bail away, with all force. By dint of determination we soon had the satisfaction to see the water line lower, and catching new spirit at this, we finally succeeded in sinking its level below the caulked seam. The point was won. Others now stepped in to our relief. The ark and its machinery were saved. This little incident was one of those which served to produce pleasurable sensations, all round, and led per-

haps, to some civilities at a subsequent date, which were valuable to me. At any rate, Mr. Thomas, who owned the ark, was so well pleased, that he ordered a warm breakfast of toast, chickens, and coffee on shore for the whole party. This was a welcome substitute for our ordinary breakfast of bacon and tea on board. Such little incidents serve as new points of encouragement to travellers: the very shores of the river looked more delightful, after we put out, and went on our way that morning. So much has a satisfied appetite to do with the aspect of things, both without, as well as within doors.

The month of April had now fairly opened. The season was delightful. Every rural sound was joyful—every sight novel, and a thousand circumstances united to make the voyage one of deep and unmixed interest. At this early season nothing in the vegetable kingdom gives a more striking and pleasing character to the forest, than the frequent occurrence of the celtis ohioensis, or Red Bud. It presents a perfect bouquet of red, or rose-coloured petals, while there is not a leaf exfoliated upon its branches, or in the entire forest.

No incident, further threatening the well being of our party, occurred on the descent to Cincinnati, where we landed in safety. But long before we reached this city, its *outliers*, to use a geological phrase, were encountered, in long lines and rafts of boards and pine timber, from the sources of the Alleghany, and arks and flat-boats, from all imaginable places, with all imaginable names, north of its latitude. Next, steamboats lying along the gravel or clay banks, then a steam-mill or two, puffing up its expended strength to the clouds, and finally, the dense mass of brick and wooden buildings, jutting down in rectangular streets—from high and exceedingly beautiful and commanding hills in the rear. All was suited to realize high expectations. Here was a city indeed, on the very spot from which St. Clair set out, on his ill-fated expedition in 1791, against the hostile Indians. Twenty-five years had served to transform the wilderness into scenes of cultivation and elegance, realizing, with no faint outlines, the gay creations of eastern fable.

War, sloth, and intemperance, are the three great curses which have fallen upon the Red Race of America. Many whole tribes have gone down and perished under their triple influence; but it is not too late for those who remain to reform and recover themselves.

The natives are more easily pleased than instructed. A harsh or ungracious method with them, is always unfavourable to good results. That instruction which comes from a mild voice and pleasing manners, is fraught with power, even upon the roughest savage.

TALES OF A WIGWAM.

WASBASHAS;

or,

THE TRIBE THAT GREW OUT OF A SHELL.

AN OSAGE LEGEND.

There was a snail living on the banks of the river Missouri, where he found plenty of food, and wanted nothing. But at length the waters began to rise and overflow its banks, and although the little animal clung to a log, the flood carried them both away: they floated along for many days. When the water fell, the poor snail was left in the mud and slime, on shore. The heat of the sun came out so strong, that he was soon fixed in the slime and could not stir. He could no longer get any nourishment. He became oppressed with heat and drought. He resigned himself to his fate and prepared to die. But all at once, he felt a renewed vigour. His shell burst open, and he began to rise. His head gradually rose above the ground, he felt his lower extremities assuming the character of feet and legs. Arms extended from his sides. He felt their extremities divide into fingers. In fine he rose, under the influence of one day's sun, into a tall and noble man. For a while he remained in a dull and stupid state. He had but little activity, and no clear thoughts. These all came by degrees, and when his recollections returned, he resolved to travel back to his native land.

But he was naked and ignorant. The first want he felt was hunger. He saw beasts and birds, as he walked along, but he knew not how to kill them. He wished himself again a snail, for he knew how, in *that* form, to get his food. At length he became so weak, by walking and fasting, that he laid himself down, on a grassy bank, to die. He had not laid long, when he heard a voice calling him by name. "Was-bas-has," exclaimed the voice. He looked up, and beheld the Great Spirit sitting on a white horse. His eyes glistened like stars. The hair of his head shone like the sun. He could not bear to look upon him. He trembled from head to foot. Again the voice spoke to him in a mild tone: "Was-bas-has! Why do you look terrified?" "I tremble," he replied, because I stand before Him who raised me from the ground. I am faint

and hungry,—I have eaten nothing since the floods left me upon the shore—a little shell."

The Great Spirit here lifted up his hands and displaying a bow and arrows, told him to look at him. At a distance sat a bird on a tree. He put an arrow to the string, and pulling it with force, brought down the beautiful object. At this moment a deer came in sight. He placed another arrow to the string, and pierced it through and through. "These" said he, "are your food, and these are your arms," handing him the bow and arrows. He then instructed him how to remove the skin of the deer, and prepare it for a garment. "You are naked," said he, "and must be clothed; it is now warm, but the skies will change, and bring rains, and snow, and cold winds." Having said this, he also imparted the gift of fire, and instructed him how to roast the flesh. He then placed a collar of wampum around his neck. "This," said he, "is your authority over all beasts." Having done this, both horse and rider rose up, and vanished from his sight.

Was-bas-has refreshed himself, and now pursued his way to his native land. He had seated himself on the banks of the river, and was meditating on what had passed, when a large beaver rose up from the channel and addressed him. "Who art thou?" said the beaver, "that comest here to disturb my ancient reign?" "I am a *man*," he replied; "I was once a *shell*, a creeping shell; but who art thou?" "I am king of the nation of beavers," he answered: "I lead my people up and down this stream; we are a busy people, and the river is my dominion." "I must divide it with you," retorted Was-bas-has. "The Great Spirit has placed me at the head of beasts and birds, fishes and fowl; and has provided me with the power of maintaining my rights." Here he held up the bow and arrows, and displayed the collar of shells around his neck. "Come, come," said the Beaver, modifying his tone, "I perceive we are brothers.—Walk with me to my lodge, and refresh yourself after your journey," and so saying he led the way. The Snail-Man willingly obeyed his invitation, and had no reason to repent of his confidence. They soon entered a fine large village, and his host led him to the chief's lodge. It was a well-built room, of a cone-shape, and the floor nicely covered with mats. As soon as they were seated, the Beaver directed his wife and daughter to prepare food for their guest. While this was getting ready, the Beaver chief thought he would improve his opportunity by making a fast friend of so superior a being; whom he saw, at the same time, to be but a novice. He informed him of the method they had of cutting down trees, with their teeth, and of felling them across streams, so as to dam up the water, and described the method of finishing their dams with leaves and clay. He also instructed him in the way of erecting lodges, and with other wise and seasonable conversation beguiled the time. His wife and daughter now entered, bringing in vessels of fresh peeled poplar, and willow, and sassa-

fras, and alder bark, which is the most choice food known to them. Of this, Was-bas-has made a merit of tasting, while his entertainer devoured it with pleasure. He was pleased with the modest looks and deportment of the chief's daughter, and her cleanly and neat attire, and her assiduous attention to the commands of her father. This was ripened into esteem by the visit he made her. A mutual attachment ensued. A union was proposed to the father, who was rejoiced to find so advantageous a match for his daughter. A great feast was prepared, to which all the beavers, and other animals on good terms with them, were invited. The Snail-Man and the Beaver-Maid were thus united, and this union is the origin of the Osages. So it is said by the old people.

THE BOY WHO SET A SNARE FOR THE SUN;

OR

THE ORIGIN OF THE KUG-E-BEENG-WA-KWA,* OR DORMOUSE.

FROM THE ODJIBWA ALGONQUIN.

At the time when the animals reigned in the earth, they had killed all but a girl, and her little brother, and these two were living in fear and seclusion. The boy was a perfect pygmy, and never grew beyond the stature of a small infant; but the girl increased with her years, so that the labor of providing food and lodging devolved wholly on her. She went out daily to get wood for their lodge-fire, and took her little brother along that no accident might happen to him; for he was too little to leave alone. A big bird might have flown away with him. She made him a bow and arrows, and said to him one day, "I will leave you behind where I have been chopping—you must hide yourself, and you will soon see the Git-shee-gitshee-gaun, ai see-ug or snow birds, come and pick the worms out of the wood, where I have been chopping," (for it was in the winter.) "Shoot one of them and bring it home." He obeyed her, and tried his best to kill one, but came home unsuccessful. She told him he must not despair, but try again the next day. She accordingly left him at the place she got wood, and returned. Towards nightfall, she heard his little footsteps on the snow, and he came in exultingly, and threw down one of the birds, which he had killed. "My sister," said he, "I wish you to skin it and stretch the skin, and when I have killed more, I will have a coat made out of them." "But what shall we do with the body?" said she: for as yet men had not begun to eat animal food, but lived on vegetables alone. "Cut it in two," he answered, "and season our pottage with one half of it

* Blind Woman.

at a time." She did so. The boy, who was of a very small stature, continued his efforts, and succeeded in killing ten birds, out of the skins of which his sister made him a little coat.

"Sister," said he one day, "are we all alone in the world? Is there nobody else living?" She told him that those they feared and who had destroyed their relatives lived in a certain quarter, and that he must by no means go in that direction. This only served to inflame his curiosity and raise his ambition, and he soon after took his bow and arrows and went in that direction. After walking a long time and meeting nothing, he became tired, and lay down on a knoll, where the sun had melted the snow. He fell fast asleep; and while sleeping, the sun beat so hot upon him, that it singed and drew up his bird-skin coat, so that when he awoke and stretched himself, he felt bound in it, as it were. He looked down and saw the damage done to his coat. He flew into a passion and upbraided the sun, and vowed vengeance against it. "Do not think you are too high," said he, "I shall revenge myself."

On coming home he related his disaster to his sister, and lamented bitterly the spoiling of his coat. He would not eat. He lay down as one that fasts, and did not stir, or move his position for ten days, though she tried all she could to arouse him. At the end of ten days, he turned over, and then lay ten days on the other side. When he got up, he told his sister to make him a snare, for he meant to catch the sun. She said she had nothing; but finally recollecting a little piece of dried deer's sinew, that her father had left, which she soon made into a string suitable for a noose. But the moment she showed it to him, he told her it would not do, and bid her get something else. She said she had nothing—nothing at all. At last she thought of her hair, and pulling some of it out of her head, made a string. But he instantly said it would not answer, and bid her, pettishly, and with authority, make him a noose. She told him there was nothing to make it of, and went out of the lodge. She said to herself, when she had got without the lodge, and while she was all alone, "neow obewy indapin." This she did, and twisting them into a tiny cord she handed it to her brother. The moment he saw this curious braid he was delighted. "This will do," he said, and immediately put it to his mouth and began pulling it through his lips; and as fast as he drew it changed it into a red metal cord, which he wound around his body and shoulders, till he had a large quantity. He then prepared himself, and set out a little after midnight, that he might catch the sun before it rose. He fixed his snare on a spot just where the sun would strike the land, as it rose above the earth's disc; and sure enough, he caught the sun, so that it was held fast in the cord, and did not rise.

The animals who ruled the earth were immediately put into a great commotion. They had no light. They called a council to debate upon the matter, and to appoint some one to go and cut the cord—for this

was a very hazardous enterprize, as the rays of the sun would burn whoever came so near to them. At last the dormouse undertook it—for at this time the dormouse was the largest animal in the world. When it stood up it looked like a mountain. When it got to the place where the sun was snared, its back began to smoke and burn, with the intensity of the heat, and the top of its carcass was reduced to enormous heaps of ashes. It succeeded, however, in cutting the cord with its teeth, and freeing the sun, but it was reduced to a very small size, and has remained so ever since. Men call it the Kug-e-been-gwa-kwa.

A M P A T A S A P A ;

OR,

THE FIRST-WIFE.

A TRADITION OF THE DACOTAH'S.

AMPATA SAPA was the wife of a brave young hunter and warrior, by whom she had two children. They lived together in great happiness, which was only varied by the changes of a forest life. Sometimes they lived on the prairies; sometimes they built their wigwam in the forest, near the banks of a stream, and they paddled their canoe up and down the rivers. In these trips they got fish, when they were tired of wild meats. In the summer season they kept on the open grounds; in the winter, they fixed their camp in a sheltered position, in the woods. The very change of their camp was a source of pleasure, for they were always on the lookout for something new. They had plenty, and they wanted nothing.

In this manner the first years of their marriage passed away. But it so happened, that as years went by, the reputation of her husband in the tribe increased, and he soon came to be regarded as a Weetshahstshy Atapee, or chief. This opened a new field for his ambition and pride. The fame of a chief, it is well known, is often increased by the number of his wives. His lodge was now thronged with visitors. Some came to consult him; some to gain his favour. All this gave Ampata Sapa no uneasiness, for the Red People like to have visitors, and to show hospitality. The first thing that caused a jar in her mind, was the rumour that her husband was about to take a new wife. This was like a poison in her veins; for she had a big heart. She was much attached to her husband, and she could not bear the idea of sharing his affections with another. But she found that the idea had already got strong hold of her husband's mind, and her remonstrances did little good. He defended himself on the ground, that it would give him greater influence in the tribe if he took the daughter of a noted

chief. But before he had time to bring her to his lodge, Ampata Sapa had fled from it, taking her two children, and returned to her father's lodge. Her father lived at some distance, and here she remained a short time in quiet. The whole band soon moved up the Mississippi, to their hunting ground. She was glad to go with them, and would, indeed, have been glad to go any where, to get farther from the lodge of her faithless husband.

Here the winter wore away. When the Spring opened, they came back again to the banks of the river, and mended and fitted up the canoes, which they had left in the fall. In these they put their furs, and descended to the Falls of St. Anthony. Ampata Sapa lingered behind a short time the morning of their embarkation, as they began to draw near the rapids which precede the great plunge. She then put her canoe in the water, and embarked with her children. As she approached the falls, the increasing velocity of the current rendered the paddles of but little use. She rested with her's suspended in her hands, while she arose, and uttered her lament :

"It was him only that I loved, with the love of my heart. It was for him that I prepared, with joy, the fresh killed meat, and swept with boughs my lodge-fire. It was for him I dressed the skin of the noble deer, and worked, with my hands, the Moccasins that graced his feet.

I waited while the sun ran his daily course, for his return from the chase, and I rejoiced in my heart when I heard his manly footsteps approach the lodge. He threw down his burden at the door—it was a haunch of the deer ;—I flew to prepare the meat for his use.

My heart was bound up in him, and he was all the world to me. But he has left me for another, and life is now a burden which I cannot bear. Even my children add to my griefs—they look so much like him. How can I support life, when all its moments are bitter ! I have lifted up my voice to the Master of life. I have asked him to take back that life, which he gave, and which I no longer wish. I am on the current that hastens to fulfil my prayer. I see the white foam of the water. It is my shroud. I hear the deep murmur from below. It is my funeral song. Farewell.

It was too late to arrest her course. She had approached too near the abyss, before her purpose was discovered by her friends. They beheld her enter the foam—they saw the canoe for an instant, on the verge, and then disappear for ever. Such was the end of Ampata Sapa ; and they say her canoe can sometimes be seen, by moonlight, plunging over the falls.

Internal dissension has done more to destroy the Indian power in America, than the white man's sword. Could the tribes learn the wisdom of confederation, they might yet be saved. This is a problem now undergoing an interesting process of solution.

MUKAKEE MINDEMOEA;

OR,

THE TOAD-WOMAN.

AN ODJIBWA TALE.

GREAT good luck once happened to a young woman who was living all alone in the woods, with nobody near her but her little dog, for, to her surprise, she found fresh meat every morning at her door. She felt very anxious to know who it was that supplied her, and watching one morning, very early, she saw a handsome young man deposit the meat. After his being seen by her, he became her husband, and she had a son by him. One day not long after this, the man did not return at evening, as usual, from hunting. She waited till late at night, but all in vain. Next day she swung her baby to sleep in its tikenágun, or cradle, and then said to her dog: "Take care of your brother whilst I am gone, and when he cries, halloo for me." The cradle was made of the finest wampum, and all its bandages and decorations were of the same costly material. After a short time the woman heard the cry of her faithful dog, and running home as fast as she could, she found her child gone and the dog too. But on looking round, she saw pieces of the wampum of her child's cradle bit off by the dog, who strove to retain the child and prevent his being carried off by an old woman called Mukakee Mindémoea, or the Toad-Woman. The mother followed at full speed, and occasionally came to lodges inhabited by old women, who told her at what time the thief had passed; they also gave her shoes, that she might follow on. There were a number of these old women, who seemed as if they were all prophetesses. Each of them would say to her, that when she arrived in pursuit of her stolen child at the next lodge, she must set the toes of the moccasins they had loaned her pointing homewards, and they would return of themselves. She would get others from her entertainers farther on, who would also give her directions how to proceed to recover her son. She thus followed in the pursuit, from valley to valley, and stream to stream, for months and years; when she came, at length, to the lodge of the last of the friendly old Nocoës, or grandmothers, as they were called, who gave her final instructions how to proceed. She told her she was near the place where her son was, and directed her to build a lodge of shingoob, or cedar boughs, near the old Toad-Woman's lodge, and to make a little bark dish and squeeze her milk into it. "Then," she said, "your first child (meaning the dog) will come and find you out." She did accordingly, and in a short time

she heard her son, now grown, going out to hunt, with his dog, calling out to him, "Monedo Pewaubik (that is, Steel or Spirit Iron,) Twee! Twee!" She then set ready the dish and filled it with her milk. The dog soon scented it and came into the lodge; she placed it before him. "See my child," said she, addressing him, "the food you used to have from me, your mother." The dog went and told his young master that he had found his *real* mother; and informed him that the old woman, whom he *called* his mother, was not his mother, that she had stolen him when an infant in his cradle, and that he had himself followed her in hopes of getting him back. The young man and his dog then went on their hunting excursion, and brought back a great quantity of meat of all kinds. He said to his pretended mother, as he laid it down, "Send some to the stranger that has arrived lately." The old hag answered, "No! why should I send to her—the Sheegowish.* He insisted; and she at last consented to take something, throwing it in at the door, with the remark, "My son gives you, or feeds you this." But it was of such an offensive nature, that she threw it immediately out after her.

After this the young man paid the stranger a visit, at her lodge of cedar boughs, and partook of her dish of milk. She then told him she was his real mother, and that he had been stolen away from her by the detestable Toad-Woman, who was a witch. He was not quite convinced. She said to him, "Feign yourself sick, when you go home, and when the Toad-Woman asks what ails you, say that you want to see your cradle; for your cradle was of wampum, and your faithful brother, the dog, bit a piece off to try and detain you, which I picked up, as I followed in your track. They were real wampum, white and blue, shining and beautiful." She then showed him the pieces. He went home and did as his real mother bid him. "Mother," said he, "why am I so different in my looks from the rest of your children?" "Oh," said she, "it was a very bright clear blue sky when you were born; that is the reason." When the Toad-Woman saw he was ill, she asked what she could do for him. He said nothing would do him good, but the sight of his cradle. She ran immediately and got a cedar cradle; but he said "That is not my cradle." She went and got one of her own children's cradles, (for she had four,) but he turned his head and said, "That is not mine." She then produced the real cradle, and he saw it was the same, in substance, with the pieces the other had shown him; and he was convinced, for he could even see the marks of the dog's teeth upon it.

He soon got well, and went out hunting, and killed a fat bear. He and his dog-brother then stripped a tall pine of all its branches, and stuck the carcass on the top, taking the usual sign of his having killed an animal—the tongue. He told the Toad-Woman where he had left it, saying, "It is very far, even to the end of the earth." She answered, "It is not so far

* *Sheegowiss*, a widow, and *mowigh*, something nasty.

but I can get it," so off she set. As soon as she was gone, the young man and his dog killed the Toad-Woman's children, and staked them on each side of the door, with a piece of fat in their mouths, and then went to his real mother and hastened her departure with them. The Toad-Woman spent a long time in finding the bear, and had much ado in climbing the tree to get down the carcass. As she got near home, she saw the children looking out, apparently, with the fat in their mouths, and was angry at them, saying, "Why do you destroy the pomatum of your brother?" But her fury was great indeed, when she saw they were killed and impaled. She ran after the fugitives as fast as she could, and was near overtaking them, when the young man said, "We are pressed hard, but let this stay her progress," throwing his fire steel behind him, which caused the Toad-Woman to slip and fall repeatedly. But still she pursued and gained on them, when he threw behind him his flint, which again retarded her, for it made her slip and stumble, so that her knees were bleeding; but she continued to follow on, and was gaining ground, when the young man said, "Let the Oshau shaw go min un (snake berry) spring up to detain her," and immediately these berries spread like scarlet all over the path for a long distance, which she could not avoid stooping down to pick and eat. Still she went on, and was again advancing on them, when the young man at last, said to the dog, "Brother, chew her into mummy, for she plagues us." So the dog, turning round, seized her and tore her to pieces, and they escaped.

Death is frightful, or welcome, according to the theories men have of it. To the Indian, it is a pleasing and welcome event. He believes a future state to be one of rewards, and restitutions, and not of punishments.

The Indian idea of paradise is the idea of the orientals. It consists of sensualities, not spiritualities. He expects the scene to furnish him ease and plenty. Ease and plenty make the Indian's happiness here, and his heaven is but a bright transcript of his earth.

Paganism and idolatry, require more mysteries for their support than Christianity. The Christian has but one God, existing in three hypostases. It would be below the truth to say that the Indian has one hundred thousand gods.

The Hindoos *worship* their multiform gods of the earth, air and sea. The North American Indian only *believes* in them. He worships the Great Spirit.

Wild thoughts are often bright thoughts, but like the wild leaps of a mountain torrent, they are evanescent and unequal. We are dazzled by a single figure in an Indian speech, but it is too often like a spark amid a shower of ashes.

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND OPINIONS.

CORN-PLANTING, AND ITS INCIDENTS.

THE *zea*, *mais*, originally furnished the principal article of subsistence among all the tribes of this race, north and south. It laid at the foundation of the Mexican and Peruvian types of civilization, as well as the incipient gleamings of it, among the more warlike tribes of the Iroquois, Natchez, Lenapees, and others, of northern latitudes. They esteem it so important and divine a grain, that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call it *Mon-dá-min*, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel, is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.

It is well known that corn-planting, and corn-gathering, at least among all the still *uncolonized* tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labour is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labour of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honour her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests.

The area of ground planted is not, comparatively, large. This matter is essentially regulated by the number of the family, and other circumstances. Spring is a leisure season with them, and by its genial and reviving influence, invites to labour. An Indian female has no cows to milk, no flax to spin, no yarn to reel. Even those labours, which, at other seasons fall to her share, are now intermittent. She has apukwas to gather to make mats. Sugar-making has ended. She has no skins to dress, for the hunt has ended, the animals being out of season. It is at this time that the pelt grows bad, the hair becomes loose and falls off, and nature itself teaches the hunter, that the species must have repose, and be allowed a little time to replenish. Under these circumstances the mistress

of the lodge and her train, sally out of the lodge into the corn-field, and with the light pemidge-ag akwut, or small hoe, open up the soft ground and deposit their treasured mondamin.

The Indian is emphatically a superstitious being, believing in all sorts of magical, and secret, and wonderful influences. Woman, herself, comes in for no small share of these supposed influences. I shrewdly suspect that one half of the credit we have been in the habit of giving the warrior, on the score of virtue, in his treatment of captives, is due alone to his superstitions. He is afraid, at all times, to spoil his luck, cross his fate, and do some untoward act, by which he might, perchance, fall under a bad spiritual influence.

To the wewun, or wife—the equá, or woman, to the guh or mother,—to the equázas, or girl, and to the dánis, or daughter, and shéma, or sister, he looks, as wielding, in their several capacities, whether kindred or not, these mystic influences over his luck. In consequence of this, the female never walks in the path before him. It is an unpropitious sign. If she cross his track, when he is about to set out on a hunting, or war excursion, his luck is gone. If she is ill, from natural causes, she cannot even stay in the same wigwam. She cannot use a cup or a bowl without rendering it, in his view, unclean.

A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or overclouded evening, to perform a secret circuit, sans habillement, around the field. For this purpose she slipt out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then taking her matchecota, or principal garment in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to ensure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line.

But if corn-planting be done in a lively and satisfied, and not a slavish spirit, corn-gathering and husking is a season of decided thankfulness and merriment. At these gatherings, the chiefs and old men are mere spectators, although they are pleased spectators, the young only sharing in the sport. Who has not seen, the sedate ogema in such a vicinage, smoking a dignified pipe with senatorial ease. On the other hand, turning to the group of nature's red daughters and their young cohorts, it may be safely affirmed that laughter and garrulity constitute no part of the characteristics of civilization. Whatever else custom has bound fast, in the domestic female circle of forest life, the tongue is left loose. Nor does it require, our observation leads us to think, one tenth part of the wit or drollery of ancient Athens, to set their risible faculties in motion.

INDIAN IDEAS OF IMMORTALITY,

AND THE

REPOSE OF THE SOUL.

WHEN an Indian corpse is put in a coffin, among the tribes of the Lake-Algonquins, the lid is *tied* down, and not nailed. On depositing it in the grave, the rope or string is loosed, and the weight of the earth alone relied on, to keep it in a fixed position. The reason they give for this, is, that the soul may have free egress from the body.

Over the top of the grave a covering of cedar bark is put, to shed the rain. This is roof-shaped and the whole structure looks, slightly, like a house in miniature. It has gable ends. Through one of these, being the head, an aperture is cut. On asking a Chippewa why this was done, he replied,—“To allow the soul to pass out, and in.”

“I thought,” I replied, “that you believed that the soul went up from the body at the time of death, to a land of happiness. How, then, can it remain in the body?”

“There are two souls,” replied the Indian philosopher.

“How can this be? my friend.”

“It is easily explained,” said he.

“You know that, in dreams, we pass over wide countries, and see hills and lakes and mountains, and many scenes, which pass before our eyes, and affect us. Yet, at the same time, our bodies do not stir, and there is a soul left with the body,—else it would be dead. So, you perceive, it must be another soul that accompanies us.”

This conversation took place, in the Indian country. I knew the Indian very well, and had noticed the practice, not general now, on the frontiers, of *tying* the coffin-lid, in burials. It is at the orifice in the bark sheeting mentioned, that the portion of food, consecrated in feasts for the dead, is set. It could not but happen, that the food should be eaten by the hystrix, wolf, or some other animal, known to prowl at night; nor that, Indian superstition, ever ready to turn slight appearances of this kind to account, should attribute its abstraction to the spirit of the deceased.

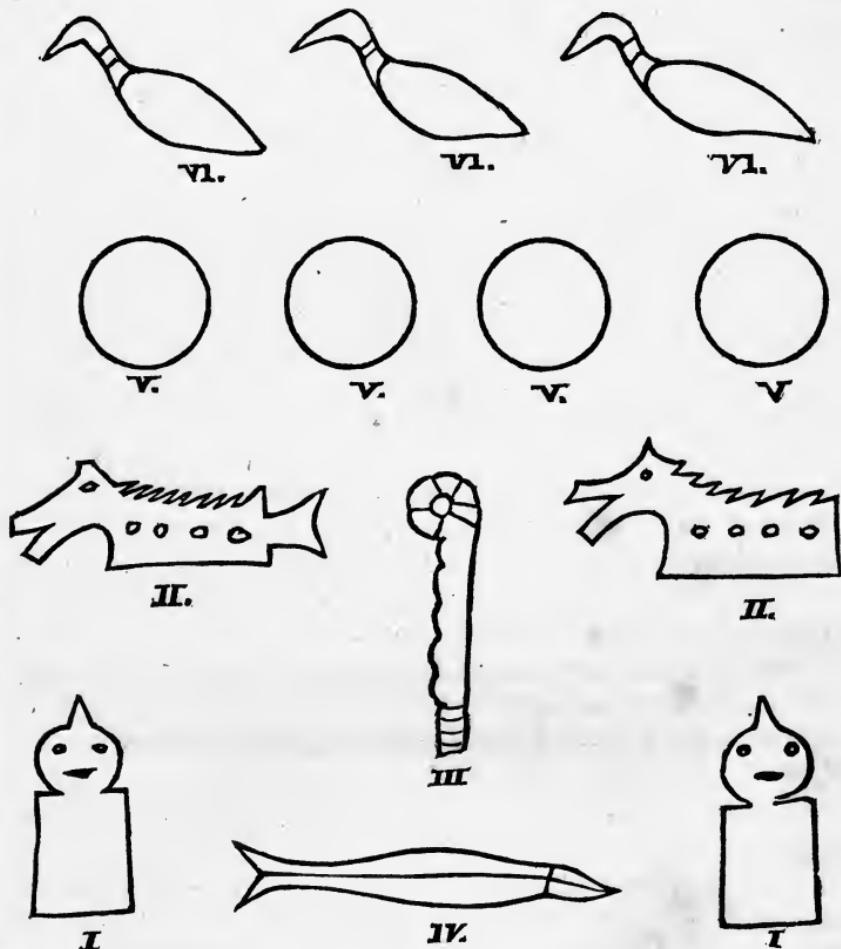
When Lucas Fox sailed to discover the northwest passage to India in 1631, he carried a letter from Charles I. to the Emperor of Japan. Geography has been slower in settling the question of the northwest passage and the mouth of the Niger, than any other points on the globe. It is only in our age that both these questions have been satisfactorily solved.

PUGASAING;

OR,

THE GAME OF THE BOWL.

THIS is the principal game of hazard among the northern tribes. It is played with thirteen pieces, hustled in a vessel called onágun, which is a kind of wooden bowl. They are represented, and named, as follows.



The pieces marked No. 1, in this cut, of which there are two, are called Ininewug, or men. They are made tapering, or wedge-shaped in thickness, so as to make it possible, in throwing them, that they may stand on their base. Number 2, is called Gitshee Kenabik, or the Great Serpent. It consists of two pieces, one of which is fin-tailed, or a water-serpent, the

other truncated, and is probably designed as terrestrial. They are formed wedge-shaped, so as to be capable of standing on their bases length-wise. Each has four dots. Number 3, is called Pugamágun, or the war club. It has six marks on the handle, on the *red side*, and four radiating from the orifice of the club end; and four marks on the handle of the *white side*; and six radiating marks from the orifice on the club-end, making ten on each side. Number 4 is called Keego, which is the generic name for a fish. The four circular pieces of brass, slightly concave, with a flat surface on the apex, are called Ozawábiks. The three bird-shaped pieces, Sheshebwug, or ducks.

All but the circular pieces are made out of a fine kind of bone. One side of the piece is white, of the natural colour of the bones, and polished, the other red. The brass pieces have the convex side bright, the concave black. They are all shaken together, and thrown out of the onágún, as dice. The term pugasaing denotes this act of throwing. It is the participial form of the verb.—The following rules govern the game:

1. When the pieces are turned on the red side, and one of the Inine-wugs stands upright on the bright side of one of the brass pieces, it counts 158.
2. When all the pieces turn red side up, and the Gitshee Kenabik with the tail stands on the bright side of the brass piece, it counts 138.
3. When all turn up red, it counts 58 whether the brass pieces be bright or black side up.
4. When the Gitshee Kenabik and his associate, and the two Ininewugs turn up white side, and the other pieces red, it counts 58, irrespective of the concave or convex position of the brass pieces.
5. When all the pieces turn up white, it counts 38, whether the Ozawábiks, be bright or black.
6. When the Gitshee Kenabik and his associate turn up red, and the other white, it counts 38, the brass pieces immaterial.
7. When one of the Ininewugs stands up, it counts 50, without regard to the position of all the rest.
8. When either of the Gitshee Kenabiks stands upright, it counts 40, irrespective of the position of the others.
9. When all the pieces turn up white, excepting one, and the Ozawabiks dark, it counts 20.
10. When all turn up red, except one, and the brass pieces bright, it counts 15.
11. When the whole of the pieces turn up white, but one, with the Ozawábiks bright, it counts 10.
12. When a brass piece turns up dark, the two Gitshee Kenabiks and the two men red, and the remaining pieces white, it counts 8.
13. When the brass piece turns up bright, the two Gitshee Kenabiks and one of the men red, and all the rest white, it is 6.

14. When the Gitshee Kenabik in chief, and one of the men turn up red, the Ozawábiks, bright, and all the others white, it is 4.
15. When both the Kenabiks, and both men, and the three ducks, turn up red, the brass piece black, and either the Keego, or a duck white, it is 5.
16. When all the pieces turn up red, but one of the Ininewugs, and the brass piece black, it counts 2.

The limit of the game is stipulated. The parties throw up for the play.

This game is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, every thing in fact they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes, I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society—men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of Ienadizze-wug, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet, it cannot be denied, that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase, at the west, can be referred to, as lending their example to its fascinating power.

An analysis of this game, to show its arithmetical principles and powers, might be gone into; but it is no part of the present design to take up such considerations here, far less to pursue the comparison and extension of customs of this kind among the modern western tribes. It may be sufficient to say, from the foregoing rules, that there seems to be no *unit* in the throw, and that the count proceeds by *decimals*, for all numbers over 8. Doubtless these rules, are but a part of the whole series, known to experienced players. They comprise, however, all that have been revealed to me.

“Gambling is not peculiar to our race,
The Indian gambles with as fixed a face.”

Herodotus says of the ancient Thracians—that “the most honourable life, with them, is a life of war and plunder; the most contemptible that of a husbandman. Their supreme delight is war and plunder.” Who might not suppose, were the name withheld, that this had been said by some modern writer of the Pawnees, or the Camanches?

REVERENCE AND AFFECTION FOR PARENTS.

THERE lived a noted chief at Michilimackinac, in days past, called Gitshe Naygow, or the Great-Sand-Dune, a name, or rather nick-name, which he had, probably, derived from his birth and early residence at a spot of very imposing appearance, so called, on the southern shore of Lake Superior, which is east of the range of the Pictured Rocks. He was a Chippewa, a warrior and a counsellor, of that tribe, and had mingled freely in the stirring scenes of war and border foray, which marked the closing years of French domination in the Canadas. He lived to be very old, and became so feeble at last, that he could not travel by land, when Spring came on and his people prepared to move their lodges, from their sugar-camp in the forest, to the open lake shore. They were then inland, on the waters of the Manistee river, a stream which enters the northern shores of Lake Michigan. It was his last winter on earth; his heart was gladdened by once more feeling the genial rays of Spring, and he desired to go with them, to behold, for the last time, the expanded lake and inhale its pure breezes. He must needs be conveyed by hand. This act of piety was performed by his daughter, then a young woman. She carried him on her back from their camp to the lake shore, where they erected their lodge and passed their spring, and where he eventually died and was buried.

This relation I had from her own lips, at the agency of Michilimackinac, in 1833. I asked her how she had carried him. She replied, with the Indian apekun, or head-strap. When tired she rested, and again pursued her way, on-wa-be-win by on-wa-be-win, or rest by rest, in the manner practised in carrying heavy packages over the portages. Her name was Nadowákwa, or the female Iroquois. She was then, perhaps, about fifty-five years of age, and the wife of a chief called Saganosh, whose home and jurisdiction were in the group of the St. Martin's Islands, north of Michilimackinac.

The incident was not voluntarily told, but came out, incidentally, in some inquiries I was making respecting historical events, in the vicinity. One such incident goes far to vindicate the affections of this people, and should teach us, that they are of the same general lineage with ourselves, and only require letters and Christianity, to exalt them in the scale of being.

The first words of men, says Harris in his *Hermes*, like their first ideas, had an immediate reference to sensible objects; in after days, when they began to discern with their intellect, they took those words which they found already made, and transferred them by metaphor, to intellectual conceptions.

SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF
NOTED RED MEN AND WOMEN,
WHO HAVE APPEARED ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT,

ANDAIG WEOS, OR CROWS-FLESH.

MANY persons among the Indian race, have attracted notice from their exploits on the war-path. Andaig Weos was not among the number of these, or if he had mingled in such events, his deeds of daring are now lost amid the remembrance of better qualities. He was a chief of the once prominent and reigning band of Odjibwa Algonquins, who are called Chippewas, located at Chegoimgon, on Lake Superior, where his name is cherished in local tradition, for the noble and disinterested deeds which he performed in former days. He lived in the latter part of the 18th century.

It was perhaps forty years ago—said my informant, it was while the late Mr. Nolin, of Sault Ste. Maries was a trader in the Chippewa country, between lake Superior and the Mississippi, that he wintered one year low down on the Chippewa river. On his way down this stream, and while he was still on one of its sources, cold weather set in suddenly, the ice formed, and he was unable to get on with his goods. He consequently put them *en cache*, according to the custom of the country, and proceeded on foot, with his men to the lower part of the river, to the spot at which he had determined to winter. Here he felled trees, and built his house, and having made all things ready, he set out with his men on his return to his *cache*, in order to bring down his goods.

On the way he fell in with an Indian hunter and his wife, who followed him to the place where he had secreted his goods. On reaching this, he filled a bottle with spirits and gave a glass to each of his men, took one himself, and then filling the glass presented it to the Indian. This was done after the camp had been made for the night. It so happened that the Indian was taken suddenly ill that night, and before day light died. Nolin and his men buried him, and then proceeded back to his wintering house below, each man carrying a pack of goods; and the widow rejoined her friends.

After the Indians had taken their credits, and dispersed to their several wintering grounds, it was rumoured amongst them, that the trader had

administered poison to the Indian who died so suddenly after taking the glass of spirits. And this opinion gained ground, although the widow woman repeatedly told the Indians, that the liquor given to her deceased husband was from the same bottle and glass, that all the French people had drank from. But it was of no avail ; the rumour grew, and Mr. Nolin began to be apprehensive, as he had already learnt that the Indians meant to kill him. To confirm this suspicion a party of forty men, soon after, entered his house, all armed, painted black, and with war dresses on. They were all presented with a piece of tobacco, as was customary, when each of them threw it into the fire. No alternative now appeared to remain to avert the blow, which he was convinced must soon follow. Almost at the same instant, his men intimated that another party, of six men more, were arriving.

It proved to be the chief Andaig Weos, from near Lac du Flambeau, in search of a trader, for a supply of tobacco and ammunition. On entering, the chief eyed the warriors, and asked Mr. N. whether he had given them tobacco. He replied that he *had*, and that they had all, to a man, thrown it in the fire, and, he added, that they intended to kill him. The chief asked for some tobacco, which he threw down before the warriors, telling them to smoke it, adding in an authoritative voice, that when Indians visited traders, it was with an intention of getting tobacco from them to *smoke* and not to *throw into the fire* ; and that, for his part, he had been a long time without smoking, and was very happy to find a trader to supply him with that article. This present from him, with the rebuke, was received with silent acquiescence,—no one venturing a reply.

The chief next demanded liquor of the trader, saying, "that he intended to make them drink." The politic Frenchman remonstrated, saying, "that if this was done, he should surely be killed." "Fear not, Frenchman," replied the chief, boldly. "These are not *men* who want to kill you : they are *children*. I, and my warriors will guard you." On these assurances, a keg of liquor was given, but with the greatest reluctance. The chief immediately presented it to the war-party, but cautioned them to drink it at a distance, and not to come nigh the trader during the night. They obeyed him. They took it a short distance and drank it, and kept up a dreadful yelling all night, but did not molest the house.

The next morning Andaig Weos demanded tobacco of the still uneasy *marchand voyageur*, and ordered one of his young men to distribute it to the Indians in the war-dress. He then rose and addressed them in an energetic and authoritative speech, telling them to march off, without tasting food; that they were *warriors*, and needed not any thing of the kind; and if they did, they were *hunters*,—they had guns, and might hunt, and kill and eat. "You get nothing more here," he added. "This trader has come here to supply your wants, and you seek to kill him—a poor reward for the trouble and the anxiety he has undergone ! This is no way

of requiting white people." They all, to a man started, and went off, and gave the trader no farther molestation while he remained in the country.

On another occasion Andaig Weos was placed in a situation which afforded a very different species of testimony to his principles and integrity. A French trader had entered lake Superior so late in the season, that with every effort, he could get no farther than *Pointe La Petite Fille*, before the ice arrested his progress. Here he was obliged to build his wintering house, but he soon ran short of provisions, and was obliged to visit La Pointe, with his men, in order to obtain fish—leaving his house and store-room locked, with his goods, ammunition, and liquors, and resolving to return immediately. But the weather came on so bad, that there was no possibility of his immediate return, and the winter proved so unfavourable that he was obliged to spend two months at that post.

During this time, the chief Andaig Weos, with fifteen of his men, came out from the interior, to the shores of the lake, for the purpose of trading, each carrying a pack of beaver, or other furs. On arriving at the point La Petite Fille, they found the trader's house locked and no one there. The chief said to his followers.—It is customary for traders to invite Indians into their house, and to receive them politely; but as there is no one to receive us, we must act according to circumstances. He then ordered the door to be opened, with as little injury as possible, walked in, with his party, and caused a good fire to be built in the chimney. On opening the store-door he found they could be supplied with all they wanted. He told his party, on no account to touch, or take away any thing, but shut up the door, and said, "that he would, on the morrow, act the trader's part."

They spent the night in the house. Early the next morning, he arose and addressed them, telling them, that he would now commence trading with them. This he accordingly did, and when all was finished, he carefully packed the furs, and piled the packs, and covered them with an oil-cloth. He then again addressed them, saying that it was customary for a trader to give tobacco and a keg of spirits, when Indians had traded handsomely. He, therefore, thought himself authorized to observe this rule, and accordingly gave a keg of spirits and some tobacco. "The spirits," he said, "must not be drank here. We must take it to our hunting camp," and gave orders for returning immediately. He then caused the doors to be shut, in the best manner possible, and the outer door to be barricaded with logs, and departed.

When the trader returned, and found his house had been broken open, he began to bewail his fate, being sure he had been robbed; but on entering his store-room and beholding the furs, his fears were turned to joy. On examining his inventory, and comparing it with the amount of his furs, he declared, that had he been present, he could not have traded to better advantage, nor have made such a profit on his goods.

These traits are not solitary and accidental. It happened at another time, that a Mr. Lamotte, who had wintered in the Folle-avoine country, unfortunately had a quarrel with the Indians, at the close of the season, just when he was about to embark on his return with his furs. In the heat of their passion the Indians broke all his canoes in pieces, and confined him a prisoner, by ordering him to encamp on an island in the St. Croix river.

In this situation he remained, closely watched by the Indians, till all the other traders had departed and gone out of the country to renew their supplies, when the chief Andaig Weos arrived. He comprehended the case in an instant, and having found that the matter of offence was one of no importance, he immediately went to the Indian village, and in a loud and authoritative tone of voice, so as to be heard by all, commanded suitable canoes to be taken to the imprisoned trader—a summons which was promptly obeyed. He then went to Mr. Lamotte and told him to embark fearlessly, and that he himself would see that he was not further hindered, at the same time lamenting the lateness of his return.

The general conduct of this chief was marked by kindness and urbanity. When traders arrived at Chagoimegon, where he lived, it was his custom to order his young men to cover and protect their baggage lest any thing should be injured or stolen. He was of the lineage of the noted war-chief, Abojeeg, or Wab Ojeege. He lived to be very old, so that he walked nearly bent double—using a cane. The present ruling chief of that place, called Pezhickee, is his grandson. These anecdotes were related by Mr. Cadotte, of Lapointe, in the year 1829, and are believed to be entitled to full confidence.

The Tartars cannot pronounce the letter b. Those of Bulgaria pronounce the word *blacks* as if written *ilacs*. It is noticeable, that the Odjibwas and their cognate tribes at the north, not only make great use of the letter b, in native words, but when they come to pronounce English words, in which the letter v occurs, they invariably substitute the b for it, as in village, and vinegar.

There are three letters in the English alphabet which the above tribes do not pronounce. They are f, r, and l. For f, they substitute, in their attempts to pronounce foreign words, p. The sound of r, they change to broad a, or drop. L is changed to n.

Singing and dancing are applied to political and to religious purposes by the Indians. When they wish to raise a war-party, they meet to sing and dance: when they wish to supplicate the divine mercy on a sick person, they assemble in a lodge, to sing and dance. No grave act is performed without singing and dancing.

LANGUAGE.

LECTURES ON THE GRAMMATICAL STRUCTURE OF THE INDIAN LANGUAGE.

THE course of lectures, of which the following are part, were delivered before the St. Mary's committee of the Algonquin Society. Two of them only have been published. They are here continued from the article "Indian Languages," at page 202 of the "Narrative of the Discovery of the actual Source of the Mississippi, in Itasca Lake," published by the Harpers, in 1834. The family of languages selected as the topic of inquiry, is the Algonquin. All the examples employed are drawn from that particular type of it which is called Chippewa, in our transactions with them, but which they uniformly pronounce themselves, Od-jib-wa. These terms are employed as perfect synonyms. The phrase "Odjibwa-Algonquin," wherever it occurs, is intended to link, in the mind of the inquirer, the species and the genus (if we may borrow a term from natural history) of the language, but is not fraught with, or intended to convey, any additional idea. The three terms relate to one and the same people.

LECTURE III.

Observations on the Adjective—Its distinction into two classes denoted by the presence or absence of vitality—Examples of the animates and inanimates—Mode of their conversion into substantives—How pronouns are applied to these derivatives, and the manner of forming compound terms from adjective bases, to describe the various natural phenomena—The application of these principles in common conversation, and in the description of natural and artificial objects—Adjectives always preserve the distinction of number—Numerals—Arithmetical capacity of the language—The unit exists in duplicate.

1. It has been remarked that the distinction of words into animates and inanimates, is a principle intimately interwoven throughout the structure of the language. It is, in fact, so deeply imprinted upon its grammatical forms, and is so perpetually recurring, that it may be looked upon, not only as forming a striking peculiarity of the language, but as constituting the fundamental principle of its structure, from which all other rules have derived their limits, and to which they have been made to conform. No class of words appears to have escaped its impress. Whatever concords

other laws impose, they all agree, and are made subservient in the establishment of this.

It might appear to be a useless distinction in the adjective, when the substantive is thus marked ; but it will be recollected that it is in the plural of the substantive only, that the distinction is marked. And we shall presently have occasion to show, that redundancy of forms, are, to considerable extent, obviated in practice.

For the origin of the principle itself, we need look only to nature, which endows animate bodies with animate properties and qualities, and vice versa. But it is due to the tribes who speak this language, to have invented one set of adjective symbols to express the ideas peculiarly appropriate to the former, and another set applicable, exclusively, to the latter ; and to have given the words good and bad, black and white, great and small, handsome and ugly, such modifications as are practically competent to indicate the general nature of the objects referred to, whether provided with, or destitute of the vital principle. And not only so, but by the figurative use of these forms, to exalt inanimate masses into the class of living beings, or to strip the latter of the properties of life—a principle of much importance to their public speakers.

This distinction is shown in the following examples, in which it will be observed, that the inflection *izzi*, generally denotes the personal, and *au*, *un*, or *wud*, the impersonal forms.

	<i>Adj: Inanimate.</i>		<i>Adj: Animate.</i>
Bad	Monaud	ud	Monaud
Ugly	Gushkoonaug	wud	Gushkoonaug
Beautiful	Bishegaindaug	wud	Bishegaindaug
Strong	Söng	un	Söng
Soft	Nök	un	Nök
Hard	Mushkow	au	Mushkow
Smooth	Shoiskw	au	Shoisk
Black	Mukkuddäw	au	Mukkuddäw
White	Waubishk	au	Waubishk
Yellow	Ozahw	au	Ozahw
Red	Miskw	au	Miskw
Blue	Ozhahwushkw	au	Ozhahwushkw
Sour	Sheew	un	Sheew
Sweet	Weeshkob	un	Weeshkob
Light	Naung	un	Naung

It is not, however, in all cases, by mere modifications of the adjective, that these distinctions are expressed. Words totally different in sound, and evidently derived from radically different roots, are, in some few instances, employed, as in the following examples :

	Adj: <i>Inanimate.</i>	Adj: <i>Animate.</i>
Good	Onisheshin	Minno.
Bad	Monaudud	Mudjee.
Large	Mitshau	Mindiddo.
Small	Pungee	Uggaushi.
Old	Geekau	Gitizzi.

It may be remarked of these forms, that although the impersonal will, in some instances, take the personal inflections, the rule is not reciprocated, and minno, and mindiddo, and gitizzi, and all words similarly situated, remain unchangeably animate. The word pungee, is limited to the expression of quantity, and its correspondent uggaushi, to size, or quality. Kischedä, (hot) is restricted to the heat of a fire; keezhautä, to the heat of the sun. There is still a third term to indicate the natural heat of the body, *Kizzizoo*. Mitshau (large) is generally applied to countries, lakes, rivers, &c. Mindiddo, to the body, and gitshee, indiscriminately. Onisheshin, and its correspondent onishishshä, signify, handsome or fair, as well as good. Kwonaudj a. a. and kwonaudj ewun a. i. mean, strictly, handsome, and imply nothing further. Minno, is the appropriate personal form for good. Mudgee and monaudud, may reciprocally change genders, the first by the addition of *i-e-e*, and the second by altering *ud* to *izzi*.

Distinctions of this kind are of considerable importance in a practical point of view, and their observance or neglect, are noticed with scrupulous exactness by the Indians. The want of inanimate forms to such words as happy, sorrowful, brave, sick &c. creates no confusion, as inanimate nouns cannot, strictly speaking, take upon themselves such qualities, and when they do—as they sometimes do, by one of those extravagant figures of speech, which are used in their tales of transformations, the animate forms answer all purposes. For in these tales the whole material creation may be clothed with animation. The rule, as exhibited in practice, is limited, with sufficient accuracy, to the boundaries prescribed by nature.

To avoid a repetition of forms, were the noun and the adjective both to be employed in their usual relation, the latter is endowed with a pronominal, or substantive inflection. And the use of the noun, in its separate form, is thus wholly superceded. Thus onisheshin, a. i. and onishishshä, a. a. become Wanishishing, that which is good, or fair, and Wanishishid, he who is good or fair. The following examples will exhibit this rule, under each of its forms.

Compound or Noun-Adjective Animate.

Black	Mukkuddaw izzi	Makuddaw izzid.
White	Waubishk izzi	Wyaubishk izzid.
Yellow	Ozahw izzi	Wazauw izzid.
Red	Miskw izzi	Mashk oozzid.
Strong	Song izzi	Song izzid.

Noun-Adjective Inanimate.

Black	Mukkuddāw au	Mukkuddāw aug.
White	Waubishk au	Wyaubishk aug.
Yellow	Ozahw au	Wāzhauw aug.
Red	Mishkw au	Mishkw aug.

The animate forms in these examples will be recognized, as exhibiting a further extension of the rule, mentioned in the preceding chapter, by which substantives are formed from the indicative of the verb by a permutation of the vowels. And these forms are likewise rendered plural in the manner there mentioned. They also undergo changes to indicate the various persons. For instance onishisha is thus declined to mark the person.

Wānishish-eyau	I (am) good, or fair.
Wānishish-eyun	Thou (art) good, or fair.
Wānishish-id	He (is) good or fair.
Wānishish-eyang	We (are) good or fair (ex.)
Wānishish-eyung	We (are) good a fair (in.)
Wānishish-eyaig	Ye (are) good or fair.
Wānishish-idigj	They (are) good or fair.

The inanimate forms, being without person, are simply rendered plural by *in*, changing maiskwaug, to maiskwaug-in, &c. &c. The verbal signification which these forms assume, as indicated in the words am, art, is, are, is to be sought in the permutative change of the first syllable. Thus o is changed to wā, muk to māk, waub to wy-aub, ozau to wāzau, misk to maisk, &c. The pronoun, as is usual in the double compounds, is formed wholly by the inflections eyau, eyun, &c.

The strong tendency of the adjective to assume a personal, or pronomico-substantive form, leads to the employment of many words in a particular, or exclusive sense. And in any future practical attempts with the language, it will be found greatly to facilitate its acquisition if the adjectives are arranged in distinct classes, separated by this characteristic principle of their application. The examples we have given are chiefly those which may be considered strictly animate, or inanimate, admit of double forms, and are of general use. Many of the examples recorded in the original manuscripts employed in these lectures, are of a more concrete character, and, at the same time, a more limited use. Thus shaugwewe, is a weak person, nōkaugummē, a weak drink, nokaugwud, a weak, or soft piece of wood. Sussāgau, is fine, but can only be applied to personal appearance: beesau, indicates fine grains. Keeuwushkwa is giddy, and keewushkwābee, giddy with drink, both being restricted to the third person. Sōngun and songizzi, are the personal and impersonal forms of strong, as given above. But Mushkowaugumme, is strong drink. In like manner the two words for hard, as above, are restricted to solid sub-

stances. Sunnuhgud is hard (to endure,) waindud, is easy (to perform.) Söngedää is brave, Shaugedää cowardly, keezhinzhowitzzi, active, kizhe-kau, swift, onaunegoozzi lively, minwaindum happy, gushkwaindum, sorrowful, but all these forms are confined to the third person of the indicative, singular. Pibbigwau, is a rough or knotted substance. Pubbiggo-ozzi, a rough person. Keenwau is long, or tall, (any solid mass.) Kay-nozid is a tall person. Tahkozid a short person. Wassayau is light; wassaubizzoo, the light of the eye; wasshauzhä, the light of a star, or any luminous body. Keenau is sharp, keenaubikud, a sharp knife, or stone. Keezhaubikeday, is hot metal, a hot stove, &c. Keezhaugummeda, is hot water. Aubudgeetön, is useful,—a useful thing. Wauweeug is frivolous, any thing frivolous in word, or deed. Tubbushish, appears to be a general term for low. Ishpimming is high in the air. Ishpau, is applied to any high fixture, as a house, &c. Ishpaubikau is a high rock. Taush-kaubikau, a split rock.

These combinations and limitations meet the inquirer at every step. They are the current phrases of the language. They present short, ready, and often beautiful modes of expression. But as they shed light, both upon the idiom and genius of the language, I shall not scruple to add further examples and illustrations. Ask a Chippewa, the name for rock, and he will answer *awzhebik*. The generic import of aubik, has been explained. Ask him the name for red rock, and he will answer miskwau-bik,—for white rock, and he will answer waubaubik, for black rock mukkuddäwaubik,—for yellow rock, ozahwaubik,—for green rock, oz-hahwushkwaubik,—for bright rock, wassayaubik, for smooth rock, shoiskwaubik, &c. compounds in which the words red, white, black, yellow, &c. unite with aubik. Pursue this inquiry and the following forms will be elicited.

Impersonal.

Miskwaubik-ud.	It (is) a red rock.
Waubaubik-ud.	It (is) a white rock.
Mukkuddäwaubik-ud.	It (is) a black rock.
Ozahwaubik-ud.	It (is) a yellow rock.
Wassayaubik-ud.	It (is) a bright rock.
Shoiskwaubik-ud.	It (is) a smooth rock.

Personal.

Miskwaubik-izzi.	He (is) a red rock,
Waubaubik-izzi.	He (is) a white rock.
Mukkuddäwaubik-izzi.	He (is) a black rock.
Ozahwaubik-izzi.	He (is) a yellow rock.
Wassayaubik-izzi.	He (is) a bright rock.
Shoiskwaubik-izzi.	He (is) a smooth rock.

Add *bun* to these terms, and they are made to have passed away,—pre-

fix *tah* to them, and their future appearance is indicated. The word "is" in the translations, although marked with brackets, is not deemed wholly gratuitous. There is, strictly speaking, an idea of existence given to these compounds, by the particle *au* in *aubic*, which seems to be indirectly a derivative from that great and fundamental root of the language *iau*. *Bik*, is, apparently, the radix of the expression for "rock."

Let this mode of interrogation be continued, and extended to other adjectives, or the same adjectives applied to other objects, and results equally regular and numerous will be obtained. *Minnis*, we shall be told, is an island : *miskominis*, a red island ; *mukkaddäminnis*, a black island ; *wau-beminnis*, a white island, &c. *Annokwut*, is a cloud ; *miskwaunakwut*, a red cloud ; *mukkuddawukwut*, a black cloud ; *waubahnokwut*, a white cloud ; *ozahwushkwahnokwut*, a blue cloud, &c. *Neebe* is the specific term for water ; but is not generally used in combination with the adjective. The word *guma*, like *aubo*, appears to be a generic term for water, or potable liquids. Hence the following terms :—

<i>Gitshee,</i>	Great.	<i>Gitshiguma,</i>	Great water
<i>Nokun,</i>	Weak.	<i>Nôkauguma,</i>	Weak drink.
<i>Mushkowau,</i>	Strong.	<i>Mushkowauguma,</i>	Strong drink.
<i>Weeshkobun,</i>	Sweet.	<i>Weeshkobauguma,</i>	Sweet drink.
<i>Sheewun,</i>	Sour.	<i>Sheewauguma,</i>	Sour drink.
<i>Weesugun,</i>	Bitter.	<i>Weesugauguma,</i>	Bitter drink.
<i>Minno,</i>	Good.	<i>Minwauguma,</i>	Good drink.
<i>Monaudud,</i>	Bad.	<i>Mahnauguma,</i>	Bad drink.
<i>Miskwau,</i>	Red.	<i>Miskwauguma,</i>	Red drink.
<i>Ozahwau,</i>	Yellow.	<i>Ozahwauguma,</i>	Yellow drink.
<i>Weenun,</i>	Dirty.	<i>Weenauguma,</i>	Dirty water.
<i>Peenud,</i>	Clear.	<i>Peenauguma,</i>	Clear Water.

From *minno*, and from *monaudud*, good and bad, are derived the following terms. *Minnopogwud*, it tastes well ; *minnopogoozzi*, he tastes well. *Mauzhepogwud*, it tastes bad ; *mawzhepogoozzi*, he tastes bad. *Minnomaugwud*, it smells good ; *minnomaugoozzi*, he smells good ; *maghemaugawud*, it smells bad ; *mawhemaugoozzi*, he smells bad. The inflections *gwud*, and *izzi*, here employed, are clearly indicative, as in other combinations, of the words *it* and *him*.

Baimwa is sound. *Baimwâwa*, the passing sound. *Minwâwa*, a pleasant sound. *Minwâwa*, a pleasant sound. *Maunwawa*, a disagreeable sound. *Mudwayaushkau*, the sound of waves dashing on the shore. *Mudwayaunnemud*, the sound of winds. *Mudway au kooskau*, the sound of falling trees. *Mudwâkumigishin*, the sound of a person falling upon the earth. *Mudwaysin*, the sound of any inanimate mass falling on the earth. These examples might be continued ad infinitum. Every modification of circumstances—almost every peculiarity of thought is ex-

pressed by some modification of the orthography. Enough has been given to prove that the adjective combines itself with the substantive, the verb and the pronoun—that the combinations thus produced are numerous, afford concentrated modes of conveying ideas, and oftentimes happy terms of expression. Numerous and prevalent as these forms are, they do not, however, preclude the use of adjectives in their simple forms. The use of the one, or of the other appears to be generally at the option of the speaker. In most cases brevity or euphony dictates the choice. Usage results from the application of these principles. There may be rules resting upon a broader basis, but if so, they do not appear to be very obvious. Perhaps the simple adjectives are oftenest employed before verbs and nouns, in the first and second persons singular.

Ningee minno neebau-nabun,	I have slept well.
Ningee minno weesin,	I have eaten a good meal.
Ningee minno pimmoossay,	I have walked well, or a good distance.
Kägät minno geeghigud,	It (is) a very pleasant day.
Kwunaudj ningödahs,	I have a handsome garment.
Ke minno iau nuh ?	Are you well ?
Auneende ain deyun ?	What ails you ?
Keezhamonedo aupädushshä- wainenik,	{ God prosper you.
Aupädush Shwäindaugoozze- yun,	{ Good luck attend you.
Aupädush nau kinwainzh pim- maudizziyun,	May you live long.
Onauneegoozzin,	Be (thou) cheerful.
Ne miuwaindum waubumaun,	I (am) glad to see you.
Kwanaudj Kweeweezains,	A pretty boy.
Kägät Söngeedää,	He (is) a brave man.
Kägät onishishsha,	She (is) handsome.
Gitshee kinözee,	He (is) very tall.
Uggausau bawizzi,	She (is) slender.
Gitshee sussaigau,	He (is) fine dressed.
Bishegaindaugooziwug meeg- wunug,	{ They (are) beautiful feathers.
Ke daukoozzinuh ?	Are you sick.
Monaudud maundun muskeekée,	This (is) bad medicine.
Monaudud aindauyun,	My place of dwelling (is) bad.
Aindauyaun mitshau,	My place of dwelling is large.
Ne mittigwaub onishishsha,	My bow (is) good.
Ne bikwukön monaududön,	But my arrows (are) bad.
Ne minwaindaun appaukooz- zegun,	{ I love mild, or mixed, tobacco.

- Kauweekau neezhikay ussā- } But I never smoke pure tobacco.
 mau ne sugguswaunausee, }
- Monaudud maishkowaugumig, Strong drink (is) bad.
- Keeguhgee baudjeēgonaun, It makes us foolish.
- Gitshee Monedo nebee ogee } The Great Spirit made water.
 ozhetōn,
- Inineewug dash ween ishkädä- } But man made whiskey.
 waubo ogeo ozhetönahwaun. }

These expressions are put down promiscuously, embracing verbs and nouns as they presented themselves; and without any effort to support the opinion—which may, or may not be correct—that the elementary forms of the adjectives are most commonly required before verbs and nouns in the first and second persons. The English expression is thrown into Indian in the most natural manner, and of course, without always giving adjective for adjective, or noun for noun. Thus, God is rendered, not “Monedo,” but, “Geezha Monedo,” *Merciful Spirit*. Good luck, is rendered by the compound phrase “Shwäindaugoozzeyun,” indicating, in a very general sense *the influence of kindness or benevolence on success in life*. “Söngedää is alone, *a brave man*; and the word “Kägät,” prefixed, is an adverb. In the expression “mild tobacco,” the adjective is entirely dispensed with in the Indian, the sense being sufficiently rendered by the compound noun “appaukoozzegun,” which always means the Indian weed, or smoking mixture. “Ussamau,” on the contrary, without the adjective, signifies, “pure tobacco.” “Bikwakön,” signifies blunt, or lumpy-headed arrows. Assowaun is the barbed arrow. Kwonaudj kweeweezains, means, not simply “pretty boy,” but *pretty little boy*; and there is no mode of using the word boy but in this diminutive form—the word itself being a derivative, from kewewe, conjugal with the regular diminutive in *ains*. “Onaunegoozzin” embraces the pronoun, verb and adjective, *be thou cheerful*. In the last phrase of the examples, “man,” is rendered men (inineewug) in the translation, as the term *man* cannot be employed in the general plural sense it conveys in this connection, in the original. The word “whiskey,” is rendered by the compound phrase ishkökodawaubo, literally, *fine-liquor*, a generic for all kinds of ardent spirits.

These aberrations from the literal term, will convey some conceptions of the difference of the two idioms, although, from the limited nature and object of the examples, they will not indicate the full extent of this difference. In giving anything like the spirit of the original, much greater deviations, in the written forms, must appear. And in fact, not only the structure of the language, but the mode and *order of thought* of the Indians is so essentially different, that any attempts to preserve the English idiom—to give letter for letter, and word for word, must go far to render the translation pure nonsense.

2. Varied as the adjective is, in its changes it has no comparative inflection. A Chippewa cannot say that one substance is hotter or colder than another ; or of two or more substances unequally heated, that this, or that is the hottest or coldest, without employing adverbs, or accessory adjectives. And it is accordingly by adverbs, and accessory adjectives, that the degrees of comparison are expressed.

Pimmaudizziwin, is a very general substantive expression, in indicating the *tenor of being or life*. Izzhewâbizziwin, is a term near akin to it, but more appropriately applied to the *acts, conduct, manner, or personal deportment of life*. Hence the expressions :

Nin bimmaudizziwin,	My tenor of life.
Ke bimmaudizziwin,	Thy tenor of life.
O Pimmaudizziwin,	His tenor of life, &c.
Nin dizekewâbizziwin,	My personal deportment.
Ke dizhewâbizziwin,	Thy personal deportment.
O Izzhewâbizziwin,	His personal deportment, &c.

To form the positive degree of comparison for these terms minno, good, and mudjee, bad, are introduced between the pronoun and verb, giving rise to some permutations of the vowels and consonants, which affect the sound only. Thus :—

Ne minno pimmaudizziwin,	My good tenor of life.
Ke minno pimmaudizziwin,	Thy good tenor of life.
Minno pimmaudizziwin,	His good tenor of life.
Ne mudjee pimmaudizziwin,	My bad tenor of life.
Ke mudjee pimmaudizziwin,	Thy bad tenor of life.
Mudjee pimmaudizziwin,	His bad tenor of life.

To place these forms in the comparative degree, nahwudj, *more*, is prefixed to the adjective ; and the superlative is denoted by mahmowee, an adverb, or an adjective as it is variously applied, but the meaning of which, is, in this connexion, *most*. The degrees of comparison may be therefore set down as follows :—

<i>Positive</i> ,	Kishedä,	Hot, (restricted to the heat of a fire.)
<i>Comp.</i>	Nahwudj Kishedä,	More hot.
<i>Super.</i>	Mahmowee Kishedä,	Most hot.

Your manner of life is good,	Ke dizzihewâbizziwin onishishin.
Your manner of life is better,	{ Ke dizzhewâbizziwin nahwudj onis. hishin.
Your manner of life is best,	{ Ke dizzhewâbizziwin mahmoweé onishishin.
His manner of life is best,	{ Odizzhewabizziwin mahmowee onish. ishinine.
Little Turtle was brave,	Mikkenoköns söngedääbun.

Tecumseh was braver,
Pontiac was bravest,
3. The adjective assumes a negative form when it is preceded by the adverb. Thus the phrase söngedää, he is brave, is changed to, Kahween söngedääsee, he is not brave.

Positive.

Neewaukah,
He is wise.
Kwonaudjewe,
She is handsome,
Oskineegee,
He is young.
Shaugweewee,
He is feeble.
Geekkau,
He is old.
Mushkowizzi,
He is strong.

Tecumseh nahwidj söngedääbun.
Pontiac mahmowee söngedääbun.

Negative.

Kahween neebwaukah-see,
He is not wise.
Kahween kwonaudjewe-see,
She is not handsome.
Kahween oskineegee-see,
He is not young.
Kahween Shaugweewee-see,
He is not feeble.
Kahween Geekkau-see,
He is not old.
Kahween Mushkowizzi-see,
He is not strong.

From this rule the indeclinable adjectives—by which is meant those adjectives which do not put on the personal and impersonal forms by inflection, but consist of radically different roots—form exceptions.

• Are you sick ?	Ke dahkoozzi nuh?
You are not sick !	Kahween ke dahkoozzi-see !
I am happy.	Ne minwaindum.
I am unhappy.	Kahween ne minwuinduz-see
His manner of life is bad.	Mudjee izzhewabizzi.
His manner of life is not bad.	Kahween mudjee a izzhewabizzi-see.
It is large.	Mitshau muggud.
It is not large.	Kahween mitshau-seenön.

In these examples the declinable adjectives are rendered negative in *see*. The indeclinable, remain as simple adjuncts to the verbs, and the *latter* put on the negative form.

4. In the hints and remarks which have now been furnished respecting the Chippewa adjective, its powers and inflections have been shown to run parallel with those of the substantive, in its separation into animates and inanimates,—in having the pronominal inflections,—in taking an inflection for tense—(a topic, which, by the way, has been very cursorily passed over,) and in the numerous, modifications to form the compounds. This parallelism has also been intimated to hold good with respect to number—a subject deeply interesting in itself, as it has its analogy only in the ancient languages, and it was therefore deemed best to defer giving examples till they could be introduced without abstracting the attention from other points of discussion.

Minno and mudjee, good and bad, being of the limited number of personal adjectives, which modern usage permits being applied, although often improperly applied, to inanimate objects, they as well as a few other adjectives, form exceptions to the use of number. Whether we say a good man or a bad man, good men or bad men, the words minno and mudjee, remain the same. But all the declinable and coalescing adjectives—adjectives which join on, and, as it were, *melt into* the body of the substantive, take the usual plural inflections, and are governed by the same rules in regard to their use, as the substantive, personal adjectives requiring personal plurals, &c.

Adjectives Animate.

Singular.

Onishishewe mishemin,	Good apple.
Kwonaudjewe eekwā,	Handsome woman.
Songedää inine,	Brave man.
Bishegainauggoozzi peenasee,	Beautiful bird.
Ozahwizzi ahmo,	Yellow bee.

Plural.

Onishishewe-wug mishemin-ug,	Good apples.
Kwonaudjewe-wug eekwā-wug,	Handsome women.
Songedää-wug inine-wug,	Brave men.
Bishegainauggoozzi-wug peenasee-wug,	Beautiful birds.
Ozahwizzi-wug ahm-ög,	Yellow bees.

Adjectives Inanimate.

Singular.

Onishishin mittig,	Good tree.
Kwonaudj tshemaun,	Handsome canoe.
Monaudud ishkoda,	Bad fire.
Weeshkobun aidetaig,	Sweet fruit.

Plural.

Onishishin-ön mittig-ön,	Good trees.
Kwonaudjewun-ön tshemaun-un,	Handsome canoes.
Monaudud-ön ishkod-än,	Bad fires.
Weeshkobun-ön aidetaig-in,	Sweet fruits.

Peculiar circumstances are supposed to exist, in order to render the use of the adjective, in this connexion with the noun, necessary and proper. But in ordinary instances, as the narration of events, the noun would precede the adjective, and oftentimes, particularly where a second allusion to objects previously named became necessary, the compound expressions would be used. Thus instead of saying the yellow bee, wäyzahwizzid, would distinctly convey the idea of that insect, *had the species been before named*. Under similar circumstances kainwaukoozzid, agau-

sheid söngaunemud, mushkowaunemud, would respectively signify, a tall tree, a small fly, a strong wind, a hard wind. And these terms would become plural in *jig*, which, as before mentioned, is a mere modification of *ig*, one of the five general animate plural inflections of the language.

Kägat wahwinaudj abbenöjeeug, is an expression indicating *they are very handsome children*. Bubbeeweezheewug monetösug, denotes *small insects*. Minno neewugizzi, is good tempered, he is good tempered. Mawshininewugizzi, is bad tempered, both having their plural in *wug*. Nin nuneenahwaindum, I am lonesome. Nin nuneenahwaindaumin, we (excluding you) are lonesome. Waweea, is a term generally used to express the adjective sense of *round*. Kwy, is the scalp. (*Weenikwy* his scalp.) Hence Weewukwon, hat; Wayweewukwonid, a wearer of the hat; and its plural Wayeewukwonidjig, wearers of the hats—the usual term applied to Europeans, or white men generally. These examples go to prove, that under every form in which the adjective can be traced, whether in its simplest or most compound state, it is susceptible of number.

The numerals of the language are converted into adverbs, by the inflection *ing*, making *one*, *once*, &c. The unit exists in duplicate.

Päzhik, One, general unit	{ Aubeding, Once.
Ingoot, One, numerical unit	
Neesh, Two.	Neeshing, Twice.
Niswee, Three.	Nissing, Thrice.
Neewin, Four.	Neewing, Four-times.
Naunun, Five.	Nauning, Five-times.
N'goodwaswä, Six.	N'goodwautshing, Six-times.
Neeshwauswä, Seven.	Neeshwautshing, Seven-times.
Shwauswe, Eight.	Shwautshing, Eight-times.
Shongusswe, Nine.	Shongutshing, Nine-times.
Meetauswee, Ten.	Meetaushing, Ten-times.

These inflections can be carried as high as they can compute numbers. They count decimaly. After reaching ten, they repeat, ten and one, ten and two, &c. to twenty. Twenty is a compound signifying two tens, thirty, three tens, &c., a mode which is carried up to one hundred *n'good-wak*. Wak, then becomes the word of denomination, combining with the names of the digits, until they reach a thousand, *meetauswak*, literally, *ten hundred*. Here a new compound term is introduced made by prefixing twenty to the last denomination, neshtofnah duswak, which doubles the last term, thirty triples it, forty quadruples it, &c., till the computation reaches to ten thousand, *n'goodwak* dushing *n'goodwak*, *one hundred times one hundred*. This is the probable extent of all certain computation. The term *Gitshee*, (great,) prefixed to the last denomination, leaves the number indefinite.

There is no form of the numerals corresponding to second, third, fourth, &c. They can only further say, *nittum* first, and *ishkwaudj*, last.

ORIGIN
AND
HISTORY OF THE RACE,
AS EXHIBITED IN THEIR OWN TRADITIONS.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SHAWNEES FROM
THE SOUTH.

A MOHEGAN TRADITION.

METOXON states, that the Shawnees were, in ancient times, while they lived in the south, defeated by a confederacy of surrounding tribes, and in danger of being totally cut off and annihilated, had it not been for the interference of the Mohegans and Delawares. An alliance between them and the Mohegans, happened in this way. Whilst the Mohegans lived at Schodack, on the Hudson river, a young warrior of that tribe visited the Shawnees, at their southern residence, and formed a close friendship with a young warrior of his own age. They became as brothers, and vowed for ever to treat each other as such.

The Mohegan warrior had returned, and been some years living with his nation, on the banks of the Chatimac, or Hudson, when a general war broke out against the Shawnees. The restless and warlike disposition of this tribe, kept them constantly embroiled with their neighbours. They were unfaithful to their treaties, and this was the cause of perpetual troubles and wars. At length the nations of the south resolved, by a general effort, to rid themselves of so troublesome a people, and began a war, in which the Shawnees were defeated, battle after battle, with great loss. In this emergency, the Mohegan thought of his Shawnee brother, and resolved to rescue him. He raised a war-party and being joined by the Lenapees, since called Delawares, they marched to their relief, and brought off the remnant of the tribe to the country of the Lenapees. Here they were put under the charge of the latter, as their grandfather.

They were now, in the Indian phrase, put between their grandfather's knees, and treated as little children. Their hands were clasped and tied together—that is to say, they were taken under their protection, and formed a close alliance. But still, sometimes the child would creep out

under the old man's legs, and get into trouble—implying that the Shawnees could never forget their warlike propensities.

The events of the subsequent history of this tribe, after the settlement of America are well known. With the Lenapees, or Delawares, they migrated westward.

The above tradition was received from the respectable and venerable chief, above named, in 1827, during the negotiation of the treaty of *Buttes des Morts*, on Fox river. At this treaty his people, bearing the modern name of Stockbridges, were present, having, within a few years, migrated from their former position in Oneida county, New York, to the waters of Fox river, in Wisconsin.

Metoxon was a man of veracity, and of reflective and temperate habits, united to urbanity of manners, and estimable qualities of head and heart, as I had occasion to know from several years' acquaintance with him, before he, and his people went from Vernon to the west, as well as after he migrated thither.

The tradition, perhaps with the natural partiality of a tribesman, lays too much stress upon a noble and generous act of individual and tribal friendship, but is not inconsistant with other relations, of the early southern position, and irrascible temper of the Shawnee tribe. Their name itself, which is a derivative from O-shá-wan-ong, the place of the South, is strong presumptive evidence of a former residence in, or origin from, the extreme south. Mr. John Johnston, who was for many years the government agent of this tribe at Piqua, in Ohio, traces them, in an article in the *Archæologia Americana* (vol. 1, p. 273) to the Suwanee river in Florida. Mr. Gallatin, in the second volume of the same work (p. 65) points out their track, from historical sources of undoubted authority, to the banks of the upper Savannah, in Georgia; but remarks that they have only been well known to us since 1680. They are first mentioned in our scattered Indian annals, by De Laet, in 1632.

It may further be said, in relation to Metoxon's tradition, that there is authority for asserting, that in the flight of the Shawnees from the south, a part of them descended the Kentucky river west, to the Ohio valley, where, in after times, the Shawnees of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, rather formed a re-union with this division of their kindred than led the way for them.

To depart one step from barbarism, is to take one step towards civilization. To abandon the lodge of bark—to throw aside the blanket—to discontinue the use of paints—or to neglect the nocturnal orgies of the wabeno, are as certain indications of incipient civilization, as it unquestionably is, to substitute alphabetical characters for rude hieroglyphics, or to prefer the regular cadences of the gamut, to the wild chanting of the chichigwun.

CHRONOLOGY.

THE ERA OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH IN THE UPPER LAKES.

KE-WA-KONS, a chief of the straits of St. Mary's, told me, during an interview, in 1827, that but seven generations of red men had passed away, since the French first appeared on those straits. If we take the date of Cartier's first visit to the St. Lawrence, as the era of their acquaintance with this nation, A. D. 1534, we should have 56 years as the period of an Indian generation. Should we take, instead of this, the time of La Salle's first arrival on the upper lakes, 1778, there would, on the contrary, be but a fraction over 22 years for a generation. But neither of these periods, can be truly said to coincide with the probable era of the chief's historical reminiscences. The first is too early, the last too late. An average of the two, which is required to apply the observation properly, gives 38 years as the Indian generation. This nearly assimilates it to the results among Europeans, leaving 8 years excess. Further data would probably reduce this; but it is a department in which we have so little material, that we must leave it till these be accumulated. It may be supposed that the period of Indian longevity, before the introduction of ardent spirits, was equal, perhaps, a little superior, to that of the European; but it did not exceed it, we think, by 8 years.

Ke-wa-kons, whom I knew very well, was a man of shrewd sense, and respectable powers of observation. He stated, at the same interview, that his tribe, who were of the Odjibwa type of the Algonquins, laid aside their Akeeks, or clay cooking-vessels, at *that time*, and adopted in lieu of them, the light brass kettle, which was more portable and permanent. And from that time, their skill in pottery declined, until, in our day, it is entirely lost. It is curious to reflect, that within the brief period of 150 years, a living branch of coarse manufacture among them, has thus been transferred into an object of antiquarian research. This fact, should make historians cautious in assigning very remote periods of antiquity to the monumental evidences of by-gone generations.

It is by such considerations that we get a glimpse of some of the general principles which attended the early periods of discovery and settlement, in all parts of the continent. Adventurers came to find gold, or furs, to amass wealth, get power, or to perform mere exploits. Nobody cared much for the native race, beyond the fact of their being the medium to lead to these

specified objects. There were none, to record accurately, their arts, and other peculiarities, which now excite intense interest. They died away very fast, whole tribes becoming extinct within a generation or two. The European fabrics, then introduced, were so much superior to their own, that they, at once, discontinued such rude arts as they practised, at least in our northern latitudes. New adventurers followed in the track of Columbus, Amerigo, Cabot, and their compeers and followers, who, in the lapse of time, picked up, from the soil, pieces of coarse pottery, pestles and such like things, and holding them up, said,—“See these!—here are evidences of very great skill, and very high antiquity.”

It is not the intention by any means, to assert, that there were not antiquities of a far higher era, and nobler caste, but merely to impress upon inquirers, the necessity of discriminating the different eras in the chronology of our antiquities. All Indian pottery, north of the capes of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, is of, or preceding the era of the discovery; but there is found in graves, a species of pottery, and vitrified ware, which was introduced, in the early stages of traffic, by Europeans. Of this transition era between the dying away of the Indian arts, and the introduction of the European, are the rude pastes, enamel and glass beads, and short clay pipes of coarse texture, found in Indian cemeteries, but not in the tumuli. In place of these, our ancient Indians used wrought and unwrought sea shells of various species, and pipes carved out of seatites and other soft materials.

Mr. Anderson remarks in his biography of Catharine Brown, that “the Cherokees are said to possess a language, which is more precise and powerful than any into which learning has poured richness of thought, or genius breathed the enchantments of fancy and eloquence.”

David Brown, in one of his letters, in the same volume, terms his people the Tsallakee, of which we must therefore take “Cherokee,” to be a corruption. It is seen by the Cherokee alphabet, that the sound of *r* does not occur in that language.

F A I T H .

When Chusco was converted to Christianity at the mission of Michilinackinac, he had planted a field of potatoes on one of the neighbouring islands in lake Huron. In the fall he went over in his canoe, with his aged wife, to dig them—a labour which the old woman set unceremoniously about, as soon as they got into the field. “Stop!” cried the little old man, who had a small tenor voice and was bent nearly double by age,—“dare you begin to dig, till we have thanked the Lord for their growth.” They then both knelt down in the field, while he lifted up his voice, in his native language, in thanks.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.

A. D. 1818 AND 1819.

FROM THE ORIGINAL NOTES AND JOURNAL.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

VERY little, it is conceived, is necessary to enable the reader to determine the writer's position on the extreme south western frontiers, in the year 1818. He had spent the summer of that year in traversing the mine district, which extends along the right bank of the Mississippi, between the mouth of the Maromeg and the diluvial cliffs south of Cape Girardeau, extending west and south westward to the sources of the St. Francis. In these mineralogical rambles, which were pursued sometimes on foot, and sometimes on horseback, or wheels, he made acquaintance with many estimable men, amongst whom he may name the Austins, father and son, the late Col. Ashley, John Rice Jones, Esq., and many others who are still living, by all whom, his object in visiting the country was cordially approved and encouraged, at all times. He also became acquainted with practical miners, and persons of enterprize who were not only familiar with the settled frontiers, but who had occasionally penetrated beyond them, into the broad expanse of highlands, now geographically known under the term of, the Ozark Chain. Geologically considered, the mine country is but the eastern flanks of this chain, which extends flush to the banks of the Mississippi, and has its terminus in that elevated range of mural cliffs, which form so striking and often picturesque a display, between St. Genevieve and St. Louis. There was, at the time, a general apprehension felt and expressed, by hunters and others who had penetrated those wilds in quest of deer and buffalo, or of saltpetre-earth in the limestone caves, of the predatory tribe of the Osages,—a people who had for years enjoyed the bad reputation of being thieves and plunderers. All concurred, however, in the interesting character of the country extending in a general course, south-westwardly, from the junction of the Missouri with the Mississippi. He felt an ardent desire to penetrate this terra incognita. He could not learn that any exploratory journey had been made towards the Rocky Mountains, since the well known expeditions of Lewis and Clark, up the Missouri, and of Lieut. Pike, across the upper region of the Arkansas, to Sante Fe and Chihuahua. Breckenridge had

subsequently published an account of a trip to Council Bluffs.* But neither of these routes crossed the wide and mountainous tracts referred to, or gave any definite information respecting them. Viewed on the map, these routes formed the general exterior outlines, but they left the interior filling up to be supplied,—or, if supplied at all, it was too often with such vague phrases as these—“Here are salt mountains.” “The — is supposed to take its rise here.” “Volcanic hills,” and so forth. The geology of the country furnished no indications whatever of the probability of the latter remark. The kind of pseudo-pumice found floating down the Missouri, in high water, had been stated by Lewis and Clarke, to have a far more remote, and local origin. The description of rock salt, in mountain mass, had long been numbered by popular belief, among the fanciful creations of an exciting political era; and together with western volcanoes, had settled down among those antiquarian rumours, which hold up, as their prime item, the existence of the living mammoth “beyond the big lakes.”

If the writer of the notes and journal which furnish these sketches, was not swayed by any particular theories of this nature, yet was he not free from the expectation of finding abundant materials, in the natural productions and scenery and incidents of the journey, to reward him amply for its perils. He had received from hunters several objects of the mineralogical and geological collection which he made, while living at Potosi, and *Mine à Burton*: from these wild borders, and, without pretending to estimate the force of each particular object which made up the sum of his motives, he resolved to organize an expedition, with all the means he could muster, and explore the region. The Austins, who had treated him with marked kindness and attention, from the hour of his first landing in Missouri, were then preparing to make their first movement into Texas, and held out to him a fine theatre for enterprise; but it was one not suited to his particular means or taste. He recoiled from the subtlety of the Spanish character; and is free to confess, that he deemed it a far more attractive latitude for the zea maize and the cotton plant, than for those pursuits which led him to prefer the more rugged eminences of the Ozarks. They, in the end, founded a republic, and he only made an adventurous journey.

Having thus recalled the era and the motive of the following sketches, the purport of these remarks is accomplished.

New York, 1844.

* The United States government, the very next year, 1819, sent out Col. Long to the Yellow Stone.

CHAPTER I.

Things to be thought of before plunging into the woods—Composition of the party, and reasons why it was not more numerous—First night's encampment—Preliminaries—Sleep in a deserted Indian lodge—A singular variety of the Fox Squirrel—The Pack Horse escapes—Cross the elevation called the Pinery—Reach the outskirts of the settlements in the valley of the Fourche A'Courtois.

WHOEVER would venture into the wilderness, should provide himself with such articles of personal comfort or safety, as habits, forecast, or the particular object of pursuit or observation, require. Every one will think of arms and ammunition, but there are other things required to make life pleasant, or even tolerable in the woods. This, prior excursions had already taught me, but the lesson was repeated by those of greater experience. There were two persons who had agreed to go with me, and stick by me, to the end,—the one a native of Massachussets, and the other, of Connecticut, both like myself, new in the field, and unacquainted with life in the woods. What they lacked in this art, they more than made up, I thought, in intelligence, enterprise and resource. The name of the first was Brigham. The other, I shall allude to, under the name of Enobitti. Some three or four other persons, natives of the region, had consented to go as hunters, or adventurers into a new field for emigration, but it so happened, that when all was ready—when every objection to the tour had been obviated, and every want supplied, and when my two eastern friends came on to the ground, these persons all quietly, and with an easy flow of reasons, backed out. In fact, my friend Brigham, was also obliged to relinquish the journey, after he had reached the point of rendezvous, i. e. Potosi. A residence on the American bottom, in Illinois, the prior summer, had exposed him to the malaria of that otherwise attractive agricultural area, and an intermittent fever, which he had thus contracted, forbade his venturing beyond the settlements. So that when the appointed day arrived, Enobitti and myself and my good landlord, Ficklin—a warm hearted Kentuckian, who had been a hunter and border spy in his youth, were all the persons I could number, and the latter, only went a short distance, out of the goodness of his heart, and love of forest adventure, to set us, as it were, on the way, and initiate us into some necessary forest arts. It was a bright balmy day,—the 6th of November, 1818. The leaves were rapidly falling from the trees, and strewed the road and made a musical rustling among the branches, as we passed the summits of the mine hills, which separated the valley of Mine à Burton from the next adjoining stream. The air had just enough of the autumn freshness in it, to make it inspiring; and we walked forward, with the double animation of health

and hope. As we passed through forests where the hickory abounded, the fox and grey squirrel were frequently seen preparing their winter's stores, and gave additional animation to the scene. It was early in the afternoon when we came into the valley of Bates' Creek—it was indeed but a few miles from our starting point, where our kind Mentor told us, it was best to encamp; for, in the first place, it was the only spot where we could obtain *water* for a long distance, and secondly, and more important than all, it was necessary that we should re-arrange the load of our pack-horse, take a lesson in the art of encamping, and make some other preparations which were proper, before we plunged outright into the wilderness. This was excellent advice, and proper not only to novices, but even to the initiated in the woodsman's art. It is always an object, to make, by this initiatory movement, what is technically called *a start*.

I had purchased at Potosi, a horse—a low priced animal, rather old and bony, to carry our blankets, some light cooking utensils and a few other articles of necessity, and some provisions. He bore the not very appropriate name of "Butcher," whether from a former owner, or how acquired I know not, but he was not of a sanguinary temper, or at least, the only fighting propensity he ever evinced was to get back to Potosi, as quick as possible, for he ran off the very first night, and frequently, till we got quite far west, repeated the attempt. The poor beast seemed to know, instinctively, that he was going away from the land of corn fodder, and would have to sustain himself by picking up his meals out of sere-grass, often in stony places, or in some dense and vine-bound cane bottom, where his hind legs would often be bound fast by the green briar, while he reached forward in vain, to bite off a green leaf.

Here we took the first lesson in duly hobbling a horse—a very necessary lesson: for if not *hobbled*, he will stray away, and cause great detention in the morning, and if not *well* hobbled he will injure his legs. We found, near the banks of the stream, a deserted Indian lodge, which appeared susceptible, by a little effort, of affording us a very comfortable night's lodging, and would furthermore, should it rain, prove an effectual shelter. This arrangement we immediately set about: the horse was unpacked, his burden stowed in the lodge, the horse hobbled and belled, and a fire lit. While my companion arranged the details of the camp, and prepared to boil a cup of tea, I took my gun, and, with but little ado, shot a number of fine fox and grey squirrels—being the first fruits of our exertions in the chace. Among them, there was one of decidedly mongrel species. If not, the variety was peculiar. He had a grey body, and a red foxy tail, with the belly, nose, and tips of the ears black, thus uniting characteristics of three varieties. One or two of these were added to our supper, which we made with great satisfaction, and in due time spread out our blankets, and slept soundly till day break.

On sallying out, I found the horse was gone, and set out in pursuit of

him. Although his fore feet were tethered, so that he must lift up both together, he made his way back, in this jumping manner, to his former owner's door, in the village of Mine à Burton. He had not, however, kept the path, all the way, and losing his track after he got on the herbage, my ear caught the sound of a bell far to the left, which I took to be his, and followed. I pursued the sound of this bell, which was only heard now and then, till after crossing hill and dale, without deviation from the line of sound, I came out at a farm yard, four miles below Potosi; where I found the bell to be attached to the neck of a stately penned ox. The owner, (who knew me and the circumstance of my having set out on the expedition,) told me, that Butcher had reached the mines, and been sent back, by a son of his former owner, to my camp. I had nothing left, but to retrace my way to the same spot, where I found the fugitive, and sat down to a breakfast of tea, bread, ham and squirrel. The whole morning had been lost by this misadventure. It was ten o'clock before we got the animal packed and set forward.

Our second day's journey yielded but little to remark. We travelled diligently along a rough mountainous path, across a sterile tract called the Pinery. This tract is valuable only for its pine timber. It has neither farming land nor mineral wealth. Not a habitation of any kind was passed. We saw neither bird nor animal. The silence of desolation seemed to accompany us. It was a positive relief to the uniform sterility of the soil, and monotony of the prospect, to see at length, a valley before us. It was a branch of the Maromeg, or Merrimack, which is called by its original French term of *Fourche à Courtois*. We had travelled a distance of fourteen miles over these flinty eminences. The first signs of human habitation appeared in the form of enclosed fields. The sun sunk below the hills, as we entered this valley, and we soon had the glimpse of a dwelling. Some woodcock flew up as we hastened forward, and we were not long in waiting for our formal announcement in the loud and long continued barking of dogs. It required the stern commands of their master, before they slunk back and became quiet. It was a small log tenement of the usual construction on the frontiers, and afforded us the usual hospitality and ready accommodation. They gave us warm cakes of corn bread, and fine rich milk. We spread our blankets before an evening's fire, and enjoyed a good night's rest. Butcher here, I think, had his last meal of corn, and made no attempt to return. With the earliest streaks of day light, we re-adjusted his pack, and again set forward.

CHAPTER II.

Reach a hunter's cabin on the outskirts of the wilderness—He agrees to accompany us—Enter the Ozark Hills—Encounter an encampment of the Delaware Indians—Character of the country—Its alpine air, and the purity of its waters.—Ascend to the source of the Merrimack—Reach a game country—Deserted by the hunter and guide, and abandoned to individual exertions in these arts.

EVERY joint labour, which proceeds on the theory, that each person engaged in it is to render some personal service, must, in order that it may go on pleasantly and succeed well, have a definite order, or rule of progress; and this is as requisite in a journey in the wilderness as anywhere else. Our rule was to lead the pack horse, and to take the compass and guide ahead, alternately, day by day. It was thought, I had the best art in striking and making a fire, and when we halted for the night, always did this, while my companion procured water and put it in a way to boil for tea. We carried tea, as being lighter and more easy to make than coffee. In this way we divided, as equally as possible, the daily routine of duties, and went on pleasantly. We had now reached the last settlement on the frontier, and after a couple of hours' walk, from our last place of lodging, we reached the last house, on the outer verge of the wilderness. It was a small, newly erected log hut, occupied by a hunter of the name of Roberts, and distant about 20 miles from, and south-west of Potosi. Our approach here was also heralded by dogs. Had we been wolves or panthers, creeping upon the premises at midnight, they could not have performed their duty more noisily. Truly this was a very primitive dwelling, and as recent in its structure as it was primitive. Large fallen trees lay about, just as the axeman had felled them, and partly consumed by fire. The effect of this partial burning had been only to render these huge trunks black and hideous. One of them lay in front of the cottage. In other places were to be seen deer skins stretched to dry; and deers' feet and antlers lay here and there. There was not a foot of land in cultivation. It was quite evident at first sight, that we had reached the dwelling of a border hunter, and not a tiller of the ground. But the owner was absent, as we learned from his wife, a spare, shrewd, dark-skinned little woman, drest in buckskin, who issued from the door before we reached it, and welcomed us by the term of "Strangers." Although this is a western term, which supplies the place of the word "friend," in other sections of the union, and she herself seemed to be thoroughly a native of these latitudes, no Yankee could have been more inquisitive, in one particular department of enquiry, namely the department relative to the chace. She inquired our object—the course and distance we proposed to travel, and the general arrangements of horse-

gear, equipage, &c. She told us of the danger of encountering the Osages, and scrutinized our arms. Such an examination would indeed, for its thoroughness, have put a lad to his trumps, who had come prepared for his first quarter's examination at a country academy. She told us, con amore, that her husband would be back soon,—as soon indeed as we could get our breakfast, and that he would be glad to accompany us, as far as Ashley's Cave, or perhaps farther. This was an opportunity not to be slighted. We agreed to wait, and prepare our morning's meal, to which she contributed some well baked corn cakes. By this time, and before indeed we had been long there, Roberts came in. It is said that a hunter's life is a life of feasting or fasting. It appeared to be one of the latter seasons, with him. He had been out to scour the precincts, for a meat breakfast, but came home empty handed. He was desirous to go out in the direction we were steering, which he represented to abound in game, but feared to venture far alone, on account of the rascally Osages. He did not fear the Delawares, who were near by. He readily accepted our offer to accompany us as hunter. Roberts, like his forest help-mate, was clothed in deer skin. He was a rather chunky, stout, middle sized man, with a ruddy face, cunning features, and a bright unsteady eye. Such a fellow's final destination would not be a very equivocal matter, were he a resident of the broad neighbourhood of Sing Sing, or "sweet Auburn:" but here, he was a man that might, perhaps, be trusted on an occasion like this, and we, at any rate, were glad to have his services on the terms stipulated. Even while we were talking he began to clean his rifle, and adjust his leathern accoutrements: he then put several large cakes of corn bread in a sack, and in a very short time he brought a stout little horse out of a log pen, which served for a barn; and clapping an old saddle on his back and mounting him, with his rifle in one hand, said, "I am ready," and led off. We now had a guide, as well as a hunter, and threw this burden wholly on him. Our course lay up a long ridge of hard bound clay and chert soil, in the direction of the sources of the Marameg, or, as it is now universally called and written, Merrimack. After travelling about four miles we suddenly descended from an acclivity into a grassy, woodless valley, with a brisk clear stream winding through it, and several lodges of Indians planted on its borders. This, our guide told us, was the Ozaw Fork of the Merrimack, (in modern geographical parlance Ozark.) And here we found the descendants and remainder of that once powerful tribe of whom William Penn purchased the site of Philadelphia, and whose ancient dominion extended, at the earliest certain historical era, along the banks the Lennapihittuck, or Delaware river. Two of them were at home, it being a season of the year, and time of day, when the men are out hunting. Judging from peculiarity of features, manners and dress, it would seem to be impossible that any people, should have re-

mained so long in contact with or juxtaposition to the European races, and changed so little, in all that constitutes national and personal identity. Roberts looked with no very friendly eye upon these ancient lords of the forest, the whole sum of his philosophy and philanthropy being measured by the very tangible circle of prairie and forests, which narrowed his own hunting grounds. They were even then, deemed to have been injudiciously located, by intelligent persons in the west, and have long since removed to a permanent location, out of the corporate limits of the States and Territories, at the junction of the river Konga with the Missouri. I should have been pleased to have lengthened our short halt, but the word seemed with him and Enobitti to be "onward," and onward we pushed. We were now fairly in the Ozark chain—a wide and almost illimitable tract, of which it may be said, that the vallies only are susceptible of future cultivation. The intervening ridges and mountains are nearly destitute of forest, often perfectly so, and in almost all cases, sterile, and unfit for the plough. It is probable sheep might be raised on some of these eminences, which possess a sufficiency of soil to permit the grasses to be sown. Geologically, it has a basis of limestones, resting on sandstones. Unfortunately for its agricultural character, the surface has been covered with a foreign diluvium of red clay filled with chips of horstone, chert and broken quartz, which make the soil hard and compact. Its trees are few and stunted; its grass coarse. In looking for the origin of such a soil, it seems probable to have resulted from broken down slates and shists on the upper Missouri and below the range of the Rocky Mountains, in which these broken and imbedded substances originally constituted veins. It is only in the vallies, and occasional plains, that a richer and more carbonaceous soil has accumulated. The purest springs, however, gush out of its hills; its atmosphere is fine and healthful, and it constitutes a theatre of Alpine attractions, which will probably render it, in future years, the resort of shepherds, lovers of mountain scenery, and valetudinarians. There is another remark to be made of the highland tracts of the Ozark range. They look, in their natural state, more sterile than they actually are, from the effects of autumnal fires. These fires, continued for ages by the natives, to clear the ground for hunting, have had the effect not only to curtail and destroy large vegetation, but all the carbonaceous particles of the top soil have been burned, leaving the surface in the autumn, rough, red, dry and hard. When a plough comes to be put into such a surface, it throws up quite a different soil; and the effects of light, and the sun's heat are often found, as I have noticed in other parts of the west, to produce a dark and comparatively rich soil.

We occupied the entire day in ascending and crossing the ridge of land, which divides the little valley of the Oza from that of the Merrimack. When getting near the latter, the soil exhibited traces of what appeared to be iron ore, but somewhat peculiar in its character, and of dark hue.

This soon revealed itself, in passing a short distance, in an abundant locality of black and coloured oxide of manganese—lying in masses in the arid soil. The Indian trail which we were pursuing led across the valley. We forded the river on foot. No encampments of Indians were found, nor any very recent traces of them; and we began to think that the accounts of Osage depredations and plundering, must be rather exaggerated. The river pours its transparent mountain waters over a wide bed of pebbles and small boulders, and, at this season, offered but little impediment to the horses or ourselves in crossing it. The sun was getting low, by the time we reached the opposite side of the valley, and we encamped on its borders, a mile or two above. Here we took due care of our horses, prepared our evening's meal, talked over the day's adventures, enjoyed ourselves sitting before our camp fire, with the wild wide creation before us and around, and then sank to a sound repose on our pallets.

Novices in the woodman's art, and raw in the business of travelling, our sleep was sounder and more death-like, than that of Roberts. His eye had shown a restlessness during the afternoon and evening. We were now in a game country, the deer and elk began to be frequently seen, and their fresh tracks across our path, denoted their abundance. During the night they ventured about our camp, so as to disturb the ears of the weary hunter, and indeed, my own. He got up and found both horses missing. Butcher's memory of Mine à Burton corn fodder had not deserted him, and he took the hunter's horse along with him. I jumped up, and accompanied him, in their pursuit. They were both overtaken about three miles back on the track, making all possible speed homeward, that their tethered fore legs would permit. We conducted them back, without disturbing my companion, and he then went out with his rifle, and quickly brought in a fine fat doe, for our breakfast. Each one cut fine pieces of steaks, and roasted for himself. We ate it with a little salt, and the remainder of the hunter's corn cakes, and finished the repast, with a pint cup each, of Enobitti's best tea. This turned out to be a *finale* meal with our Fourche à Courtois man, Roberts; for the rascal, a few hours afterwards, deserted us, and went back. Had he given any intimation of dissatisfaction, or a desire to return, we should have been in a measure prepared for it. It is probable his fears of the then prevalent bugbear of those frontiersmen, the Osages, were greater than our own. It is also probable, that he had no other idea whatever, in leaving the Fourche à Courtois, than to avail himself of our protection till he could get into a region where he could shoot deer enough in a single morning to load down his horse, with the choicest pieces, and lead him home. This the event, at least, rendered probable; and the fellow not only deserted us meanly, but he carried off my best new hunting knife, with scabbard and belt—a loss not easily repaired in such a place.

To cloak his plan, he set out with us in the morning: it had rained a little, during the latter part of the night, and was lowering and dark all the morning. After travelling about ten miles, we left the Osage trail, which began to bear too far north-west, and struck through the woods in a south course, with the view of reaching Ashley's Cave on one of the head streams of the river currents. Soon after leaving this trail, Roberts, who was in advance on our left, about half a mile, fired at, and killed, a deer, and immediately re-loaded, pursued and fired again; telling us to continue on our course, as he, being on horseback, could easily overtake us. We neither heard nor saw more of him. Night overtook us near the banks of a small lake, or rather a series of little lakes or ponds, communicating with each other, where we encamped. After despatching our supper, and adjusting, in talk, the day's rather eventful incidents, and the morrow's plan of march, we committed ourselves to rest, but had not sunk into forgetfulness, when a pack of wolves set up their howl in our vicinity. We had been told that these animals will not approach near a fire, and are not to be dreaded in a country where deer abound. They follow the track of the hunter, to share such part of the carcass as he leaves, and it is their nature to herd together and run down this animal as their natural prey. We slept well, but it is worthy of notice, that on awaking about day break, the howling of the wolves was still heard, and at about the same distance. They had probably serenaded us all night. Our fire was nearly out; we felt some chilliness, and determined to rekindle it, and prepare our breakfast before setting forward. It was now certain, that Roberts was gone. Luckily he had not carried off our compass, for *that* would have been an accident fatal to the enterprise.

(To be continued.)

NOCTURNAL LIGHT ON INDIAN GRAVES.

Some of the northern tribes of Algonquin origin, build a small fire on newly made graves for four nights after the interment. This was an ancient custom. The reason assigned is, that there is a journey of four days to the land of spirits, and if this symbolic fire be made, the disembodied soul is saved the necessity of kindling a fire at its nightly encampments.

STANDARD OF VALUE IN RUDE NATIONS.

In 1821 the commanding officer of the fort at Chicago, authorized a reward of thirty dollars to be offered for the apprehension of a deserter. The matter was communicated to the Pottowattomies, who soon brought in the fugitive and claimed the reward. Thirty dollars was, however, a sum which brought no definite idea to their minds. There were 'five claimants to divide the reward amongst. They immediately sat down, and by the aid of an interpreter reduced it into racoon skins, and divided the number into five parts. It was not till this had been done, that they comprehended the true value of the reward.

ETHNOLOGY.

SCHOOLCRAFT'S AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA, OR ETHNOLOGICAL GAZETTEER OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT, NORTH AND SOUTH, COMPRISING THEIR HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, AND NOMENCLATURE, FROM THE DISCOVERY IN 1492, TO THE PRESENT PERIOD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A PROSPECTUS for this work was issued in 1842. While the title is slightly modified, the design and plan of its execution have not been essentially changed. The principal object aimed at, under the general idea of the history and geography of the Aboriginal Race, is to furnish a general and standard reference-book, or short encyclopædia of topics relative to the entire race, alphabetically arranged. By the insertion of the name of each family of tribes, nation, sub-tribe, or important clan, the occasion will be presented of noticing the leading or characteristic events, in their history, numbers, government, religion, languages, arts or distinctive character.

Where the scene or era of their expansion, growth and decay has been so extensive, embracing as it does, the widest bounds and remotest periods, their antiquities have also called for a passing notice. Nor could any thing like a satisfactory accomplishment of the plan be effected, without succinct notices of the lives and achievements of their principal chiefs, rulers, and leading personages.

Language is an important means of denoting the intricate thread of history in savage nations. Mr. Pritchard considers it more important than physiological structure and peculiarities. It is, at least, found often to reveal ethnological affinities, where both the physical type, and the light of tradition, afford but little aid. The words and names of a people, are so many clues to their thoughts and intellectual structure; this branch of the subject, indeed, formed the original germ of the present plan, which was at first simply geographical, and has been rather expanded and built upon, than, if we may so say, supplied the garniture of the edifice. In a class of transpositive languages, which are very rich in their combinations, and modes of concentrated description, it must needs happen, that the names of places would often recall both associations and descriptions of deep

interest in contemplating the fate and fortunes of this unfortunate race. Without intruding upon the reader disquisitions which would be out of place, no opportunity has been omitted, from the consideration of their names, to throw around the sites of their former or present residence, this species of interest.

But half the work would have been done, it is conceived, to have confined the work to North America ; and it must necessarily have lost, by such a limitation, more than half its interest. We are just beginning in truth to comprehend the true character and bearing of that unique type of civilization which existed in Mexico, Peru, and Yucatan. The rude hand with which these embryo kingdoms of the native race were overturned, in consequence of their horrid idolatries, necessarily led to the destruction of much of their monumental, and so far as their picture writing reached, some of their historical materials, of both of which, we now feel the want. It is some relief, to know, as the researches of Mr. Gallatin, which are now in progress, demonstrate, that by far the greatest amount of the ancient Mexican picture writings, as they are embraced in the elaborate work of Lord Kingsborough, relate to their mythology and superstitions, and are of no historical value whatever. And if the portions destroyed in the Mexican and Peruvian conquests, were as liberally interspersed with similar evidences of their wild polytheism, shocking manners, and degraded worship, neither chronology nor history have so much to lament.

The early, strong and continued exertions which were made by the conquerors to replace this system of gross superstition and idolatry, by the Romish ritual, filled Mexico and South America with missions of the Catholic Church, which were generally under the charge of zealous, and sometimes of learned and liberal-spirited superintendants, who have accumulated facts respecting the character and former condition of the race. These missions, which were generally spread parallel to the sea coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific, reaching inland along the banks of the great rivers and plains, have confessedly done much to ameliorate the manners and condition of the native race, to foster a spirit of industry, and to enlighten their minds. Still, it is scarcely known, that numerous and powerful tribes, stretching through wide districts of the Andes and the Cordilleras, never submitted to the conqueror, and yet exist in their original state of barbarism.

In this department of inquiry, the geographical and historical work of De Alcedo, which, so far as the Spanish and Portuguese missions are concerned, is both elaborate and complete in its details, has been taken as a basis. No one can write of South America and its native tribes, without reference to Humboldt. Other standard writers have been consulted, to give this part of the work as much value as possible, not excepting the latest voyages and travels. The design has been, without aiming at too

much, to compress a body of leading and characteristic facts, in the shortest practicable compass, which should, at the same time, present an ethnological view of the various families and groups of the race.

In each department of inquiry, which admitted of it, the author has availed himself of such sources and opportunities of personal observation and experience, as his long residence in the Indian territories, and his study of the Indian history have afforded. And he is not without the hope, that his inquiries and researches on this head may be found to be such as to merit approval.

A.

AB, often pronounced with the sound of we, before it,—a particle which, in geographical names, in the family of the Algonquin dialects, denotes light, or the east. It is also the radix of the verb wab, to see, as well as of the derivatives, a-ab, an eye-ball, and wabishka, a white substance, &c.,—ideas which either in their origin or application, are closely allied.

ABACARIS, a settlement of Indians in the Portuguese possessions of the province of Amazon. These people derive their name from a lake, upon which they reside. It is a peculiarity of this lake, that it has its outlet into the river Madiera which, after flowing out of the province turns about and again enters it, forming, in this involution, the large and fertile island of Topanambes. This tribe is under the instruction of the Carmelites. They retain many of their early peculiarities of manners and modes of life. They subsist by the cultivation of maize, and by taking fish in the waters of the Abacaris; or Abacastes in addition to these means, they rely upon tropical fruits. The latest notices of them come down to 1789. But little is known of their numbers, or present condition.

ABACHES, or Apaches, an erratic tribe of Indians, who infest the prairies of western Texas and New Mexico. They are supposed by some, to consist of not less than 15,000 souls. They are divided into petty bands, known under various names. They are the most vagrant of all the wild hunter tribes of the general area denoted. They do not live in fixed abodes, but shift about in search of game or plunder, and are deemed a pest by the Santa Fe traders. They raise nothing and manufacture nothing. Those of them who are east of the Rio del Norte, subsist on the baked root of the mauguey, and a similar plant called Mezcal, and hence they are called Mezcaleros.

Another division of them, and by far the greatest, rove west of that stream, where they are called Coyoteros, from their habit of eating the coyote, or prairie wolf. They extend west into California and Sonora. They bear a bad character wherever they are known. If on the outskirts

of the ranchos and haciendas, they steal cattle and sheep. If on the wide and destitute plains which they traverse, they thieve and murder. Sometimes they are pursued and punished; more frequently, they escape. The Mexican authorities keep some sort of terms with them by treaties, which the vagrants, however, break and disregard, whenever they are excited by hunger, or the lust of plunder. For Indians bearing the name, formerly from the U. States, see Apaches.

ABACO, one of the Bahama islands. The native inhabitants of this, and the adjacent groupes of islands, were, early after the discovery, transported to the main, to work in the mines. In 1788 this island, known to nautical men as the locality of the Hole in the Wall, had a population of 50 whites, and 200 Africans.

ABACOCHE, or Coosa, a stream rising in Georgia. It flows into Alabama, and after uniting with the Tallapoosa, a few miles below Wetumpka it forms the Alabama river. The word is, apparently, derived from Oscooche, one of the four bands into which the Muscogees, were anciently divided.

ABANAKEE, or Eastlanders, a distinct people, consisting of a plurality of tribes, who formerly occupied the extreme north eastern part of the United States. The word is variously written by early writers. See Abenakies, Abernaquis, Wabunakies.

ABANCAY, the capital of a province of the same name 20 leagues from Cuzco, in Peru. It is memorable for the victories gained in the vicinity by the king's troops in 1542 and 1548 against Gonzalo Pizarro. It lies in a rich and spacious valley, which was inhabited by the subjects of the Inca, on the conquest.

ABASCA, or RABASCA, a popular corruption, in the northwest, of Athabasca, which see.

ABANES, an unreclaimed nation of Indians, living in the plains of St. Juan, to the north of the Orinoco, in New Grenada. They are of a docile character, and good disposition, lending a ready ear to instruction, but have not embraced the Catholic religion. They inhabit the wooded shores of the river, and shelter themselves from the effects of a tropical sun, in the open plains, by erecting their habitations in the small copse-wood. They are bounded towards the west, by the Andaquies and Caberras, and east by the Salivas.

ABANGOUI, a large settlement of the Guarani nation of Indians, on the shores of the river Taquani, in Paraguay. This stream and its inhabitants were discovered by A. Numez, in 1541.

ABECOOCHI, see Abacooche.

ABEICAS, an ancient name for a tribe of Indians, in the present area of the United States, who are placed in the earlier geographies, *south* of the Alabamas and *west* of the Cherokees. They dwelt at a distance from the large rivers, yet were located in the districts of the cane, out of the hard

substance of which they made a kind of knife, capable of answering the principal purposes of this instrument. They were at enmity with the Iroquois.

ABENAKIES, a nation formerly inhabiting a large part of the territorial area of the states of New Hampshire and Maine. There were several tribes, of this nation the principal of which were the Penobscots, the Norredgewocks, and the Ameriscoggins. They were at perpetual hostilities with the New England colonists. They had received missionaries, at an early day, from the French in Canada, and acted in close concert with the hostile Indians from that quarter. At length in 1724, the government of Massachusetts organized an effective expedition against them, which ascended the Kennebec, attacked the chief town of the Norredgewocks, and killed a large number of their bravest warriors. Among the slain, was found their missionary Sebastian Rasle, who had taken up arms in their defence. There was found, among his papers, a copious vocabulary of the language, which has recently been published under the supervision of Mr. Pickering. In the year 1754, all the Abenakies, except the Penobscots, removed into Canada. This nation had directed their attention, almost exclusively, to hunting. At the mouth of the Kennebec they absolutely planted nothing. Their language, as observed by Mr. Gallatin, has strong affinities with those of the Etchemins, and of the Micmacs, of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; there are fewer resemblances in its vocabulary to the dialects south of them. This nation appears to have been called Tarrentees, by the New England Indians. Their generic name for themselves, if they had one, is unknown. The term Abenakie, is one manifestly imposed by Algonquin tribes living west and south of them. It is derived from wabanung, the east, or a place of light, and akee, land.

ABEKAS, a name applied, so late as 1750, to a band of the Muscogees, living on the river Tombigbee, within the present area of Alabama.

ABERNAQUIS, a settlement of the expatriated Abenakies of New England, in Lower Canada. They subsist themselves at this time in a great measure by agriculture, and manifest a disposition to improve. From a report made in 1839 by the American Board of Foreign missions of Boston who employ a missionary and teacher among them, sixty persons attend Protestant worship, of which number, 24 are church members. Twenty of the youth attend a daily school.

ABIGIRAS, an Indian mission formerly under the charge of the order of Jesuits, in the governmental department of Quito. It is situated on the river Curasari, 30 leagues from its mouth, and 240 from Quito. It was founded in 1665 by father Lorenzo Lucero.

ABINGAS, or WABINGAS, a name for a band, or sub-tribe of the River Indians, of the Mohegan, or Mohekinder stock, who formerly inhabited the present area of Dutchess county, N. Y., and some adjacent parts of the eastern shores of the Hudson, above the Highlands.

ABIPONES, an unclaimed nation of Indians, who inhabit the south shores of the river Bermejo, in the province of Tucuman, Buenos Ayres. This nation is said, perhaps vaguely, to have formerly numbered 100,000 souls, but was, at the last accounts, about A.D. 1800, much reduced. They present some peculiar traits, living as nearly in a state of nature as possible. The men go entirely naked, subsisting themselves by hunting and fishing, and passing much of their time in idleness or war. The women wear little ornamented skins called *queyapi*. Physically, the people are well formed, of a lofty stature and bearing, robust and good featured. They paint their bodies profusely, and take great pains to inspire hardihood. For this purpose they cut and scarify themselves from childhood; they esteem tiger's flesh one of the greatest dainties, believing its properties to infuse strength and valor. In war they are most cruel, sticking their captives on the top of high poles, where, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, they are left to die the most horrid death.

They have no knowledge of God, of laws, or of policy, yet they believe in the immortality of the soul, and in a land of future bliss, where dancing and diversions shall prevail. Widows observe celibacy for a year, during which time they abstain from fish. The females occupy themselves in sewing hides, or spinning rude fabrics. When the men are intoxicated—a prevalent vice—they conceal their husbands' knives to prevent assassinations. They rear but two or three children, killing all above this number.

ABISCA, an extensive mountainous territory of Peru, lying between the Yetau and Amoramago rivers, east of the Andes, noted from the earliest times, for the number of barbarous nations who occupy it. It is a wild and picturesque region, abounding in forests, lakes and streams, and affording facilities for the chase, and means of retreat from civilization, so congenial to savage tribes. An attempt to subjugate these fierce tribes made by Pedro de Andia in 1538, failed. The same result had attended the efforts of the emperor Yupanqui.

ABITANIS, a mountain in the province of Lipas, in Peru. In the Quet-chuan tongue, it signifies the ore of gold, from a mine of this metal, which is now nearly abandoned.

ABITTIBI, the name of one of the tributaries of Moose River, of James' Bay, Canada. Also a small lake in Canada West, near the settlement of Frederick, in north latitude 48° , $35'$ and west longitude 82° : also, a lake north of lake Nepissing, in the direction to Moose Fort. It is a term, apparently derived from nibee, water, and wab, light.

ABITIGAS, a fierce and warlike nation of Indians, in the province of Tarma in Peru, of the original Quetche stock. They are situated 60 leagues to the east of the Andes. They are barbarians, roving from place to place, without habits of industry, and delighting in war. They are numerous, as well as warlike; but like all the non-agricultural tribes of

the region, they are often in want and wretchedness. They are bounded on the south by their enemies the Ipilcos.

ABO, ABOUOR MICHABO, or the Great Hare, a personage rather of mythological, than historical note, in the traditions of the Lake Algonquin tribes. It is not clear, although probable, that he is to be regarded as identical with Manabosh, or Nanabosh.

ABOJEEG, a celebrated war and hereditary chief of the Chippewa nation, who flourished during the last century; more commonly written Wabojeeg, which see.

ABRAHAM, a chief of the Mohawks, who, after the fall of king Hendrick, so called, at the battle of lake George, in 1755, between the English and French armies, became the ruling chief of that nation. He was the younger brother of Hendrick, and lived at the lower Mohawk Castle. He was of small stature, but shrewd and active, and a fluent speaker. Numbers of his speeches are preserved, which he delivered, as the ruling chief of his tribe, in various councils, during the stormy era of 1775, which eventuated in the American revolution. In the events of that era, his name soon disappears: as he was then a man of advanced years, he probably died at his village. It is not known that he excelled in war, and, at all events, he was succeeded, about this time, in fame and authority, by a new man in the chieftainship, who rose in the person of Thyendanegea, better known as Joseph Brant. Abraham, or little Abraham, as he was generally called, appears from his speeches and policy, to have thoroughly adopted the sentiments and policy of Sir William Johnson, of whom, with his tribe generally, he was the friend and admirer. He was, as his speeches disclose, pacific in his views, cautious in policy, and not inclined, it would seem, to rush headlong into the great contest, which was then brewing, and into which, his popular successor, Brant, went heart and hand. With less fame than his elder brother Hendrick, and with no warlike reputation, yet without imputation upon his name, in any way, he deserves to be remembered as a civilian and chieftain, who bore a respectable rank; as one of a proud, high spirited, and important tribe. Little Abraham was present at the last and *final* council of the Mohawks, with the American Commissioners, at Albany, in September 1775, and spoke for them on this occasion—which is believed to have been the last peaceable meeting between the Americans and the Mohawk tribe, prior to the war.

(To be continued.)

Before a man dies, he is partly dead. His hearing is faint—his sight is gone—his feelings are blunted—his whole nervous system is, in effect, paralysed; and the process of the extinction of life comes on so gradually and imperceptibly, both to himself and the bystanders, that the latter are sometimes in doubt of the precise moment when the vital spark fled.

A P S A L M.

OR SUPPLICATION FOR MERCY, AND A CONFESSION OF SIN, ADDRESSED
TO THE AUTHOR OF LIFE, IN THE ODJIBWA-ALGONQUIN TONGUE.

BY THE LATE MRS. HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

1. Gaitshe minno pimaudizzeyun, Gezha Monedo, gezhigong aibeyun
2. Keen, maumauwaikumig waozhemigoyun.
3. Keen, kah ozhiéeyong, keen gaugegaikumig, kai nuhwaunemeyong, aikoobemaudizzeyong.
4. Keen, kainuhwaubaimeyong, geezhig tibbikuk tibishko.
5. Keen, Keozheahn-geezhik-geezis, dibbik-geezis, aunungug gia.
6. Keen, kegeozhetoan tshe kimmewung, gia tshe annimikeeaug, tshe sai sai yung, tshe sogepoog gia.
7. Keen kau ozheiyong tshe unnewegauboweyaung, kakinnuk kau ozheudjig akeeng.
8. Kee, gemishemin odjechaugwug, wekaukaine bosigoog. Kee gemishemin kebauzhigo kegwiss Jesus Christ, tshe oonjenebood neeno-wind.
9. Mozhug issuh nemudjee-inaindumin, kagait mozhug nemudjee-ekidomin ; nahwudj neminwaindumin tshe mudjee-dodumaung.
10. Kagaitego me kaisoondje izhauyaungebun mudjee Moneto.
11. Showainemishinaum, Gezha Monedo.
12. Showainemishinaum, Jesus Christ.
13. Maishkoodjetoan ne mudjee-odai-enaunin.
14. Meezhishenaun edush oushke odaiyun.
15. Apaidush nah saugeigsayun, gia dash todumaung kau izhe gugeek-wayun.
16. Me ozhissinaum odaiyun tshe minwaindumaung, tshe annahme autogoyun.
17. Showainim neendunahwaitmaugunenaunig unishenaubaig.
18. Showainim kukinnuh menik pemaudizzejig akeeng.
19. Showainemishenaum kaidokoo pemaudizzeyong, appe dash nee-boyong.
20. Showainemishenaum neen jeechaugonaunig tshe izhowaud keen.
21. Kaugegaikumig edush tshe menawaunegooz eyong ozaum ne mudje-pemaudizzewin auno unnahmeyauyongin.
22. Kauween edush kewee pemaudizzewin, kishpin aitah appainemoyong Kegwiss Jesus Christ.
23. Aipetainemud kegwiss showainemishenaum. Kunnah gai kunnah.

TRANSLATION.

1. Great good author of Life, Gezha Monedo, abiding in the heavens.
2. Thou hast made all things.
3. Thou art the giver,—Thou, the everlasting preserver of life.
4. Thou hast guarded me, by day and by night.
5. Thou hast made the sun and moon, and the stars.
6. Thou makest the rain, the thunder, the hail, and the snows.
7. Thou didst make man to stand upright, and has placed him over all that is on the earth.
8. Thou hast given us souls, that will never die. Thou hast sent thy son Jesus Christ to die for us.
9. Continually are our thoughts evil, and truly, our words are evil continually.
10. Verily, we deserve punishment with the Spirit of Evil.
11. Show pity on us, Gezha Monedo.
12. Show pity on us, Jesus Christ.
13. Reform our wicked hearts.
14. Give us new hearts.
15. May we love thee with all our hearts, and by our acts obey thy precepts, (or sayings.)
16. Give us hearts to delight in prayer.
17. Show mercy to all our kindred, unishenaubaig, or common people, (means exclusively the Red Men.)
18. Show mercy to all who live on the earth.
19. Pity us, and befriend us, living and dying.
20. And receive our souls to thyself.
21. Ever to dwell in thine abiding place of happiness.
22. Not in our own frail strength of life, do we ask this; but alone in the name of Jesus Christ.
23. Grant us thy mercy, in the name of thy Son. So be it ever.

Those who take an interest in the structure of the Indian languages, may regard the above, as an *improvised* specimen of the capacity of this particular dialect for the expression of scripture truth. The writer, who from early years was a member of the church, had made a translation of the Lords prayer, and, occasionally, as delicate and declining health permitted, some other select pieces from the sacred writings, and hymns, of which, one or two selections may, perhaps, hereafter be made.

The distinction between the active and passive voice, in the Odjibwa language, is formed by the inflection ego.

Ne sageau,
Ne sageau-ego,

I love.
I am loved.

NAMES OF THE SEASONS.

The following are the names of the four seasons, in the Odjibwa tongue:

Pe-bon,	Winter,	From Kone,	Snow.
Se-gwun,	Spring,	" Seeg,	Running water.
Ne-bin,	Summer,	" Anib,	A leaf.
Ta-gwá-gi,	Autumn,	" Gwag,	The radix of behind &c.

By adding the letter *g* to these terms, they are placed in the relation of verbs in the future tense, but a limited future, and the terms then denote *next winter*, &c. Years, in their account of time, are counted by winters. There is no other term, but *pe-boan*, for a year. The year consists of twelve lunar months, or moons. A moon is called *Geézis*, or when spoken of in contradistinction to the sun, *Dibik Geezis*, or night-sun.

The cardinal points are as follows.

(a)	North,	Ke wá din-ung.
(b)	South,	O shá wan-ung.
(c)	East,	Wá bun-ung.
(d)	West,	Ká be un-ung.

a. Kewadin is a compound derived from *Ke-wa*, to return, or come home, and *nodin*, the wind. *b.* Oshauw is, from a root not apparent, but which produces also *ozau*, yellow, &c. *c.* Waban is from *ab*, or *wab*, light. *d.* Kabeun, is the name of a mythological person, who is spoken of, in their fictions, as the father of the winds. The inflection *ung*, or *oong*, in each term, denotes course, place, or locality.

There is no generic word in the Indian languages, except the plural for man, to designate mankind. The term for their own race, among the Algonquin stocks, is *Iawba*, or *Iaba*, a male. They prefix to this, the adjective term *unish*, meaning common or general. The compound phrase thus formed, namely *unish-in-aba*, is their term for the entire Red Race. Nearly the same meaning is attached to the ancient, and somewhat mystified term of the Delawares, *Lenni-lenape*. Put the interchangibles *l* form, and *b* for *p*, and the two words are assimilated. This assimilation would be complete, had not the latter, to designate the race, taken the Indian word for *man* instead of that for *common*, as the first member of the term. A writer in the North American Review, contends, indeed, that "*linne*," or "*linno*," means "*common*," and is not the equivalent of *inine*, as we suppose. And if so, the two terms are identical in meaning.

* * * Some delay has been unavoidable in the issue of this number, which the succeeding ones will not, it is believed, experience. The matter for No. 3 is in hand, and its publication will follow this in a couple of weeks.



OR

THE RED RACE OF AMERICA.

PART SECOND.

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ONNEÓTA.

OR

THE RED RACE OF AMERICA:

THEIR HISTORY, TRADITIONS, CUSTOMS,

POETRY, PICTURE-WRITING, &c.

IN EXTRACTS FROM

NOTES, JOURNALS, AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT,

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS TO THE SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI;" "ALGIC RESEARCHES;"
"EXPEDITION TO ITASCA LAKE," ETC.

No. III.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY BURGESS, STRINGER & CO.

222 Broadway, Corner of Ann street.

1844.

The Bancroft Library

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ONEOTA,

OR

THE RED RACE OF AMERICA.

PART THIRD.

PERSONAL INCIDENTS AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE INDIAN RACE,
DRAWN FROM NOTES OF TRAVEL AND RESIDENCE IN THEIR
TERRITORIES.

CHARACTER OF THE RED MAN OF AMERICA.

INQUIRY I.—What kind of a being is the North American Indian?—Have we judged rightly of him?—What are his peculiar traits, his affections, and his intellectual qualities?—Is he much influenced by his religion, his mode of government, and his complicated language.

My earliest impressions of the Indian race, were drawn from the fire-side rehearsals of incidents which had happened during the perilous times of the American revolution; in which my father was a zealous actor, and were all inseparably connected with the fearful ideas of the Indian yell, the tomahawk, the scalping knife, and the fire brand. In these recitals, the Indian was depicted as the very impersonation of evil—a sort of wild demon, who delighted in nothing so much as blood and murder. Whether he had mind, was governed by any reasons, or even had any soul, nobody inquired, and nobody cared. It was always represented as a meritorious act in old revolutionary reminiscences, to have killed one of them in the border wars, and thus aided in ridding the land of a cruel and unnatural race, in whom all feelings of pity, justice, and mercy, were supposed to be obliterated. These early ideas were stained by printed narratives of captivity and hair-breadth escapes of men and women from their clutches, which, from time to time, fell into my hands, so that long before I was ten years old, I had a most definite and terrific idea impressed on my imagination of what was sometimes called in my native precincts, “the bow and arrow race.”

To give a definite conception of the Indian man, there lived in my native valley, a family of Indians of the Iroquois stock, who often went off

to their people in the west, and as often returned again, as if they were a troop of genii, or the ghosts of the departed, who came to haunt the nut wood forests, and sub-vallies of the sylvan Tawasenthaw, which their ancestors had formerly possessed, and to which they still claimed some right. In this family, which was of the Oneida tribe, and consisted of the husband and wife, with two grown up sons, I first saw those characteristic features of the race,—namely, a red skin, with bright black eyes, and black straight hair. They were mild and docile in their deportment, and were on friendly terms with the whole settlement, whom they furnished with neatly made baskets of the linden wood, split very thin, and coloured to impart variety, and with nice ash brooms. These fabrics made them welcome guests with every good housewife, who had forgotten the horrific stories of the revolution, and who was ever ready to give a chair an' a plate, and a lodging place by the kitchen fire, to poor old Isaac and Anna, for so they had been named. What their original names were, nobody knew; they had lived so long in the valley that they spoke the Dutch language, and never made use of their own, except when talking together; and I recollect, we thought it a matter of wonder, when they discoursed in Indian, whether such a guttural jargon, could possibly be the medium of conveying any very definite ideas. It seemed to be one undistinguished tissue of hard sounds, blending all parts of speech together.

Had the boys of my own age, and I may say, the grown people, stopped to reflect, and been led to consider this family and their race in America, independently of their gross acts, under the strong excitements of war and revenge, goaded by wrongs, and led on by the class of revolutionary tories, more implacable than even themselves, we must have seen, in the peaceable lives, quiet manners, and benevolent dispositions of these four people, a contradiction to, at least, some part, of the sweeping conclusions above noticed. But no such thoughts occurred. The word "Indian," was synonymous then, as perhaps now, with half the opprobrious epithets in the dictionary. I recollect to have myself made a few lines, in early life, on the subject, which ran thus:—

Indians they were, ere Colon crossed the sea,
And ages hence, they shall but *Indians* be.

Fortunately I was still young when my sphere of observation was enlarged, by seeing masses of them, in their native forests; and I, after a few years, assumed a position as government agent to one of the leading tribes, at an age when opinions are not too firmly rooted to permit change. My opinions were still, very much however, what they had been in boyhood. I looked upon them as very cannibals and blood-thirsty fellows, who were only waiting a good opportunity to knock one in the head. But I regarded them as a curious subject of observation. The remembrance of poor old Isaac, had shown me that there was some feeling and humanity in their

breasts. I had seen many of them in my travels in the west, and I felt inclined to inquire into the traits of a people, among whom my duties had placed me. I had, from early youth, felt pleased with the study of natural history, and I thought the Indian, at least in his languages, might be studied with something of the same mode of exactitude. I had a strong propensity, at this time of life, for analysis, and I believed that something like an analytical process might be applied to enquiries, at least in the department of philology. Whenever a fact occurred, in the progress of my official duties, which I deemed characteristic, I made note of it, and in this way preserved a sort of skeleton of dates and events, which, it was believed, would be a source of useful future reference. It is, in truth, under advantages of the kind, that these remarks are commenced.

The author has thrown out these remarks, as a starting point. He has made observations which do not, in all respects, coincide with the commonly received opinions, and drawn some conclusions which are directly adverse to them. He has been placed in scenes and circumstances of varied interest, and met with many characters, in the course of four and twenty years' residence and travel in the wilds of America, who would have struck any observer as original and interesting. With numbers of them, he has formed an intimate acquaintance, and with not a few, contracted lasting friendships. Connected with them by a long residence, by the exercise of official duties, and by still more delicate and sacred ties, he has been regarded by them as one identified with their history, and received many marks of their confidence.

The Indians, viewed as a distinct branch of the human race, have some peculiar traits and institutions, from which their history and character may be advantageously studied. They hold some opinions, which are not easily discovered by a stranger, or a foreigner, but which yet exert a powerful influence on their conduct and life. There is a subtlety in some of their modes of thought and belief, on life and the existence of spiritual and creative power, which would seem to have been eliminated from some intellectual crucible, without the limits of their present sphere. Yet, there is much relative to all the common concerns of life, which is peculiar to it. The author has witnessed many practices and observances, such as travellers have often noticed, but like others, attributed them to accident, or to some cause widely different from the true one. By degrees, he has been admitted into their opinions, and if we may so call it, the philosophy of their minds; and the life of an Indian no longer appears to him a mystery. He sees him acting, as other men would act, if placed exactly in his condition, prepared with the education the forest has given him, and surrounded with the same wants, temptations and dangers.

The gentler affections are in much more extensive and powerful exercise among the Indian race, than is generally believed, although necessarily developed with less refinement than in civilized society. Their pater-

nal and fraternal affections, have long been known to be very strong, as well as their veneration for the dead. It has been his province in these departments, to add some striking examples of their intensity of feeling and affection, and truthfulness to nature.

The most powerful source of influence, with the Red man, is his religion. Here is the true groundwork of his hopes and his fears, and, it is believed, the fruitful source of his opinions and actions. It supplies the system of thought by which he lives and dies, and it constitutes, indeed, the basis of Indian character. By it he preserves his identity, as a barbarian, and when this is taken away, and the true system substituted, he is still a Red Man, but no longer, in the popular sense, an *Indian*—a barbarian, a pagan.

The Indian religion is a peculiar compound of rites, and doctrines, and observances, which are early taught the children by precept and example. In this respect, every bark-built village is a temple, and every forest a school. It would surprise any person to become acquainted with the variety and extent to which an Indian is influenced by his religious views and superstitions. He takes no important step without reference to it. It is his guiding motive in peace and in war. He follows the chase under its influence, and his very amusements take their tincture from it. To the author, the facts have been developing themselves for many years, and while he is able to account for the peculiar differences between the conduct of Indians and that of white men, in given cases, he can easily perceive, why the latter have so often been unable to calculate the actions of the former, and even to account for them, when they have taken place. It may be here remarked, that the civilized man, is no less a mysterious and unaccountable being to an Indian, because his springs of action are alike unintelligible to him.

If the following pages shall afford the public any means of judging of the Red Race, with greater accuracy, he hopes they may lead to our treating them with greater kindness and a more enlarged spirit of justice. The change which has been wrought in his own mind, by the facts he has witnessed, has been accompanied by a still more important one, as to their intellectual capacities and moral susceptibilities, and their consequent claims on the philanthropy of the age. As a class of men, it is thought their native speakers, without letters or education, possess a higher scope of thought and illustration, than the *corresponding class* in civilized life. This may be accounted for, perhaps, from obvious external causes, without impugning the actual native capacity of the lower, although educated classes of civilized life. Still, it is a very striking fact, and one which has very often forced itself on the attention of the author. The old idea that the Indian mind is not susceptible of a high, or an advantageous development, rests upon questionable data. The two principal causes, which have prolonged their continuance in a state of barbarism, on this continent,

for so long a period, are a false religion, and false views of government. The first has kept back social prosperity and impeded the rise of virtue. With respect to government, during all the time we have had them for neighbours, they may be said to have had no government at all. Personal independence, has kept the petty chiefs from forming confederacies for the common good. Individuals have surrendered no part of their original private rights, to secure the observance of the rest. There has been no public social organization, expressed or implied. The consequence has been that the law of private redress and revenge prevailed. In the only two cases where this system was departed from, in North America, namely that of the Azteek empire, and of the Iroquois confederacy, there was no lack of vigour to improve. The results were a constantly increasing power, and extending degree of knowledge up to the respective eras of their conquest. It was not want of mental capacity, so much as the non-existence of moral power, and of the doctrines of truth and virtue, that kept them back ; and left our own wandering tribes, particularly, with the bow and the spear in their hands. He believes, that their errors, in these particulars, may be pointed out, without drawing conclusions adverse to their political or social prosperity, under better auspices, and without attributing such failures to mental imbecility.

The mode of recording thought, among these tribes, by means of pictorial signs, and mnemonic symbols, has attracted particular attention, and gives the author hopes, that he has been enabled to collect, and bring forward, a body of facts, in this department, which will recommend themselves by their interest and novelty. Confidence, inspired by long residence in their territories, revealed to him another trait of character, in the existence among them of a traditional imaginative lore, which is repeated from father to son, and has no small influence upon their social condition. It is in these two departments, that, he believes, he has opened new and important means of judging of the Indian character, and discovered the sources of views and opinions, on many subjects, which had escaped previous inquirers.

There is one more point, to which he will here invite a momentary attention, and which, although not usually enumerated as among the practical causes that influenced Indian society and character, is yet believed to exercise a strong, though silent sway, both upon the question of the mental character, and its true development. The author alludes to the topic of their languages. Some of the most venerated writers present a theory of the origin of national government languages and institutions, difficult or impossible to be conformed with the nature of man in society, and unsupported by such evidence as their doctrines require. Such, he regards, the theory of the "social compact," except it be viewed in the most undefined and general sense possible. Such, also, is the theory of the origin and improvement of languages. The system of government gene-

rally prevailing among the Indian tribes, is indeed so simple and natural, under their circumstances, that it is thought no person would long seek for the traces of any great legislator, giving them laws in any past period. When, however, we consider the curious structure of their languages, we find an ingenuity and complexity, far surpassing any theory to be discovered in that of the modern languages of Europe, with, perhaps, some exceptions in the Basque and Majyer, and even beyond any thing existing in the Greek. As the latter has long been held up as a model, and the excellencies of its plan attributed to some unknown, but great and sagacious, learned and refined mind, we might feel justified in assigning the richness of forms, the exceeding flexibility, and the characteristic beauties and excellencies of the Indian tongues, to a mind of far superior wisdom, ingenuity, and experience. Yet how perfectly gratuitous would this be! All history bears testimony against the human invention and designed alteration of language ; and none but a mere theorist can ever embrace the idea that it is, or ever was, in the power of any man, to fabricate and introduce a new language, or to effect a fundamental change in the groundwork of an existing one. This, at least, is the decided opinion of the author ; and he firmly believes, that whoever will contemplate the subject, amidst such scenes as he has been accustomed to, will inevitably come to the same conclusion. He has seen changes in dialects commenced and progressive, and indications of others going on, but these owed their origin and impulse to accidental circumstances, and were not the result of any plan or design. They were the result of necessity, convenience, or caprice. These three causes, that is to say, necessity convenience and caprice, if properly examined and appreciated in their influence, and traced with care to their effects, will develop the origin of many things, whose existence has been sought at too great a distance, or amidst too much refinement.

Books, and the readers of books, have done much to bewilder and perplex the study of the Indian character. Fewer theories and more observation, less fancy and more fact, might have brought us to much more correct opinions than those which are now current. The Indian is, after all, believed to be a man, much more fully under the influence of common sense notions, and obvious every-day motives of thought and action, hope and fear, than he passes for. If he does not come to the same conclusions, on passing questions, as we do, it is precisely because he sees the premises, under widely different circumstances. The admitted errors of barbarism and the admitted truths of civilization, are two very different codes. He is in want of almost every source of true knowledge and opinion, which we possess. He has very imperfect notions on many of those branches of knowledge in what we suppose him best informed. He is totally in the dark as to others. His vague and vast and dreamy notions of the Great Author of Existence, and the mode

of his manifestations to the human race, and the wide and complicated system of superstition and transcendental idolatry which he has reared upon this basis, place him, at once, with all his sympathies and theories, out of the great pale of truth and civilization. This is one of the leading circumstances which prevents him from drawing his conclusions as we draw them. Placed under precisely similar circumstances, we should perhaps coincide in his opinion and judgments. But aside from these erroneous views, and after making just allowances for his ignorance and moral depression, the Indian is a man of plain common sense judgment, acting from what he knows, and sees, and feels, of objects immediately before him, or palpable to his view. If he sometimes employs a highly figurative style to communicate his thoughts, and even stoops, as we *now* know he does, to amuse his fire-side circle with tales of extravagant and often wild demonic fancy, he is very far from being a man who, in his affairs of lands, and merchandize, and business, exchanges the sober thoughts of self preservation and subsistence, for the airy conceptions of fancy. The ties of consanguinity bind him strongly. The relation of the family is deep and well traced amongst the wildest tribes, and this fact alone forms a basis for bringing him back to all his original duties, and re-organizing Indian society. The author has, at least, been thrown into scenes and positions, in which this truth has strongly presented itself to his mind, and he believes the facts are of a character which will interest the reader, and may be of some use to the people themselves, so far as affects the benevolent plans of the age, if they do not constitute an increment in the body of observational testimony, of a practical nature, from which the character of the race is to be judged.

TEMPERANCE.

An Indian living at the Porcupine Hills, near Little Traverse Bay, on lake Michigan, determined to purchase a piece of land from government, build a house, and cultivate the ground; but before he executed his design he went to Michilimackinac to consult the agent, and ascertain whether he would be molested. He was told that his plan was a good one, and he would not be molested; but was asked in return by the agent, whether he was a Christian, or praying Indian. He answered in the affirmative. "Are you sober?" He said he considered himself so, although he imitated the white men by taking a glass in the morning. "This is wrong," said the official agent of the tribe, "you should not do so, but abandon the habit at once, lest it should imperceptibly overcome you." "I will do so," replied the Red Man, after a moment's thought, "as soon as I see the white men abandon the use of it."

T A L E S O F A W I G W A M.

BOSH-KWA-DOSH,

OR

THE QUADRUPED WITH THE HAIR BLOWN OFF ITS SKIN.

THERE was once a man who found himself alone in the world. He knew not whence he came, nor who were his parents, and he wandered about from place to place, in search of something. At last he became wearied and fell asleep. He dreamed that he heard a voice saying, "Nosis," that is, my grandchild. When he awoke he actually heard the word repeated, and looking around, he saw a tiny little animal hardly big enough to be seen on the plain. While doubting whether the voice could come from such a diminutive source, the little animal said to him, "My grandson, you will call me Bosh-kwa-dosh. Why are you so desolate. Listen to me, and you shall find friends and be happy. You must take me up and bind me to your body, and never put me aside, and success in life shall attend you." He obeyed the voice, sewing up the little animal in the folds of a string, or narrow belt, which he tied around his body, at his navel. He then set out in search of some one like himself, or other object. He walked a long time in woods without seeing man or animal. He seemed all alone in the world. At length he came to a place where a stump was cut, and on going over a hill he descried a large town in a plain. A wide road led through the middle of it; but what seemed strange was, that on one side there were no inhabitants in the lodges, while the other side was thickly inhabited. He walked boldly into the town.

The inhabitants came out and said; "Why here is the being we have heard so much of—here is Anish-in-á-ba. See his eyes, and his teeth in a half circle—see the Wyaukenawbedaid! See his bowels, how they are formed;"—for it seems they could look through him. The king's son, the Mudjékewis, was particularly kind to him, and calling him brother-in-law, commanded that he should be taken to his father's lodge and received with attention. The king gave him one of his daughters. These people, (who are supposed to be human, but whose rank in the scale of being is left equivocal,) passed much of their time in play and sports and trials of various kinds. When some time had passed, and he had become re-

freshed and rested, he was invited to join in these sports. The first test which they put him to, was the trial of frost. At some distance was a large body of frozen water, and the trial consisted in lying down naked on the ice, and seeing who could endure the longest. He went out with two young men, who began, by pulling off their garments, and lying down on their faces. He did likewise, only keeping on the narrow magic belt with the tiny little animal sewed in it; for he felt that in this alone was to be his reliance and preservation. His competitors laughed and tittered during the early part of the night, and amused themselves by thoughts of his fate. Once they called out to him, but he made no reply. He felt a manifest warmth given out by his belt. About midnight finding they were still, he called out to them, in return,—“What!” said he, “are you benumbed already, I am but just beginning to feel a little cold.” All was silence. He, however, kept his position till early day break, when he got up and went to them. They were both quite dead, and frozen so hard, that the flesh had bursted out under their finger nails, and their teeth stood out. As he looked more closely, what was his surprise to find them both transformed into buffalo cows. He tied them together, and carried them towards the village. As he came in sight, those who had wished his death were disappointed, but the Mudjékewis, who was really his friend, rejoiced. “See!” said he “but one person approaches,—it is my brother-in-law.” He then threw down the carcasses in triumph, but it was found that by their death he had restored two inhabitants to the before empty lodges, and he afterwards perceived, that every one of these beings, whom he killed, had the like effect, so that the depopulated part of the village soon became filled with people.

The next test they put him to, was the trial of speed. He was challenged to the race ground, and began his career with one whom he thought to be a man; but every thing was enchanted here, for he soon discovered that his competitor was a large black bear. The animal outran him, tore up the ground, and sported before him, and put out its large claws as if to frighten him. He thought of his little guardian spirit in the belt, and wishing to have the swiftness of the Kakake, i. e. sparrow hawk, he found himself rising from the ground, and with the speed of this bird he outwent his rival, and won the race, while the bear came up exhausted and lolling out his tongue. His friend the Mudjékewis stood ready, with his war-club, at the goal, and the moment the bear came up, dispatched him. He then turned to the assembly, who had wished his friend and brother’s death, and after reproaching them, he lifted up his club and began to slay them on every side. They fell in heaps on all sides; but it was plain to be seen, the moment they fell, that they were not men, but animals,—foxes, wolves, tigers, lynxes, and other kinds, lay thick around the Mudjékewis.

Still the villagers were not satisfied. They thought the trial of frost,

had not been fairly accomplished, and wished it repeated. He agreed to repeat it, but being fatigued with the race, he undid his guardian belt, and laying it under his head, fell asleep. When he awoke, he felt refreshed, and feeling strong in his own strength, he went forward to renew the trial on the ice, but quite forgot the belt, nor did it at all occur to him when he awoke, or when he lay down to repeat the trial. About midnight his limbs became stiff, the blood soon ceased to circulate, and he was found in the morning, a stiff corpse. The victors took him up and carried him to the village, where the loudest tumult of victorious joy was made, and they cut the body into a thousand pieces, that each one might eat a piece.

The Mudjékewis bemoaned his fate, but his wife was inconsolable. She lay in a state of partial distraction, in the lodge. As she lay here, she thought she heard some one groaning. It was repeated through the night, and in the morning, she carefully scanned the place, and running her fingers through the grass, she discovered the secret belt, on the spot where her husband had last reposed. "Aubishin!" cried the belt—that is, untie me, or unloose me. Looking carefully, she found the small seam which enclosed the tiny little animal. It cried out the more earnestly "Aubishin!" and when she had carefully ripped the seams, she beheld, to her surprise, a minute, naked little beast, smaller than the smallest new born mouse, without any vestige of hair, except at the tip of its tail, it could crawl a few inches, but reposed from fatigue. It then went forward again. At each movement it would *pupowee*, that is to say, shake itself, like a dog, and at each shake it became larger. This it continued until it acquired the strength and size of a middle sized dog, when it ran off.

The mysterious dog ran to the lodges, about the village, looking for the bones of his friend, which he carried to a secret place, and as fast as he found them arranged all in their natural order. At length he had formed all the skeleton complete, except the heel bone of one foot. It so happened that two sisters were out of the camp, according to custom, at the time the body was cut up, and this heel was sent out to them. The dog hunted every lodge, and being satisfied that it was not to be found in the camp, he sought it outside of it, and found the lodge of the two sisters. The younger sister was pleased to see him, and admired and patted the pretty dog, but the elder sat mumbling the very heel-bone he was seeking, and was surly and sour, and repelled the dog, although he looked most wistfully up in her face, while she sucked the bone from one side of her mouth to the other. At last she held it in such a manner that it made her cheek stick out, when the dog, by a quick spring, seized the cheek, and tore cheek and bone away and fled.

He now completed the skeleton, and placing himself before it, uttered a hollow, low, long-drawn-out-howl, when the bones came compactly together. He then modulated his howl, when the bones knit together and

became tense. The third howl brought sinews upon them, and the fourth, flesh. He then turned his head upwards, looking into the sky, and gave a howl, which caused every one in the village to startle, and the ground itself to tremble, at which the breath entered into his body, and he first breathed and then arose. "Hy kow!" I have overslept myself, he exclaimed, "I will be too late for the trial." "Trial!" said the dog, "I told you never to let me be separate from your body, you have neglected this. You were defeated, and your frozen body cut into a thousand pieces, and scattered over the village, but my skill has restored you. Now I will declare myself to you, and show who and what I am!"

He then began to PUPOWEE, or shake himself, and at every shake, he grew. His body became heavy and massy, his legs thick and long, with big clumsy ends, or feet. He still shook himself, and rose and swelled. A long snout grew from his head, and two great shining teeth out of his mouth. His skin remained as it was, naked, and only a tuft of hair grew on his tail. He rose up above the trees. He was enormous. "I should fill the earth," said he, "were I to exert my utmost power, and all there is on the earth would not satisfy me to eat. Neither could it fatten me or do me good. I should want more. It were useless, therefore, and the gift I have, I will bestow on you. The animals shall henceforth be *your food*. They were not designed to feed on man, neither shall they hereafter do it, but shall *feed* him, and he only shall prey on beasts. But you will respect me, and not eat *my kind*.

[The preceding is a traditional tale of Maidosegee, an aged and respected hunter, of Sault-ste-Marie, who was the ruling chief of the band of Chippewas at those falls, and the progenitor of the present line of ruling chiefs. It is preserved through the Johnston family, where he was a frequent guest, prior to 1810, and was happy to while away many of his winter's evenings, in return for the ready hospitalities which were sure to await him at the house of the Indian's friend.]

MÄSH-KWA-SHA-KWONG,

OR

THE TRADITIONARY STORY OF THE RED HEAD AND HIS TWO SONS.

BY NABINOI, AN AGED ODJIBWA CHIEF.

MASH-KWA-SHA-KWONG, was a first rate hunter, and he loved the chase exceedingly, and pursued it with unceasing vigilance. One day, on his return home, arriving at his lodge, he was informed by his two sons, who were but small then, that they were very lonesome, because their mother was in the habit of daily leaving them alone, and this occurred so soon as

he started upon his daily chase. This circumstance was not unknown to Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong, but he seemed fully aware of it; he took his boys in his arms and kissed them, and told them that their mother behaved improperly and was acting the part of a wicked and faithless woman. But Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong behaved towards his wife as if ignorant of her vile course. One morning rising very early, he told his sons to take courage, and that they must not be lonesome, he also strictly enjoined them not to absent themselves nor quit their lodge; after this injunction was given to the boys, he made preparations, and starting much earlier than usual, he travelled but a short distance from his lodge, when he halted and secreted himself. After waiting a short time, he saw his wife coming out of their lodge, and immediately after a man made his appearance and meeting Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong's wife, they greeted one another. His suspicions were now confirmed, and when he saw them in the act of carrying on an illegal intercourse, his anger arose, he went up to them and killed them with one blow; he then dragged them both to his lodge, and tying them together, he dug a hole beneath the fire-place in his lodge and buried them. He then told his sons that it was necessary that he should go away, as he would surely be killed if he remained, and their safety would depend upon their ability of keeping the matter a secret. He gave his eldest son a small bird, (Kichig-e-chig-aw-na-she) to roast for his small brother over the ashes and embers where their mother was buried, he also provided a small leather bag, and then told his sons the necessity of his immediate flight to heaven, or to the skies. And that it would be expedient for them to fly and journey southward, and thus prepared their minds for the separation about to take place. "By and bye," said Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong to his sons, "persons will come to you and enquire for me and for your mother, you will say to them that I am gone hunting, and your little brother in the mean time will continually point to the fire place, this will lead the persons to whom I allude, to make inquiries of the cause of this pointing, and you will tell them that you have a little bird roasting for your brother, this will cause them to desist from further inquiry at the time. As soon as they are gone escape! While you are journeying agreeably to my instructions, I will look from on high upon you, I will lead and conduct you, and you shall hear my voice from day to day." Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong at this time gave his sons an awl, a beaver's tooth, and a hone, also a dry coal, and directed them to place a small piece of the coal on the ground every evening, so soon as they should encamp, from which fire would be produced and given to them; he told his eldest son to place his brother in the leather bag, and in that manner carry him upon his back; he then bade them farewell.

The two boys being thus left alone in the lodge, and while in the act of roasting the little bird provided for them, a man came in, and then another, and another, until they numbered ten in all; the youngest boy

would from time to time point at the fire, and the men enquired to know the reason, the eldest boy said that he was roasting a bird for his brother, and digging the ashes produced it. They enquired, where their father and mother were, the boy answered them saying, that their father was absent hunting, and that their mother had gone to chop and collect wood ; upon this information the men rose and searched around the outskirts of the lodge, endeavouring to find traces of the man and his wife, but they were not successful, and returned to the lodge. Before this, however, and during the absence of the ten men, Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong's eldest son placed his little brother in the leather bag, (Ouskemood,) and ran away southward.

One of the ten men observed, that the smallest boy had repeatedly pointed to the fire place, and that they might find out something by digging ; they set to work, and found the woman and the man tied together. On this discovery their wrath was kindled, they brandished their weapons, denouncing imprecations upon Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong, who was of course suspected of having committed the deed.

The ten men again renewed their search in order to avenge themselves upon the perpetrator of this dark deed, but Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong, in order to avoid instant death, had sought a large hollow tree, and entering at the bottom or root part, passed through and reached the top of it, from whence he took his flight upwards to the sky. His pursuers finally traced him, and followed him as far as the tree, and into the sky, with loud and unceasing imprecations of revenge and their determination to kill him. The spirit of the mother alone followed her children. About mid-day the boys heard, as they ran, a noise in the heavens like the rolling of distant thunder.* The boys continued their journey south, when the noise ceased ; towards night they encamped ; they put a small piece of the coal on the ground, then a log of fire-wood was dropped down from the skies to them, from whence a good blazing fire was kindled. This was done daily, and when the fire was lit, a raccoon would fall from on high upon the fire, and in this manner the boys were fed, and this over-ruling care they experienced daily. In the evenings at their camping place, and sometimes during the day, the Red Head's voice was heard speaking to his children, and encouraging them to use their utmost exertions to fly from the pursuit of their mother. To aid them in escaping, they were told to throw away their awl, and immediately there grew a strong and almost impassable hedge of thorn bushes behind them, in their path, which the pursuing mother could scarcely penetrate, and thus impeding her pro-

* Note by Mr. George Johnston, from whom this tale was received.—Any thing of the kind, or a similar noise heard, is attributed by the Indian, to this day, as an indication of the contention between Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong and his pursuers, and hence a prelude to wars and contentions among the nations of the world.

gress, tearing away her whole body and leaving nothing but the head. So they escaped the first day.

The next day they resumed their march and could distinctly hear the noise of combat in the sky, as if it were a roaring thunder; they also heard the voice of their mother behind them, desiring her eldest son to stop and wait for her, saying that she wished to give the breast to his brother; then again Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong's voice, encouraging his sons to fly for their lives, and saying that if their mother overtook them she would surely kill them.

In the evening of the second day the boys prepared to encamp, and the noise of combat on high ceased; on placing a small piece of the coal on the ground, a log and some fire-wood was let down as on the preceding night, and the fire was kindled, and then the raccoon placed on it for their food. This was fulfilling the promise made by their father, that they would be provided for during their flight. The beaver's tooth was here thrown away, and this is the cause why the northern country now abounds with beaver, and also the innumerable little lakes and marshes, and consequently the rugged and tedious travelling now experienced.

On the third day the boys resumed their flight, and threw away their hone, and it became a high rocky mountainous ridge, the same now seen on the north shore of these straits, (St. Mary's) which was a great obstacle in the way of the woman of the Head, for this was now her name, because that part alone remained of her whole frame, and with it she was incessantly uttering determinations to kill her eldest son; the boys finally reached the fishing place known as the eddy of Wah-zah-zhawing, at the rapids of Bawating, situated on the north shore of the river. Here Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong, told his sons that he had himself been overtaken in his flight by his pursuers and killed, and he appeared to them in the shape of a red headed wood-pecker, or a *mama*. This is a bird that is seldom or never attacked by birds of prey, for no vestiges of his remains are ever seen or found by the Indian hunter. "Now my sons," said the red headed wood-pecker, "I have brought you to this river, you will now see your grand father and he will convey you across to the opposite side." Then the boys looked to the southern shore of the river, and they saw in the middle of the rapid, an OSHUGGAY standing on a rock; to the Oshuggay the boys spoke, and accosted him as their grand father, requesting him to carry them across the river Bawating. The Oshuggay stretching his long neck over the river to the place where the boys stood, told them to get upon his head and neck, and again stretching to the southern shore, he landed the boys in safety, upon a prairie: the crane was seen walking in state, up and down the prairie.

The persevering mother soon arrived at Wah-zah-hawing, and immediately requested the Oshuggay to cross her over, that she was in pur-

suit of her children and stating that she wished to overtake them ; but the Oshuggay seemed well aware of her character, and objected to conveying her across, giving her to understand that she was a lewd and bad woman ; he continued giving her a long moral lecture upon the course she had pursued and the bad results to mankind in consequence, such as quarrels, murders, deaths, and hence widowhood.

The woman of the Head persisted in her request of being conveyed across. Objections and entreaties followed. She talked as if she were still a woman, whose favour was to be sought ; and he, as if he were above such favours. After this dialogue the Oshuggay said that he would convey her across, on the condition that she would adhere strictly to his injunctions ; he told her not to touch the bare part of his head, but to get upon the hollow or crooked part of his neck ; to this she agreed, and got on. The Oshuggay then withdrew his long neck to about half way across, when feeling that she had forgotten her pledge he dashed her head upon the rocks, and the small fish, that were so abundant instantly fed upon the brain and fragments of the skull and became large white fish. "A fish" said the Oshuggay, "that from this time forth shall be abundant, and remain in these rapids to feed the Indians and their issue, from generation to generation."*

After this transaction of the Oshuggay's, landing the boys safely across, and dashing the woman's head upon the rocks, he spake to the Crane and mutually consulting one another in relation to Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong's sons they agreed to invite two women from the eastward, of the tribe of the Was-sissig, and the two lads took them for wives. The Oshuggay plucked one of his largest wing feathers and gave it to the eldest boy, and the Crane likewise did the same, giving his feathers to the youngest ; they were told to consider the feathers as their sons after this, one feather appeared like an Oshuggay and the other like a young Crane. By and by they appeared like human beings to the lads. Thus the alliance was formed with the Was-sissig, and the circumstance of the Oshuggay and Crane interesting themselves in behalf of the boys and the gift to them of their feathers and the result, is the origin of the Indian *Totem*.

Here Mäsh-kwa-sha-kwong's sons were told that they would be considered as chieftains and that this office would be hereditary and continue in their generations. After this, they multiplied exceedingly and became strong and powerful. About this time the Obinangoes, (or the Bears' Totem) came down from Shaugah-wah-mickong, near the extremity of Lake Superior. On their way eastward they were surprised on reaching Bawating to find such a numerous population of human beings : they were

* The small white shells that the white fish live upon, and the white substance found in its gizzard are to this day considered by the Indians, the brain and skull of the woman of the Head.

not aware of its being in existence ; fear came upon the Obinangoes, and they devised the plan of securing friendship with the Oshuggays and Cranes, by adopting and claiming a relationship with them, and calling them their grandsons. This claim was yielded, and they were permitted to remain at Bawaiting upon the score of relationship thus happily attained. The Obenangoes eventually emigrated eastward and settled upon the northern coast of Lakes Huron and Ontario.

Population increased so rapidly at Bawaiting, that it was necessary to form new villages, some settling on the Garden River, some upon the Pakaysauguegan River, and others upon the island of St. Joseph's, and upon the Menashkong Bay and Mashkotay Saugie River.

About this time, a person in the shape of a human being came down from the sky ; his clothing was exceedingly pure and white ; he was seated as it were in a nest, with a very fine cord attached to it, by which this mysterious person was let down, and the cord or string reached heaven. He addressed the Indians in a very humane, mild, and compassionate tone, saying that they were very poor and needy, but telling them that they were perpetually *asleep*, and this was caused by the Mache Monedo who was in the midst of them, and leading them to death and ruin.

This mysterious personage informed them also that above, where he came from, there was no night, that the inhabitants never slept, that it was perpetually day and they required no sleep ; that Kezha Monedo was their light. He then invited four of the Indians to ascend up with him promising that they would be brought back in safety ; that an opportunity would thereby present itself to view the beauty of the sky, or heavens. But the Indians doubted and feared lest the cord should break, because it appeared to them so small. They did not believe it possible it could bear their weight. With this objection they excused themselves. They were, however, again assured that the cord was sufficiently strong and that Kezha Monedo had the power to make it so. Yet the Indians doubted and feared, and did not accompany the messenger sent down to them. After this refusal the mysterious person produced a small bow and arrows with which he shot at the Indians in different parts of their bodies : the result was, the killing of multitudes of small white worms, which he showed to them ; telling them that they were the Mache Monedo which caused them to sleep, and prevented their awakening from their death-like state.

This divine messenger then gave to the Indians laws and rules, whereby they should be guided : first, to love and fear Kezha Monedo, and next that they must love one another, and be charitable and hospitable ; and finally, that they must not covet their neighbours property, but acquire it by labour and honest industry. He then instituted the grand medicine or metay we win dance : this ceremony was to be observed annually, and with due solemnity, and the Indians, said Nabinoi, experienced much good from it ; but unfortunately, the foolish young men were cheated by Mache

Monedo, who caused them to adopt the Wabano dance and its ceremonies. This latter is decidedly an institution of the *sagemaus*, or evil spirits, and this was finally introduced into the metay we wining, (i. e. medicine dance) and thereby corrupted it.

The old chief continued his moral strain thus: While the Indians were instructed by the heavenly messenger they were told that it would snow continually for the space of five years, winter and summer, and the end would then be nigh at hand ; and again that it would rain incessantly as many winters and summers more, which would cause the waters to rise and overflow the earth, destroying trees and all manner of vegetation. After this, ten winters and summers of drought would follow, drying up the land, and mostly the lakes and rivers ; not a cloud would be seen during this period. The earth would become so dry, that it will then burn up with fire of itself, and it will also burn the waters to a certain depth, until it attains the first created earth and waters. Then the good Indians will rise from death to enjoy a new earth, filled with an abundance of all manner of living creatures. The only animal which will not be seen is the beaver. The bad Indians will not enjoy any portion of the new earth ; they will be condemned and given to the evil spirits.

Four generations, he went on to say, have now passed away, since that brotherly love and charity, formerly known, still existed among the Indians. There was in those ancient times an annual meeting among the Indians, resembling the French New Year's Day, which was generally observed on the new moon's first appearance, Gitchy Monedo gesus. The Indians of our village would visit these of another, and sometimes meet one another dancing ; and on those occasions they would exchange bows and arrows, their rude axes, awls, and kettles, and their clothing. This was an annual festival, which was duly observed by them. In those days the Indians lived happy ; but every thing is now changed to the Indian mind, indicating the drawing near and approach of the end of time. The Indians who still adhere to the laws of the heavenly messenger experience happiness ; and, on the contrary, concluded the old man, those who are wicked and adhere to the Wabano institution, generally meet with their reward ; and it is singular to say that they generally come to their end by accidents, such as drowning, or miserable deaths.

He then reverted to the former part of his story. The Oshuggays, and the Cranes quarrelled, and this quarrel commenced on a trivial point. It appears that the Cranes took a pole, without leave, from the Oshuggays, and they broke the pole ; this circumstance led to a separation. The Oshuggays emigrated south, and are now known as the Shawnees.

WA-WA-BE-ZO-WIN,

OR

THE SWING ON THE LAKE SHORE.

FROM THE TRADITIONS OF THE ODJIBWAS.

THERE was an old hag of a woman living with her daughter-in-law, and son, and a little orphan boy, whom she was bringing up. When her son-in-law came home from hunting, it was his custom to bring his wife the moose's lip, the kidney of the bear, or some other choice bits of different animals. These she would cook crisp, so as to make a sound with her teeth in eating them. This kind attention of the hunter to his wife, at last, excited the envy of the old woman. She wished to have the same luxuries, and in order to get them she finally resolved to make way with her son's wife. One day, she asked her to leave her infant son to the care of the orphan boy, and come out and swing with her. She took her to the shore of a lake, where there was a high range of rocks overhanging the water. Upon the top of this rock, she erected a swing. She then undressed, and fastened a piece of leather around her body, and commenced swinging, going over the precipice at every swing. She continued it but a short time, when she told her daughter to do the same. The daughter obeyed. She undressed, and tying the leather string as she was directed, began swinging. When the swing had got in full motion and well a going, so that it went clear beyond the precipice, at every sweep, the old woman slyly cut the cords and let her daughter drop into the lake. She then put on her daughter's clothing, and thus disguised went home in the dusk of the evening and counterfeited her appearance and duties. She found the child crying, and gave it the breast, but it would not draw. The orphan boy asked her where its mother was. She answered, "She is still swinging." He said, "I shall go and look for her." "No!" said she, "you must not—what should you go for?" When the husband came in, in the evening, he gave the coveted morsel to his supposed wife. He missed his mother-in-law, but said nothing. She eagerly ate the dainty, and tried to keep the child still. The husband looked rather astonished to see his wife studiously averting her face, and asked her why the child cried so. She said, she did not know—that it would not draw.

In the meantime the orphan boy went to the lake shores, and found no one. He mentioned his suspicions, and while the old woman was out getting wood, he told him all that he had heard or seen. The man then

painted his face black, and placed his spear upside down in the earth and requested the Great Spirit to send lightning, thunder, and rain, in the hope that the body of his wife might arise from the water. He then began to fast, and told the boy to take the child and play on the lake shore.

We must now go back to the swing. After the wife had plunged into the lake, she found herself taken hold of by a water tiger, whose tail twisted itself round her body, and drew her to the bottom. There she found a fine lodge, and all things ready for her reception, and she became the wife of the water tiger. Whilst the children were playing along the shore, and the boy was casting pebbles into the lake, he saw a gull coming from its centre, and flying towards the shore, and when on shore, the bird immediately assumed the human shape. When he looked again he recognized the lost mother. She had a leather belt around her loins, and another belt of white metal, which was, in reality, the tail of the water tiger, her husband. She suckled the babe, and said to the boy—"Come here with him, whenever he cries, and I will nurse him."

The boy carried the child home, and told these things to the father. When the child again cried, the father went also with the boy to the lake shore, and hid himself in a clump of trees. Soon the appearance of a gull was seen, with a long shining belt, or chain, and as soon as it came to the shore, it assumed the mother's shape, and began to suckle the child. The husband had brought along his spear, and seeing the shining chain, he boldly struck it and broke the links apart. He then took his wife and child home, with the orphan boy. When they entered the lodge, the old woman looked up, but it was a look of despair, she instantly dropped her head. A rustling was heard in the lodge, and the next moment, she leaped up, and flew out of the lodge, and was never heard of more.

The name of God, among the ancient Mexicans, was Teo, a word seldom found, except in compound phrases. Among the Mohawks and Onondagas, it is Neo. With the western Senecas, as given by Smith, Owayneo. With the Odjibwas, Monedo; with the Ottowas, Maneto. Many modifications of the word by prefixes, to its radix Edo, appear among the cognate dialects. It is remarkable that there is so striking a similarity in the principal syllable, and it is curious to observe that Edo, is, in sound, both the Greek term Deo, and the Azteek Teo, transposed. Is there any thing absolutely *fixed* in the sounds of languages?

HORÆ INDICÆ.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

[CONTINUED FROM PART II.]

CINCINNATI had, at this time, (1818,) the appearance of a rapidly growing city, which appeared to have, from some general causes, been suddenly checked in its growth. Whole rows of unfinished brick buildings had been left by the workmen. Banks, and the offices of corporate and manufacturing companies, were not unfrequently found shut. Nor did it require long looking or much inquiry to learn that it had seen more prosperous times. A branch bank of the U. S. then recently established there, was much and bitterly, but I know not how justly, spoken against. But if there was not the same life and air in all departments, that formerly existed, there was abundant evidence of the existence of resources in the city and country, which must revive and push it onward in its career and growth, to rank second to no city west of the Alleghanies. This city owes its origin, I believe, to John Cleves Symes, father-in-law of the late President Harrison, a Jerseyman by birth, who, in planning it, took Philadelphia as his model. This has imparted a regularity to its streets, and squares, that visitors will at once recognize, as characteristic of its parentage. It stands on a heavy diluvial formation of various layers of clay, loam, sand, and gravel, disposed in two great plateaux, or first and second banks, the lowest of which is some thirty or forty feet above the common summer level of the Ohio. Yet this river has sometimes, but rarely, been known to surmount this barrier and invade the lowermost streets of the city. These diluvial beds have yielded some curious antiquarian relics, which lead the mind farther back, for their origin, than the Indian race. The most curious of these, if the facts are correctly reported to me, was the discovery of a small antique-shaped iron horse-shoe, found twenty-five feet below the surface in grading one of the streets, and the blunt end, or stump of a tree, at another locality, at the depth of ninety-four feet, together with marks of the cut of an axe, and an iron wedge. I have had no means to verify these facts, but state them as credible, from the corroborative testimony afforded them by other discoveries in the great geological basin of the west, examined by me, which denote human occupancy in America prior to the deposition of the last of the unconsolidated and eocene series.

Our flotilla here broke up, and the persons who had formed its floating

community separated, each to pursue his several way, and separate views. I made several acquaintances, whose names are recollected with pleasure. Dr. S. invited me to dine with him, introduced me to his young partner, Dr. Moorhead, and put me in the way of obtaining eligible private lodgings. The three weeks I spent in this city were agreeably passed, varied as they were, by short excursions in the vicinity, including the Licking valley—a stream which comes in, on the Kentucky side, directly opposite the city. I went, one day, to see an experimental structure, built at the foot of the Walnut hills, with a very long pipe, or wooden chamber leading up their sides, and rising above their tops. This was constructed by an ingenious person, at the expense of the late Gen. Lytle, under the confident hope of his realizing a practical mechanical power from the *rari-faction of atmospheric air*. There was confessedly *a power*, but the difficulty was in multiplying this power, so as to render it practically applicable to the turning of machinery. The ratio of its increase, contended for, namely, the length of the pipe, appeared to me to be wholly fallacious, and the result proved it so. The thing was afterwards abandoned. There was an ancient mound here, which had not then been opened, but which has since yielded a curious ornamented stone, bearing a kind of arabesque figures, not dissimilar, in the style of drawing, to some of the rude sculptured figures of Yucatan, as recently brought to light by Mr. Stephens and Mr. Catherwood.

I received, one day, a note from one of the directors of the White Lead Works, above the city, requesting me to visit it, and inspect in detail the processes of the manufacture. The latter I found to be defective in the mode of corroding the lead by the acetic acid; there was also an unnecessary complication and amount of machinery in bringing the oxide into the condition of a good pigment, and putting it into kegs, which had been very onerous in its cost, and was perpetually liable to get out of order.

It was during my stay here that I first felt the effects of the western limestone waters in deranging the stomach and bowels, and paid for my initiation into the habit, as all strangers must, by some days confinement. Dr. M. brought me about, and checked the disease, without any permanently injurious effects on my general health.

When I was ready to proceed down the river, I went to seek a passage along the landing, but found no boat (steamboats were few and far between in those days.) While pacing the beach, I met a man of gentlemanly appearance, who had experienced the same disappointment, and was desirous to go forward in his journey. He told me, that he had found a small row boat, well built, and fitted with seats, which could be purchased for a reasonable sum; that it would hold our baggage very well, and he thought we could make a pleasant trip in it as far as Louisville at the Falls, where the means of communication by steamboats were ample. On examining the boat, and a little inquiry, I acceded to this proposition,

and I had no cause to regret it. This gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, but which is somewhere among my papers, was a native of the city of Nancy, but a resident of Baltimore. He was, like the city itself I believe, Franco-German, speaking the two languages very well, and the English with peculiarities. He had a benevolent and honest countenance and social, agreeable manners, not two free, nor stiffly reserved; and we performed the trip without accident, although we had a narrow escape one day from a sawyer, one of that insidious cast of these river pests, called in western parlance, a sleeping sawyer. It was now the month of May; the atmosphere was mild and balmy, loaded with the perfumes of opening vegetation; we took the oars and the helm alternately; we had a constant succession of pretty views; we put ashore to eat and to sleep, and the whole trip, which occupied some three or four days at the farthest, was perfectly delightful.

We put ashore at Vevay, where the Swiss had then newly introduced the cultivation of the vine, to see the vineyards and the mode of cultivation. I have since witnessed this culture on the banks of the Rhine, and found it to be very similar. The vines are closely pruned and kept from becoming woody, and are trained to slender sticks, which, are arranged with the order of a garden bean-bed, which at the proper season, they much resemble. We also tasted the wine, and found it poor.

On the last day of the voyage, we took into our boat a young physician—a Hollander, recently arrived in the country, telling him, that by way of equivalent, we should expect him to take his turn at the oars. He was a man of small stature—well formed, rather slovenly, yet pretty well dressed, with blue eyes, a florid face, and very voluble. Of all that he said, however, by far the most striking part, was his account of his skill in curing cancer. It was clear that he was an itinerating cancer-doctor. He said, amid other things, that he had received an invitation to go and cure the Governor of Indiana. We now had Indiana on our right hand, and Kentucky on our left.

These are the principal incidents of the trip. We reached our destination in safety, and landed on the superb natural sylvan wall, or park, which is formed by the entrance of Beargrass Creek with the Ohio, just in front of, or a little above, Louisville. Here we sold our boat, took separate lodgings, and parted. I found in a day or two, that my friend from Nancy had a flourishing school for military tactics and the sword exercise, where, at his invitation, I went to visit him. From this man, I learned, as we descended the Ohio, that the *right* and *left* banks of a river, in military science, are determined by the supposed position of a man standing at its head, and looking *downwards*.

I found in the lime-stone rocks which form the bed of the river between the town and Corn Island, the cornu ammonis and some other species of organic remains; and while I remained here, which was several weeks,

I wrote a notice for one of the papers, of a locality of manganese on Sandy river, Ky., and others of some other objects of natural history in the west, which I perceived, by their being copied at the eastward, were well taken. It was my theory, that there was a general interest felt in the Atlantic States for information from the west, and this slight incident served to encourage me.

The steamboat canal since constructed around the falls at this place, was then a project only spoken of, and is here alluded to for no higher purpose than to mention, that in its actual subsequent execution, we are informed the workmen came, at the depth of fourteen feet below the surface of the *calcareous rock*, to a brick hearth, covered with what appeared to be the remains of charcoal and ashes.

I took walks almost daily, on the fine promenade, shaded with lofty trees, festooned with their native vines, along the Beargrass Creek, which is the common place of landing for arks and boats. On one of these occasions, there came in a large ark, which had been freighted at Perryopolis, on the Yioughagany, some thirty miles from Pittsburgh. The two proprietors were K. and K., Marylanders, both young men, or verging to middle life, who had clubbed together the necessary funds, and in the spirit of adventure, resolved on a trading voyage. There was something in the air and manners of both, which I thought I could trust in for an agreeable voyage, especially as they saw in me, not a rival in commerce of any kind, but a mere observer,—a character which I found, on more than one occasion, placed me on grounds of neutrality and advantage. Steamboats are the worst vehicles ever invented by the ingenuity of man to make observations on a country, always excepting the last improvement on locomotive rail-roads. To a naturalist, especially, they are really horrible. Not a tree or plant can be examined; not a shell, or a rock certainly identified. Hundreds of miles are passed in a few hours; the effect of speed is to annihilate space; town succeeds town, and object object, with such rapidity, that there is no distinct time left for observation or reflection; and after the voyager has reached his point of destination, he is often seriously in doubt, what he has seen, and what he has not seen, and is as much puzzled to put together the exact feature of the country's geography, as if he were called to re-adjust the broken incidents of a night's dream. I had yet another objection to this class of boats, at the era mentioned. Their boilers and machinery were not constructed with elaborate skill and strength; their commanders were often intemperate, and a spirit of reckless rivalry existed, whose results were not infrequently exhibited in exploded, sunk, or grounded boats, and the loss of lives.

It is a regulation of law that pilots are provided for all boats, descending the falls—a descent, by the way, which can only be made on the Indiana side. When this officer came on board, the owners thought best to go by land to Shippingport. I had less at stake in its safety than they, yet felt a

desire to witness this novel mode of descent; nor did the result disappoint me. Standing on the deck, or rather flat roof of the ark, the view was interesting and exciting. The first point at which the mass of water breaks was the principal point of danger, as there is here a powerful reflux, or eddy current, on the right hand, while the main velocity of the current drives the vessel in a direction which, if not checked by the large sweeps, would inevitably swamp it. The object is to give this check, and shoot her into the eddy water. This was done. The excitement ceased in a few moments, and we passed the rest of the way with less exertion to the men, and got down the remainder of the falls in perfect safety. All this danger to the growing commerce of the west, is now remedied by the Louisville canal, which, by a work of but two miles in length, which holds the relative position of a string to the bow, connects the navigable waters above and below those falls, and permits all river craft of the largest burden to pass.

It was about the falls of the Ohio, or a little above, that I first saw the gay and noisy paroquet, or little parrot of the west; a gregarious bird, whose showy green and yellow plumage makes it quite an object to be noticed and remembered in a passage on the lower Ohio. One of these birds, which had been wounded, was picked up out of the river, a few miles below the falls. It was evident, from the occurrence of this species, and other features in the natural history of the country, that we were now making a rapid southing. The red-bud, the papaw, the buckeye, and the cucumber tree, had all introduced themselves to notice, among the forest species, below Pittsburgh; although they are all, I think, actually known to extend a little north of that latitude; and we now soon had added to the catalogue, the pecan and cypress, and the cane, with the constant attendant of the latter, the green briar. I had no opportunity to examine the pecan, until we reached the mouth of the Wabash and Shawneetown, where I went on a shooting excursion with a young Kentuckian, who gave me the first practical exhibition of bringing down single pigeons and other small game with the rifle, by generally striking the head or neck only. I had heard of this kind of shooting before, and witnessed some capital still shots, but here was a demonstration of it, in brush and brier—catching a sight as best one could. The ball used on these occasions was about the size of a large buckshot.

Shawneetown is a word which brings to mind one of the North American tribes, who, between 1632 and the present time, figure as one of the frontier actors in our history. They have, in this time, with the ubiquity of one of their own genii, skipped over half America. They were once, certainly dwellers on the Savannah, if not, at a still earlier day, on the Suanee, in Florida; then fled north, a part coming down the Kentucky river, and a part fleeing to the Delaware, and thence west. They are now on the Konga, west of the Missouri. So much for the association of names.

History never remembers any thing which she can possibly forget, and I found at least, one high-feeling personage here, who did not like the manner in which I associated the modern town with reminiscences of the savages. "Why, sir," said he, as we walked the deck of the ark, floating down the Ohio, and getting nearer the place every moment, "we have a bank there, and a court house; it is the seat of justice for Gallatin county; —and a printing press is about to be established;—it is a very thriving place, and it bids fair to remain second to none below the Wabash." "All this, truly," I responded, willing to reprove pride in an easy way, "is a great improvement on the wigwam and the council-fire, and wampum coin-beads." It is sometimes better to smile than argue, and I found it so on the present occasion. I did not wish to tread on the toes of rising greatness, or pour upon a love of home and locality, honorable and praise-worthy in my fellow traveller, the chilling influence of cold historical facts. My allusions were the mere effect of the association of ideas, resulting from names. If the residents of Shawneetown do not like to be associated with the native race, who would not have exchanged a good bow and arrows for all the court houses in Christendom, they should bestow upon the place some epithet which may sever the tie.

(To be continued.)

LANGUAGES OF MEXICO.

Humboldt observes that there are twenty languages in Mexico and New Spain, of which fourteen have grammars and dictionaries tolerably complete. The latter are—

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|-----------------------|----------------|
| 1. Mexican, or Aztec. | 9. Matlazing |
| 2. Otomite. | 0. Huastec. |
| 3. Tarasc. | 11. Mixed. |
| 4. Zapotec. | 12. Caquiquel. |
| 5. Mistec. | 13. Tarauma. |
| 6. Mia, or Yucatan. | 14. Tepehuan. |
| 7. Zotonac. | 15. Cora. |
| 8. Popolouc. | |

The languages of New Zealand, Tonga and Malay, have no declension of nouns, nor conjugation of verbs. The purposes of declension are answered by particles and prepositions. The distinctions of person, tense, and mode, are expressed by adverbs, pronouns, and other parts of speech. This rigidity of the verb and noun is absolute under every order of arrangement, in which the words can be placed, and their meaning is not helped out, by either prefixes or suffixes, as it is in the dialects of the Algonquin and other North American languages.

ETHNOLOGY.

(CONTINUED FROM NO. II.)

[**NOTE.**—Accents are placed over all words of North American origin, when known. Vowels preceding a consonant, or placed between two consonants, are generally short: following a consonant, or ending a syllable or word, they are generally long. Diphthongs are used with their ordinary power.]

ABSECON. A beach of the sea coast of New Jersey, sixteen miles southwest of Little Egg Harbor. The word is a derivative from Wabisee, a Swan, and Ong, a Place.

ABSORÓKA, a name for the Minnetaree tribe of Indians on the river Missouri. They are philologically of the Dacotah family. See Minnetaree.

ABUCEES, a mission of the Sucumbias Indians, in the province of Quixos, Quito, which was founded by the order of Jesuits. It is situated on the shores of a small river, which enters the Putumago, in north latitude 0° 36' longitude 79° 2' west.

ABURRA, a town, in a rich valley of the same name, in New Grenada, discovered in 1540, by Robledo. In its vicinity are found many huacas, or sepulchres of the Indians, in which great riches, such as gold ornaments, are found deposited. There are, in the vicinity, some streams of saline water, from which the Indians manufacture salt.

ABWOIN, or **Bwoin**, a name of the Chippewas, Ottawas, and other modern Algonquin tribes of the upper Lakes, for the Dacotah or Sioux nation. It is rendered plural in ug. The word is derived from abwai, a stick used to roast meat, and is said to have been given to this tribe, in reproach from the ancient barbarities practised towards their prisoners taken captive in war. For an account of this tribe, see Dacotah and Sioux.

ABWOINAC; **ABWOINA:** Terms applied to the general area between the Mississippi and Missouri, lying north of the St. Peter's, occupied by Sioux tribes. In the earlier attempts of Lord Selkirk, to plant a colony in parts of this region, the compound term Assinaboina, was, to some extent, but unsuccessfully employed. The two former terms are derivatives from Abwoin, a Sioux, and akee, earth; the latter has the prefix assin, (ossin,) a stone.

ACAQUATO, a settlement of Indians in the district of Tancitars, in Peru, reduced in 1788, to fifteen families, who cultivated maize and vegetables.

ACAMBARO, a settlement of 490 families of Indians, and 80 of *Mustees*,

belonging to the order of St. Francis, in the district of Zelaya, in the province and bishopric of Mechoacan, seven leagues S. of its capital.

ACAMISTLAHUAC, a settlement of 30 Indian families in the district of Tasco, attached to the curacy of its capital, from whence it is two leagues E. N. E.

ACHAMUCHITLAN, a settlement of 60 families of Indians in the district of Texopilco, and civil division of Zultepec. They sell sugar and honey—the district also produces maize and vegetables. It is 5 leagues N. of its head settlement.

ACANTEPEC. The head settlement of Tlapa, embracing 92 Indian families, including another small settlement in its vicinity, all of whom maintain themselves by manufacturing cotton stuffs.

ACAPETLAHUALA, a settlement of 180 Indian families, being the principal settlement of the district of Escateopan, and civil district of Zaquaepa.

ACARI, a settlement in a beautiful and extensive valley of Camana, in Peru, noted for a lofty mountain called Sahuacario, on the skirts of which the native Indians had constructed two fortresses, prior to their subjugation by the Spanish. This mountain is composed of "misshapen stones, and sand," and is reported, at certain times of the year to emit loud sounds, as if proceeding from pent up air, and it is thought to have, in consequence, attracted the superstitious regard of the ancient Indian inhabitants.

ACATEPEC. There are five Indian settlements of this name, in Spanish America.

1. A settlement comprising 860 Indian families, of the order of St. Francis, in the district of Thehuacan. Forty of these families live on cultivated estates stretching a league in a spacious valley, four leagues S. S. W. of the capital.

2. A settlement in the district of Chinantla, in the civil jurisdiction of Cogamaloapan. It is situated in a pleasant plain, surrounded by three lofty mountains. The number of its inhabitants is reduced. The Indians who live on the banks of a broad and rapid river, which intercepts the great road to the city of Oxaca, and other jurisdictions, support themselves by ferrying over passengers in their barks and canoes. It is 10 leagues W. of its head settlement.

3. A settlement of 100 Indian families, in the same kingdom, situated between two high ridges. They are annexed to the curacy of San Lorenzo, two leagues off.

4. A settlement of 39 Indian families annexed to, and distant one league and a half N. of the curacy of Tlacobula. It is in a hot valley, skirted by a river, which is made to irrigate the gardens and grounds on its borders.

5. A settlement of 12 Indian families in the *mayorate* of Xicayun of the same kingdom.

ACATEPEQUE, ST. FRANCISCO, DE, a settlement of 140 Indian families in

the mayorate of St. Andres de Cholula, situated half a league S. of its capital.

ACATLAN, six locations of Indians exist, under this name, in Mexico.

1. A settlement of 850 families of Indians in the *alcaldia* of this name, embracing some 20 Spaniards and *Mustees*. In the vicinity are some excellent salt grounds. The climate is of a mild temperature, and the surrounding country is fertile, abounding in fruits, flowers, and pulse, and is well watered. It is 55 leagues E. S. E. of Mexico.

2. A settlement of 180 Indian families in Xalapa of the same kingdom, (now republic.) It occupies a spot of clayey ground of a cold moist temperature, in consequence of which, and its being subject to N. winds, fruits, in this neighbourhood, do not ripen. Other branches of cultivation succeed from the abundance of streams of water, and their fertilizing effects on the soil. This settlement has the dedicatory title of St. Andres.

3. SAN PEDRO, in the district of Malacatepec, and *alcaldia* of Nexapa. It contains 80 Indian families, who trade in wool, and the fish called *bobo*, which are caught, in large quantities, in a considerable river of the district.

4. ZITLALA. It consists of 198 Indian families, and is a league and a half N. of its head settlement of this name.

5. SENTEPEC, a settlement 15 leagues N. E. of its capital. The temperature is cold. It has 42 Indian families.

6. ATOTONILCO, in the *alcaldia mayor* of Tulanzingo. It contains 115 Indian families, and has a convent of the religious order of St. Augustine. It is 2 leagues N. of its head settlement.

ACATLANZINGO, a settlement of 67 Indian families of Xicula of the *alcaldia mayor* of Nexapa, who employ themselves in the culture of cochineal plants. It lies in a plain, surrounded on all sides by mountains.

ACAXEE, a nation of Indians in the province of Topia. They are represented to have been converted to the catholic faith by the society of Jesuits in 1602. They are docile and of good dispositions and abilities. One of their ancient customs consisted of bending the heads of their dead to their knees, and in this posture, putting them in caves, or under a rock, and at the same time, depositing a quantity of food for their supposed journey in another state. They also exhibited a farther coincidence with the customs of the northern Indians, by placing a bow and arrows with the body of the dead warrior, for his defence. Should an Indian woman happen to die in child-bed, they put the surviving infant to death, as having been the cause of its mother's decease. This tribe rebelled against the Spanish in 1612, under the influence of a native prophet, but they were subdued by the governor of the province, Don Francisco de Ordinola.

ACAXETE, Santa Maria de, the head settlement of the district of Tepcaca, on the slope of the *sierra* of Tlascala. It consists of 176 Mexican Indians,

7 Spanish families, and 10 Mustees and Mulatoes. In its vicinity there is a reservoir of hewn stone, to catch the waters of the mountain, which are thence conducted to Tepcaca, three leagues N. N. W.

ACAXUCHITLAN, a curacy consisting of 406 Indian families of the bishopric of La Peubla de los Angelos. It is in the *alcaldia* of Tulanzingo, lying 4 leagues E. of its capital.

ACAYUCA, the capital of a civil division of New Spain, in the province of Goazacoalco, embracing, in its population, 296 families of Indians, 30 of Spaniards, and 70 of mixed bloods. It lies a little over 100 leagues S. E. of Mexico, in lat. $17^{\circ} 53' N.$

ACAZINGO, St. Juan de, a settlement of the district of Tepcaca, consisting of 700 families of Indians, 150 of Spaniards, 104 of Mustees, and 31 of Mulatoes. It is situated in a plain of mild temperature, well watered, and has a convent and fountain, and a number of "very ancient buildings."

ACCÓCESAWS, a tribe of Indians of erratic habits, of Texas, whose principal location was formerly on the west side of the Colorado, about 200 miles S. W. of Nacogdoches. At a remoter period they lived near the gulf of Mexico: they made great use of fish, and oysters. Authors represent the country occupied, or traversed by them, as exceedingly fertile and beautiful, and abounding in deer of the finest and largest kind. Their language is said to be peculiar to themselves; they are expert in communicating ideas by the system of signs. About A. D. 1750 the Spanish had a mission among them, but removed it to Nacogdoches.

ACCOMAC, a county of Virginia, lying on the eastern shores of Chesapeake bay. This part of the sea coast was inhabited by the Nanticokes, who have left their names in its geography. We have but a partial vocabulary of this tribe, which is now extinct. It has strong analogies, however, to other Algonquin dialects. Aco, in these dialects, is a generic term, to denote a goal, limit, or fixed boundary. Ahkee, in the Nanticoke, is the term for earth, or land. Auk, is a term, in compound words of these dialects, denoting wood. The meaning of accomac, appears to be *as far as the woods reach*, or, the boundary between meadow and woodlands.

ACCOMACS, one of the sub tribes inhabiting the boundaries of Virginia on its discovery and first settlement. Mr. Jefferson states their numbers in 1607 at 80. In 1669, when the legislature of Virginia directed a census of the Indian population, within her jurisdiction, there appears no notice of this tribe. They inhabited the area of Northampton county. They were Nanticokes—a people whose remains united themselves or at least took shelter with the Lenapees, or Delawares.

ACCOHANOCs, a division or tribe of the Powhetanic Indians, numbering 40, in 1607. They lived on the Accohanoc river, in eastern Virginia.

ACCOMENTAS, a band, or division of the Pawtucket Indians inhabiting the northerly part of Massachusetts in 1674. (Gookin.)

ACHAGUA, a nation of Indians of New Grenada, dwelling in the plains of Gazanare and Meta, and in the woods of the river Ele. They are bold and dexterous hunters with the dart and spear, and in their contests with their enemies, they poison their weapons. They are fond of horses, and rub their bodies with oil, to make their hair shine. They go naked except a small *azeaun* made of the fibres of the aloe. They anoint their children with a bituminous ointment at their birth, to prevent the growth of hair. The brows of females are also deprived of hair, and immediately rubbed with the juice of *jagua*, which renders them bald ever after. They are of a gentle disposition but addicted to intoxication. The Jesuits formerly reduced many of them to the Catholic faith, and formed them into settlements in 1661.

ACHAFALAYA, the principal western outlet of the Mississippi river. It is a Choctaw word, meaning, "the long river," from *hucha*, river, and *salaya*, long. (Gallatin.)

ACKOWAYS, a synonym for a band of Indians of New France, now Canada. See Acouez.

ACKEEKSEEBE, a remote northern tributary of the stream called Rum river, which enters the Mississippi, some few miles above the falls of St. Anthony, on its left banks. It is a compound phrase, from Akeek, a kettle, and seebe, a stream. It was on the margin of this stream, in a wide and spacious area, interspersed with beaver ponds, that a detachment of Gen. Cass's exploring party in July 1820, encamped; and the next morning discovered an Indian pictorial letter, written on bark, detailing the incidents of the march.

ACKEEKO, or the Kettle chief, a leading Sauc chief who exercised his authority in 1820, at an important Indian village, situated on the right banks of the Mississippi, at Dubuque's mines.

ACHQUANCHICÓLA, the name of a creek in Pennsylvania; it signifies in the Delaware or Lenapee language, as given by Heckewelder, the brush-net fishing creek.

ACHWICK, a small stream in central Pennsylvania. It denotes in the Delaware language, according to Heckewelder, brushy, or difficult to pass.

ACOBAMBA, a settlement in the province of Angaraes in Peru, near which are some monumental remains of the ancient race, who inhabited the country prior to its conquest by the Spanish. They consist, chiefly, of a pyramid of stones, and the ruins of some well sculptured stone couches, or benches, now much injured by time.

ACOLMAN, San Augustin de, a settlement of 240 families of Indians of Tezcoco in Mexico. It is situated in a pleasant valley, with a benign temperature, and has a convent of Augustine monks.

ACOMES, a fall in the river Amariscoggin, Maine, denoting, in the Indian, as is supposed, a rest, or place of stopping. From aco, a bound or point.

ACOMULCO, a village of 12 Indian families in Zochicoatlan, New Spain, two leagues W. of its capital.

ACONICHI, the name of a settlement of Indians formerly living on the river Eno, in North Carolina.

ACOTITLAN, a settlement of 15 Indian families, in the *alcaldia* of Autlan, Mexico. They employ themselves in raising cattle, making sugar and honey, and extracting oil from the *cacao* fruit.

ACOUEZ, a name formerly applied by the French to a band of Indians in New France. Believed to be identical with Ackoways.

ACQUACKINAC, or **ACQUACKINUNK**, the Indian name of a town on the W. side of the Passaic river, New Jersey, ten miles N. of Newark and 17 from New York. From aco, a limit, misquak, a red cedar, and auk, a stump or trunk of a tree.

ACQUINOSHIONEE, or United People, the vernacular name of the Iroquois for their confederacy. It appears, from their traditions, communicated to the Rev. Mr. Pyrlaus, a Dutch missionary of early date, that this term had not been in use above 50 years prior to the first settlement of the country: and if so, we have a late date, not more remote than 1559 for the origin of this celebrated union. But this may be doubted. Cartier discovered the St. Lawrence in 1534, and found them at the site of Montreal; Verrizani, is said to have entered the bay of New York ten years before. Hudson entered the river in 1609. Jamestown was founded the year before. The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth 14 years later. It is more probable that the 50 years should be taken from the period of the earlier attempts of the French settlements, which would place the origin of the confederacy about A. D. 1500. (See Iroquois.)

ACTOPAN, or **OCTUPAN**, a town and settlement of the Othomies Indians, situated 23 leagues N. N. E. of Mexico. Its population is put by Alcedo in 1787, at 2750 families. These are divided into two parties, separated by the church. It also contains 50 families of Spaniards, Mustees, and Mulatoes. The temperature is mild, but the ground is infested with the cactus, thorns and teasel, which leads the inhabitants to devote their attention to the raising of sheep and goats. In this vicinity are found numbers of the singular bird, called *zenzonila* by the Mexican Indians.

ACTUPAN, a settlement of 210 families of Indians in the district of Xocimilco, Mexico.

ACUIAPAN, a settlement of 58 Indian families, in the *alcaldia mayor* of Zultepec, annexed to the curacy of Temascaltepec. They live by dressing hides for the market—ib.

ACULPA, a settlement of 92 Indian families, in the magistracy of Tlapa, Mexico. It is of a hot and moist temperature, yielding grain, and the white medicinal earth called *chia*, in which they carry on a trade.

ACUIO, a considerable settlement of Spaniards, Mustees, Mulatoes, and Negroes, 30 leagues W. of Cinaqua, in the curacy of Tauricato, Mexico ; embracing 9 Indian families.

ACULA, SAN PEDRO DE, an Indian settlement of 305 families, four leagues E. of Cozamaloapan, its capital. It is situated on a high hill, bounded by a large lake of the most salubrious water, called *Petzla* by the natives. This lake has its outlet into the sea through the sand banks of Alvarado, and the lake is subject to overflow its banks in the winter season.

ACUTITLAN, an Indian settlement of 45 families, in the district of Tepuxilco, Mexico, who trade in sugar, honey, and maize. It is five leagues N. E. of Zultepec, and a quarter of a league from Acamuchitlan.

ACUTZIO, an Indian settlement of Tiripitio, in the magistracy of Valladolid, and bishopric of Mechoacan, Mexico. It contains 136 Indian families, and 11 families of Spaniards and Mustees. Six cultivated estates in this district, producing wheat, maize, and other grains, employ most of this population, who also devote part of their labour to the care of large and small cattle.

ADAES, or ADAIZE, a tribe of Indians, who formerly lived forty miles south west from Natchitoches, in the area of country, which now constitutes a part of the republic of Texas. They were located on a lake, which communicates with the branch of Red-river passing Bayou Pierre. This tribe appears to have lived at that spot, from an early period. Their language is stated to be difficult of acquisition, and different from all others, in their vicinity. They were at variance with the ancient Natchez, and joined the French in their assault upon them in 1798. They were intimate with the Caddoes, and spoke *their* language. At the last dates, (1812) they were reduced to twenty men, with a disproportionate number of women. The synonyms for this now extinct tribe are, Adayes ; Adees ; Adaes ; Adaize.

ADARIO, a celebrated chief of the Wyandot nation, who was at the height of his usefulness and reputation, about 1690. He was able in the councils of his tribe, shrewd and wily in his plans, and firm and courageous in their execution. The Wyandots, or Hurons as they are called by the French, were then living at Michilimackinac, to which quarter they had been driven by well known events in their history. The feud between them and their kindred, the Iroquois, still raged. They remained the firm allies of the French ; but they were living in a state of expatriation from their own country, and dependant on the friendship and courtesy of the Algonquins of the upper lakes, among whom they had found a refuge. Adario, at this period, found an opportunity of making himself felt, and striking a blow for the eventual return of his nation.

To understand his position, a few allusions to the history of the period are necessary.

In 1687, the English of the province of New-York, resolved to avail

themselves of a recent alliance between the two crowns, to attempt a participation in the fur trade of the upper lakes. They persuaded the Iroquois to set free a number of Wyandot captives to guide them through the lakes, and open an intercourse with their people. Owing to the high price and scarcity of goods, this plan was favored by Adario and his people, and also by the Ottowas and Pottowattomis, but the enterprise failed. Major McGregor, who led the party, was intercepted by a large body of French from Mackinac, the whole party captured and their goods were distributed gratuitously to the Indians. The lake Indians, who had, covertly countenanced this attempt, were thrown back entirely on the French trade, and subjected to suspicions which made them uneasy in their councils, and anxious to do away with the suspicions entertained of their fidelity by the French. To this end Adario marched a party of 100 men from Mackinac against the Iroquois. Stopping at fort Cadarackui to get some intelligence which might guide him, the commandant informed him that the governor of Canada, Denonville, was in hopes of concluding a peace with the Five Nations, and expected their ambassadors at Montreal in a few days. He therefore advised the chief to return. Did such a peace take place, Adario perceived that it would leave the Iroquois to push the war against his nation, which had already been driven from the banks of the St. Lawrence to lake Huron. He dissembled his fears, however, before the commandant, and left the fort, not for the purpose of returning home, but to waylay the Iroquois delegates, at a portage on the river where he knew they must pass. He did not wait over four or five days, when the deputies arrived, guarded by 40 young warriors, who were all surprised; and either killed or taken prisoners. His next object was to shift the blame of the act on the governor of Canada, by whom he told his prisoners, he had been informed of their intention to pass this way, and he was thus prepared to lie in wait for them. They were much surprised at this apparent act of perfidy, informing him at the same time, that they were truly and indeed on a message of peace. Adario affected to grow mad with rage against Denonville, declaring that he would some time be revenged on him for making him a tool, in committing so horrid a treachery. Then looking steadfastly on the prisoners, among whom was Dekanesora, the head chief of the Onondaga tribe, "Go," said he, "my brothers, I untie your bonds, and send you home again, although our nations be at war. The French governor has made me commit so black an action, that I shall never be easy after it, until the Five Nations have taken full revenge." The ambassadors were so well persuaded of the perfect truth of his declarations, that they replied in the most friendly terms, and said the way was opened to their concluding a peace between their respective tribes, at any time. He then dismissed his prisoners, with presents of arms, powder and ball, keeping but a single man (an adopted Shawnee) to supply the place of the only man he had lost in the engage-

ment. By one bold effort he thus blew up the fire of discord between the French and their enemies, at the moment it was about to expire, and laid the foundation of a peace with his own nation. Adario delivered his slave to the French on reaching Mackinac, who, to keep up the old enmity between the Wyandots and the Five Nations, ordered him to be shot. On this Adario called up an Iroquois prisoner who was a witness of this scene, and who had long been detained among them, and told him to escape to his own country, and give an account of the cruelty of the French, from whom it was not in his power to save a prisoner he had himself taken.

This increased the rage of the Five Nations to such a pitch, that when Mons. Denonville sent a message to disown the act of Adario, they put no faith in it, but burned for revenge. Nor was it long before the French felt the effects of their rage. On the 26th of July, 1688, they landed with 1200 men on the upper end of the island of Montreal, and carried destruction wherever they went. Houses were burnt, plantations sacked, and men, women and children massacred. Above a thousand of the French inhabitants were killed, and twenty-six carried away prisoners, most of whom were burnt alive. In October of the same year, they renewed their incursion, sweeping over the lower part of the island as they had previously done the upper. The consequences of these inroads were most disastrous to the French, who were reduced to the lowest point of political despondency. They burnt their two vessels on Cedarackui lake, abandoned the fort, and returned to Montreal. The news spread far and wide among the Indians of the upper lakes, who, seeing the fortunes of the French on the wane, made treaties with the English, and thus opened the way for their merchandise into the lakes.—[Colden.]

Such were the consequences of a single enterprise, shrewdly planned and vigorously executed. The fame of its author spread abroad, and he was every where regarded as a man of address, courage and abilities. And it is from this time, that the ancient feud between the Wyandots and their kindred, the Five Nations, began to cool. They settled on the straits of Detroit, where they so long, and up to the close of the late war (1814,) exercised a commanding influence among the lake tribes, as keepers of the general council fire of the nations.

La Hontan, in his Travels in New France, relates some conversations with this chief, on the topic of religion, which may be regarded, almost exclusively, as fabulous.

ADAYES, ADAES, and ADEES, forms of orthography, occurring in various writers, for the Adaize Indians, which see.

ADEQUATÁNGIE, a tributary of the eastern head waters of the river Susquehanna in New-York. The word is Iroquois.

ADDEES, the number of this tribe, residing on the waters of Red River,

in Louisiana, in 1825, is stated, in an official report, from the war department of that year, at twenty-seven.

ADÓLES, a settlement of Indians in the province of Orinoco. They were of the Saliva nation. The settlement was destroyed by the Caribs in 1684.

ADIRÓNDACKS, the name of the Iroquois tribes for the Algonquins. The consideration of their history and characteristics, as a family of tribes, will be taken up, under the latter term.

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS, a name bestowed, in the geological survey of New York, upon the mountains at the source of the Hudson River.

ADIK, IÁ-BA. See Iaba Wadik.

ADIKÍMINIS, or Cariboo Island; an island situated in the north eastern part of lake Superior, which is invested with no other importance than it derives from Indian mythology and superstition. It is small and has seldom been visited. The Chippewas believe that this is one of the places of residence of their local manitoes, and that it was formerly inhabited by Michabo or Manabosh. Early travellers, who notice this belief, represent its shores to be covered with golden sands, but that these sands are guarded by powerful spirits, who will not permit the treasure to be carried away. Many fanciful tales are told of its having been once attempted, when a huge spirit strode into the water, and reclaimed the shining treasure. This is Carver's version, who, however, confounds it with another contiguous island. Henry, who visited it in his search after silver mines, in 1765, says that the Indians told him that their ancestors had once landed there, being driven by stress of weather, but had great difficulty in escaping from the power of enormous snakes. He calls it the Island of Yellow Sands. It abounded certainly with hawks in his day, one of whom was so bold as to pluck his cap from his head. He found nothing to reward his search but a number of Cariboes, which is the American reindeer, of which no less than 13 were killed, during his stay of three days. He represented it to be 12 miles in circumference, low, and covered with ponds, and to be sixty miles distant from the north shore of the lake. He thinks it is perhaps the same island which the French called *Isle de Pontchartrain*.

AFFAGOULA, a small village of Indians, of Louisiana, who were located in 1783 near Point Coupé, on the Mississippi.

AGACES, a nation of Indians of the province of Paraguay. They are numerous, valiant, and of a lofty stature. They were, in ancient times, masters of the banks of the Paraguay, waging war against the Guavanes, and keeping the Spaniards at bay, but were at last subjugated in 1542, by Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, governor of the province.

AGARIATA, an Iroquois chief, who, having gone on an embassy of peace about 1688, to Canada, the governor, Monsieur Counsel, being exaspe-

rated against him, on account of bad faith and a violation of a treaty, caused him to be hanged in the presence of his countrymen.

AGAMENTIGUS, a mountain of considerable elevation, eight miles from York harbour, Maine; also, a river of the same vicinity, which derives its waters chiefly from the influx of Piscataqua bay. The termination of the name in *us*, is foreign, and not in accordance with the Abenakie dialects of this coast.

AGAMUNTIC, the name of a small lake, or pond, of Maine, which discharges its waters through the west branch of the Chaudiere river.

AGAWAMS, a band of Indians of the Pokenoket, or Wampanoag type, who formerly lived at various periods, in part in Sandwich, in part in Ipswich, and in part in Springfield, Massachusetts. The word is written with some variety, in old authors, the chief of which, are, the addition of another *g*, and the change of the penultimate *a* to *o*.

AGIOCOCHOOK, a name of the Indians, for the White Mountains of New-Hampshire ; of which the penultimate *ok*, is the plural. This group is also called, according to President Allen, Waumbek—a word, which in some of the existing dialects of the Algonquin, is pronounced Waubik, that is, White Rock.

AGNALOS, a tribe of infidel Indians, inhabiting the mountains north of the river Apure, in New Grenada.

AGRIAS, a tribe of Indians, formerly very numerous, of the government of Santa Marta, to the north of the Cienegra Grande. They are, at present, considerably reduced.

AGUA DE CULEBRA, San Francisco Xavier De La, a *reducción* of Indians of the Capuchins, of the province of Venezuela. The vicinity produces, in abundance, cacao, yucao, and other vegetable productions.

AGUACAGUA, an Indian mission, on a branch of the Oronoco, called Caroni.

AGUACATLAN, an Indian mission of Xala, in Mexico. In 1745, it contained 80 families of Indians, who cultivated maize and French beans.

AGUALULCO, the capital of the jurisdiction of Izatlan, New Galicia, which in 1745, contained 100 Indian families.

AGUANOS, a settlement in the province of Mainas, Quito, so called from the Indians of whom it is composed.

AGUARICO, an Indian mission of the Jesuits, on the shores of the river Napo, of the province of Mánás, Quito.

AGUARINGUA, an ancient and large settlement of Indians of the Taironas nation, in Santa Marta.

AGUILUSCO, a settlement of the district of Arantzan, in the province of Mechoacan, which contains 36 Indian families. They subsist by sowing seed, cutting wood, making saddle trees, and manufacturing vessels of fine earthen ware.

AHAPOPKA, a lake of Florida, having its outlet through the Oclawaha river of the St. John's.

AHASIMUS, an ancient Indian name, for the present site of Jersey city, Hudson county, New Jersey.

AHOME, or Ahoma, a nation of Indians, living on the banks of the river Zaque, in the province of Cinaloa, of California. They are located four leagues from the gulf, in extensive and fertile plains, and are said to be superior, by nature, to the other Indians of New Spain. Some of their customs denote this. They abhor polygamy, they hold virginity in the highest estimation. Unmarried girls, by way of distinction, wear a small shell suspended to their neck, until the day of their nuptials, when it is taken off by the bridegroom. They wear woven cotton. They bewail their dead a year, at night and morning. They are gentle and faithful in their covenants and engagements.

AHOUANDÁTE, a name for the tribe of the Wyandots, which is found on ancient maps of the Colonies.

AHUACATLAN, the name of four separate settlements of Mexico, containing, respectively, 51, 13, 450, and 160 families of Indians.

AHUACAZALCA, Nueva Espána. At this place, 56 families of Indians live by raising rice and cotton. It is in the district of San Luis de la Costa.

AHUACAZINGO, in the district of Atengo, Nueva Espána, contains 46 Indian families.

AHUALICAN, of the same province, has 36 Indian families.

AHUATELCO, ib. Has 289 families, who cultivate wheat and raise cattle.

AHUATEMPA, ib. Has 39 families.

AHUATEPEC, ib. Has 32 families.

AHUAZITLA, ib. Has 36 families, who trade *inchia*, a white medicinal earth, grain and earthen-ware.

AHWAHAWA, a tribe of Indians who were found in 1805 to be located a few miles above the Mandans, on the south west banks of the Missouri. They are believed to have been a band of the Minnitares. They numbered at that date 200. They were at war with the Snake Indians. They claim to have once been a part of the Crow nation. They professed to have been long residents of the spot occupied. The name has not been kept up, and does not appear in recent reports from that quarter. Their history is, probably, to be sought in that of the Mandans and the Minnetares.

ALAHUALTEMPA, a settlement of Chalipa, Mexico, containing 36 Indian families.

AIAHUALULCO, ib. Two settlements of this name, contain, respectively, 70 and 42 Indian families.

AIAPANGO, ib. contains 100 Indian families.

AIATEPEC, ib. has 45 families of natives.

AIAUTLA, ib. has 100 families.

AICHES, a settlement of Indians of Texas, situated on the main road to Mexico.

AIECTIPAC, Mexico. Twenty-one Indian families reside here.

AINSE, a Chippewa chief of Point St. Ignace, Michilimackinac county, Michigan. The population of this band, as shown by the government census rolls in 1840, was 193, of whom 33 were men, 54 women, and 106 children. They support themselves by the chase and by fishing. They cultivate potatoes only. They receive, together with the other bands, annuities from the government, in coin, provisions, salt, and tobacco, for which purpose they assemble annually, on the island of Michilimackinac. The name of this chief is believed to be a corruption from Hans.

AIOCUESCO, an Indian settlement of Chalipa, Mexico. Has 400 Indian families.

AIOCTITLAN, ib. Has 76 ditto.

AIOZINAPA, ib. Has 34 ditto.

AIOZINGO, ib. Has 120 ditto.

AIRICOS, a nation of Indians inhabiting the plains of Cazanare and Meta in the new kingdom of Grenada, to the east of the mountains of Bogota. They inhabit the banks of the river Ele. They are numerous and warlike, and feared by all their neighbours, for their valour and dexterity in the use of arms. In 1662 Antonio de Monteverde, a Jesuit, established a mission among them, and baptized numbers.

AISHQUÁGONABEE. A Chippewa chief, of some note, of a mild and dignified carriage, living on Grand Traverse Bay, on the east shores of lake Michigan. In 1836 he formed a part of the delegation of Chippewa and Ottawa chiefs, who proceeded to Washington city, and concluded a treaty ceding their lands to the U. S. from Grand river on lake Michigan, to Chocolate river on lake Superior. The name signifies, the first feather, or feather of honour. The population of his village in 1840, as shown by the census rolls, was 207, of whom 51 were men, or heads of families, 49 women, and 107 children. They receive annuities annually at Michilimackinac. They subsist by the chase, by planting corn, beans and potatoes, and by fishing.

AISHKEBUGÉKOZH, or the Flat Mouth, called Guelle Platte, in the patois of the Fur Trade. The Head chief of the band of the Chippewas, called Mukundwas or Pilligers, who are situated at Leech Lake, on the sources of the Mississippi. This band, it is estimated, can furnish 200 warriors. They are a brave and warlike people, and are at perpetual war with their western neighbours, the Sioux. They subsist by the chase, and by taking white fish in the lake. Some corn and potatoes are also raised by the women and the old and superannuated men of the band. They are a fierce, wild, untamed race, strong in their numbers, and proud and confident in their success in war, and the comparative ease with which they procure a subsistence from the chase. They adhere to their ancient religious cere-

monies and incantations, and are under the government of their native priests, jossakeeds and seers. Aishkebugekozh, has for many years exercised the political sway over them, leading them, sometimes to war, and presiding, at all times, in their councils. He is a shrewd man, of much observation and experience in the affairs of the frontiers. He is of a large, rather stout frame, broad shoulders and chest, and broad face, with a somewhat stern countenance, denoting decision of character and capacity to command. Thin and extended lips, parted in a right line over a prominent jaw, render the name, which his people have bestowed on him, characteristic. By the term Kozh, instead of Odoan, the true meaning of it is rather muzzle, or snout, than mouth, a distinction which the French have preserved in the term *Guelle*.

AIUINOS, a nation of Indians, of the government of Cinaloa, New Spain. They live in the north part of the province. They formerly dwelt in lofty mountains, to escape the effects of war with other nations. In 1624, the Jesuits established a mission amongst them. They are docile, well inclined, and of good habits.

ARUTLA, a settlement of New Spain, containing 187 Indian families. Another location of the same name contains 23 families.

AJOUES, a tribe of Indians of Louisiana, in its ancient extent, while it existed under the government of the French. The word, as expressed in English orthography, is Iowas, and the tribe will be considered under that head.

AKÓSA, an Odjibwa chief, living on the peninsula of Grand Traverse Bay, lake Michigan, known for his good will towards the mission established near his village, by the American Board, in 1839. In the recess periods of hunting, he is attentive on the means of instruction furnished at that station. He enjoins on his children attendance at the school. He bestows a punctual care in planting his corn-field and garden. He has erected a good dwelling house of logs, and supplied it with several articles of plain household furniture. He is of a mild and pleasing character, and appreciates and acknowledges the superiority of agriculture and civilization over the uncertainties of the chase. Without distinction in war, or eloquence, or a genealogy of warriors to refer to, and consequently, of but little general note or fame in his tribe, he is an active hunter, and stable, temperate man, and may be regarded as a fair average specimen, physically and mentally, of the race. The band of Akosa mustered 160 souls, on the pay rolls of 1840, of which number, 37 were men, 42 women, and 89 children. They receive their annuities at Michilimackinac.

AKANSA, a synonym of Arkansas.

ALABÁMA, one of the United States of America. The name is derived from a tribe of Indians, who formerly inhabited the banks of the river of the same name. This river, on its junction with the Tombigbee, forms the Mobile. The Alabama Indians, were succeeded in the occupancy of this

river by the Creeks, or Muscogees. They withdrew towards the west. In 1790 their descendants lived in a village, eligibly situated, on several swelling green hills on the banks of the Mississippi. No accounts of them are given in recent reports. They appear to have continued their route westward by the way of Red River. The precise period of their crossing the Mississippi is not known. They came to Red River about the same time as the Bolixies and Appalaches. Their language is represented to be the Mobilian, as denominated by Du Pratz, that is the Chacta. Part of them lived, at the end of the 18th century, on Red River, sixteen miles above Bayou Rapide. Thence they went higher up the stream, and settled near the Caddoes, where they raised good crops of corn. Another party, of about 40 men, lived in Apalousas district, where they cultivated corn, raised and kept horses, hogs and cattle, and exhibited a quiet and pacific character. From a statement published in a paper, at Houston, the seat of government of Texas, in 1840, their descendants were then settled on the river Trinity, in that republic, where they are associated with the Coshattas, forming two villages, numbering two hundred warriors, or about 1000 souls. They preserve, in this new location, the pacific and agricultural traits noticed during their residence in Louisiana.

ALACHUA, an extensive level prairie, in Florida, about 75 miles west of St. Augustine. The ancient Indian town of Alachua, stood on its borders, but its inhabitants removed to a more healthful position at Cusco-willa.

ALACLATZALA, a settlement in the district of St. Lewis, New Spain, containing 125 Indian families.

ALAHUITZLAN, ib. a settlement having 270 Indian families.

ALAPAHIA, one of the higher tributary streams of the Suwannee river, in Florida.

ALASKE, or **ONALASKA**, a long peninsula on the N. W. coast of America. At its termination, are a number of islands, which form a part of the cluster called the northern Archipelago.

ALBARRADA, a settlement of Indians in the kingdom of Chile, situated on the shores of the river Cauchupil. Also a settlement of New Spain, containing 22 Indian families.

ALEMPIGON improperly written for Nipigon, a small lake north of lake Superior.

ALFAXAIUCA, a settlement of New Spain, containing 171 Indian families.

ALGANSEE, a township of the county of Branch, Michigan. It is a compound derivative from Algonkin, *gan*, a particle denoting a lake, and *mushcodainse*, a prairie.

ALGIC, an adjective term used by the writer, to denote a genus or family of tribes who take their characteristic from the use of the Algonquin lan-

guage. It is a derivative from the words *Algonquin*, and *Akee*, earth, or land.

ALGONQUIN, a nation of Indians who, on the discovery and settlement of Canada, were found to occupy the north banks of the St. Lawrence between Quebec, Three Rivers, and the junction of the Utawas. Quebec itself is believed to be a word derived from this language, having its origin in Kebic, the fearful rock or cliff. When the French settled at Quebec, fifteen hundred fighting men of this nation lived between that nation and Sillery. They were reputed, at this era, to be the most warlike and powerful people in North America, and the most advanced in their policy and intelligence. Colden speaks of them as excelling all others. On the arrival of Champlain, who, although not the discoverer of the country, was the true founder of the French power in Canada, they were supplied with fire arms, and even led to war, by that chivalric officer, against their enemies, the Iroquois. They were stimulated to renewed exertions in various ways, by the arrival of this new power, and carried the terror of their arms towards the south and south-west. They were in close alliance with the Wyandots, a people who, under the names of Quatoghies and Hurons, on Cartier's arrival in 1534, were seen as low down the St. Lawrence as the island of Anticosti, and bay Chaleur. But as soon as the Iroquois had been supplied with the same weapons, and learned their use, the Algonquins were made to feel the effects of their courage, and combined strength. The Wyandots were first defeated in a great battle fought within two leagues of Quebec. The Iroquois next prepared to strike an effective blow against the collective tribes of kindred origin, called Algonquins. Under the pretence of visiting the Governor of Canada, they introduced a thousand men into the valley of the St. Lawrence, when, finding their enemies separated into two bodies, the one at the river Nicolet, and the other at Trois Rivière, they fell upon them unawares, and defeated both divisions. In this defeat the Nipercerinians (Nipes-sings) and the Atawawas (Ottowas) who then lived on the banks of the St. Lawrence, participated. The former, who were indeed but the Algonquins, under their proper name, drew off towards the north-west. The Atawawas migrated to the great chain of the Manatoulines of lake Huron, whence they have still proceeded further towards the west and south, until they reached L'arbre Croche and Grand River of Michigan, their present seats. The Quatoghies or Wyandots fled to the banks of the same Lake (Huron) which has derived its name from the celebrity of their flight to, and residence on its banks.

Of the Algonquins proper who remained on the St. Lawrence, and who are specifically entitled to that name, but a limited number survive. About the middle of the 17th century, they were reduced to a few villages near Quebec, who were then said to be "wasted, and wasting away under the effects of ardent spirits." Subsequently, they were collected, by the

Catholic Church, into a mission, and settled at the Lake of Two Mountains, on the Utawas or Grand River of Canada, where they have been instructed in various arts, and effectually civilized. There, their descendants still remain. They are a tall, active, shrewd, lithe, energetic race. Parties of them have been engaged as voyagers and hunters, within modern times, and led in the prosecution of the fur trade into the remote forests of the north-west. In these positions, they have manifested a degree of energy, hardihood, and skill in the chase, far beyond that possessed by native, unreclaimed tribes. The Algonquin women, at the Lake of Two Mountains, make very ingenious basket and bead work, in which the dyed quills of the porcupine, and various coloured beads of European manufacture, are employed. They also make finger rings out of moose hair, taken from the breast tuft of this animal, in which mottoes or devices are worked. They have molodious soft voices, in chanting the hymns sung at the mission. This tribe is called Odishkuaguma, that is, People-at-the-end-of-the-waters, by the Odjibwas. They were called Adirondacks, by the Six Nations. The term Algonquin, which we derive from the French, is not of certain etymology. It appears at first to have been a *nom de guerre*, for the particular people, or tribe, whose descendants are now confined to the position at the Lake of Two Mountains. It was early applied to all the tribes of kindred origin. And is now a generic term for a family or primitive stock of tribes in North America, who either speak cognate dialects, or assimilate in the leading principles of their languages.

The number of these tribes still existing, is very large, and viewed in the points of their greatest difference, the variations in the consonantal and diphthongal sounds of their languages, are considerable. As a general geographical area, these tribes, at various periods from about 1600, to the present time, ethnographically covered the Atlantic coast, from the northern extremity of Pamlico-sound to the Straits of Bellisle, extending west and north-west, to the banks of the Missinipi of Hudson's Bay, and to the east borders of the Mississippi, as low as the junction of the Ohio. From this area, the principal exceptions are the Iroquois of New York, the Wyandots west, and the Winnebagoes and small bands of the Docomahs. The grammatical principles of these dialects, coincide. As a general fact, in their lexicography the letters f, r and v are wanting. The dialects derive their peculiarities, in a great measure, from interchanges between the sounds of l and n, b and p, d and t, g and k, in some of which, there is a variance even in distant bands of the same tribe. The language is transpositive. In its conjugations, the pronouns are incorporated with the verb, either as prefixes or suffixes. Its substantives are provided with adjective inflections, denoting size and quality. Its verbs, on the other hand, receive substantive inflections. Gender is, as a rule, lost sight of, in the uniform attempt, to preserve, by inflections, a distinction between animate and inanimate, and personal or impersonal objects. It is remark-

able for the variety of its compounds, although the vocabulary itself, is manifestly constructed from monosyllabic roots. All its substantives admit of diminutives, but, in no instance, of augmentatives. They also admit of derogative and prepositional inflections. The comparison of adjectives, is not, on the contrary, made by inflections, but by separate words. There is no dual number, but in all the dialects, so far as examined, a distinction is made in the plural of the first person, to denote the inclusion or exclusion of the object. There is no distinction between the pronoun, singular and plural, of the third person. The language has some redundancies, which would be pruned off by cultivation. It has many liquid and labial sounds. It has a soft flow and is easy of attainment. It is peculiarly rich and varied, in its compound terms for visible objects, and their motions or acts. Streams, mountains, vallies, and waters, in all their variety of appearance, are graphically described. It is equally suited to describe the phenomena of the heavens, the air, tempests, sounds, light, colours, motion, and the various phases of the clouds and planetary bodies. It is from this department, that a large portion of their personal names are taken.

It is true that many of the grammatical principles of the Algonquin languages, are also developed in other stocks. Yet these stocks are not as well known. It was chiefly in the area of the Algonquin tribes, that the British and French, and Dutch and Swedish colonists settled, and the result of enquiry, through a long period, has accumulated most materials in relation to this type of the American languages. Specific notices of each of the subdivisions of this stock, will be given under the appropriate names.

The general synonyms for this nation are but few. The principal differences in the orthography, between the French and English writers consist in the latter's spelling the last syllable *quin*, while the former employ *kin*. In old encyclopædias and gazetteers, the phrase *Algonquen-sis*, is used. The term *Abernaquis*, is also a French mode of annotation for the same word, but is rather applied at this time to a specific band. The word *Algic*, derived from the same root, has been applied by the writer to the entire circle of the Algonquin tribes, in their utmost former extent in North America. Mr. Gallatin has proposed the term "Algonkin-Lenape," as a philological denomination for this important family. Their own name for the race, is a question of some diversity of opinion. Those particular tribes, who were found on the Atlantic coast between the Chesapeake-bay and the Hudson, called themselves *Lenapes*, generally with the prefixed or qualifying noun of *Linno*, or *Lenno*. Other tribes extending over the largest area of the union, and of British America, inhabited by this stock, denote themselves as a race, by the term *Anishinábá*, that is, the common people.

The term *Lenápe*, signifies a male, and is identical in sense with the

Algonquin word Iába. If Lenno, or Linno be, as some contend, a term denoting *original*, they must be conceded to have had more forethought, and a greater capacity for generalization, than other stocks have manifested, by calling themselves, Original Men. If, however, it only implies, as others acquainted with this language, assert, *common* or *general*, then is there perceived to be a perfect identity in the meaning of the two terms.

(To be continued.)

TOTEM.

This word is frequently heard in conversation on the frontiers, and is occasionally found in the writings of tourists and others. It is derived from odanuh, the Odjibwa-Algonquin name for a town. Hence, neen dodam, my townsfellow, or mark-fellow. The term is applied to females as well as males. In pronouncing the word dodam, an English ear will naturally substitute t's for d's and as the a in this word is sometimes pronounced short, it has been insensibly converted or corrupted into short e.

It would appear, from this etymology, that the inhabitants of a town consisted originally of persons of the same family, or family name, and consequently employed the same personal symbol, picture, badge, or mark. The symbol became, at once, the evidence of consanguinity; and it is a species of evidence which we observe to be daily acknowledged by them, even in cases, where tradition has failed to preserve all knowledge of the fact. Hence the importance of totems. They serve to denote the family stock or clan. How far this institution extends among the American tribes is not well ascertained. It prevails universally amongst the tribes of the Algonquin-Lenapee family.

Voltaire says, in his *Essay on History*, that rubbing the hand for a long time, with spirit of vitriol and alum, with the juice of an onion, will render it capable of enduring hot water without injury. One might think that Voltaire had learnt some of his philosophical secrets (if not his theological notions,) from our Indian jugglers. I have heard of at least one instance, where, not the hand only, but the whole body was, by some secret rubbing of herbs, rendered capable of sustaining a rapid transit through flames of fire.

Of the Red Race it has been said or sung:—

“Life comes unlooked for,—unregretted flies,
Pleased that he lives, but happy that he dies.”

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.

(Continued from Part 2.)

CHAPTER III.

A deeper view of the Ozark Chain. Pass along the flanks of the highlands which send out the sources of the Black, Eleven points, Currents and Spring rivers. Reach a romantic glen of caves. Birds and animals seen. Saltpetre earth; stalactites. Cross the alpine summit of the western Ozarks. Source of the Gasconde river. Accident in fording the Little Osage river.—Encamp on one of its tributaries.

It was found, as we began to bestir ourselves for wood to light our fire that we had reposed not far from a bevy of wild ducks, who had sought the grassy edge of the lake during the night, and with the first alarm be-took themselves to flight. With not so ready a mode of locomotion, we followed their example, in due time, and also their course, which was south. At the distance of a couple of miles, we crossed a small stream, running south-east, which we judged to be the outlet of the small lakes referred to, and which is, probably the source of Black River, or the Eleven points. Our course led us in an opposite direction, and we soon found ourselves approaching the sterile hills which bound the romantic valley of the currents. There had been some traces of wheels, on the softer soil, which had been driven in this direction towards the saltpetre caves, but we completely lost them, as we came to and ascended these arid and rugged steeps. Some of these steeps rose into dizzy and romantic cliffs, surmounted with pines. We wound our way cautiously amongst them, to find some gorge and depression, through which we might enter the valley. For ourselves we should not have been so choice of a path, but we had a pack horse to lead, and should he be precipitated into a gulf, we must bid adieu to our camp equipage. Our arms and a single blanket, would be all we could carry. At length this summit was reached. The view was enchanting. A winding wooded valley, with its clear bright river, stretched along at the base of the summit. Rich masses of foliage, hung over the clear stream, and were reflected in its pellucid current, with a double beauty. The autumnal frost, which had rifled the highland trees of their clothing, appeared to have passed over this deeply secluded valley,

with but little effect, and this effect, was only to highten the interest of the scene, by imparting to portions of its foliage, the liveliest orange and crimson tints. And this was rendered doubly attractive by the contrast. Behind us lay the bleak and barren hills, over which we had struggled, without a shade, or a brook, or even the simplest representative of the animal creation. For it is a truth, that during the heat of the day, both birds and quadrupeds betake themselves to the secluded shades of the streams and vallies. From these they sally out, into the plains, in quest of food at early dawn, and again just before night fall. All the rest of the day, the plains and highlands have assumed the silence of desolation. Evening began to approach as we cautiously picked our way down the cliffs, and the first thing we did, on reaching the stream was to take a hearty drink of its crystal treasure, and let our horse do the same. The next object was to seek a fording place—which was effected without difficulty. On mounting the southern bank, we again found the trail, lost in the morning, and pursued it with alacrity. It was my turn this day to be in advance, as guide, but the temptation of small game, as we went up the valley, drew me aside, while Enobitti proceeded to select a suitable spot for the night's encampment. It was dark when I rejoined him, with my squirrel and pigeon hunt. He had confined himself closely to the trail. It soon led him out of the valley, up a long brushy ridge, and then through an open elevated pine grove, which terminated abruptly in a perpendicular precipice. Separated from this, at some eight hundred yards distance, stood a counter precipice of limestone rock, fretted out, into pinnacles and massy walls, with dark openings, which gave the whole the resemblance of architectural ruins. The stream that ran between these cliffs, was small, and it lay so deep and well embrowned in the shades of evening, that it presented vividly from this elevation, a waving bright line on a dark surface. Into this deep dark terrific glen the path led, and here we lit our fire, hastily constructed a bush camp, and betook ourselves, after due ablutions in the little stream, to a night's repose. The sky became rapidly overcast, before we had finished our meal, and a night of intense darkness, threatening a tempest, set in. As we sat by our fire, its glare upon huge beetling points of overhanging rocks, gave the scene a wild and picturesque cast; and we anticipated returning daylight with an anxious wish to know and see our exact locality. By the restless tramping of our horse, and the tinkling of his bell, we knew that he had found but indifferent picking.

Daylight fulfilled the predictions of the evening. We had rain. It also revealed our position in this narrow, and romantic glen. A high wall of rocks, encompassed us on either hand, but they were not such as would have resulted in a volcanic country from a valley fissure. Narrow and deep as the glen was, it was at once apparent, that it was a valley of denudation, and had owed its existence to the wasting effects of the trifling

stream within it, carrying away, particle by particle, the matter loosened by rains and frosts, and mechanical attrition. The cliffs are exclusively calcareous, and piled up, mason like, in horizontal layers. One of the most striking pictures which they presented, was found in the great number, size and variety of caves, which opened into this calcareous formation. These caves are of all sizes, some of them very large, and not a few of them situated at elevations above the floor of the glen, which forbade access.

One of our first objects, after examining the neighbourhood, was to remove our baggage and location up the glen, into one of these caves, which at the distance of about a mile, promised us an effectual shelter from the inclemency of the storm. This done, we determined here to wait for settled weather, and explore the precincts. By far the most prominent object, among the caverns, was the one into which we had thus unceremoniously thrust ourselves. It had evidently been visited before, by persons in search of saltpetre earth. Efflorescences of nitric earth, were abundant in its fissures, and this salt was also present in masses of reddish diluvial earth, which lay in several places. The mouth of this cave presented a rude irregular arc, of which the extreme height was probably thirty feet, and the base line ninety. The floor of this orifice occurs, at an elevation of about forty feet above the stream. And this size is held for about two hundred feet, when it expands into a lofty dome, some eighty or ninety feet high, and perhaps, three hundred in diameter. In its centre a fine spring of water issues from the rock. From this dome several passages lead off in different directions.

One of these opens into the glen, at an inaccessible point, just below. Another runs back nearly at right angles with the mouth, putting out smaller passages, of not much importance, however, in its progress. So splendid and noble an entrance gave us the highest hopes of finding it but the vestibule of a natural labyrinth; but the result disappointed us. These ample dimensions soon contract, and after following the main or south passage about five hundred yards, we found our further entrance barred, by masses of fallen rock, at the foot of which a small stream trickled through the broken fragments, and found its way to the mouth. Have we good reason to attribute to this small stream, a power sufficient to be regarded as the effective agent in carrying away the calcareous rock, so as to have in a long period produced the orifice? Whence then, it may be asked, the masses of compact reddish clay and pebble diluvium, which exist? These seem rather to denote that these caves were open orifices, during the period of oceanic action, upon the surface of the Ozarks, and that a mass of waters, surcharged with such materials, flowed into pre-existing caverns. This diluvium is, in truth, of the same era as the wide spread stream of like kind, which has been deposited over the metalliferous region of Missouri. If these, however, be questions for geological doubt,

we had lit upon another inquiry, very prominent on our minds in making this exploration, namely, whether there were any wild beasts sheltered in its fissures. Satisfied that we were safe on this score, we retraced our footsteps to our fire, and sallied out to visit other caves. Most of these were at such heights as prevented access to them. In one instance, a tree had fallen against the face of the cliff, in such a manner, that by climbing it to its forks, and taking one of the latter, the opening might be reached. Putting a small mineral hammer in my pocket, I ascended this tree, and found the cave accessible. It yielded some wax-yellow and white translucent stalactites, and also very delicate white crystals of nitre. The dimensions of this cave were small, and but little higher than to enable a man to stand upright.

In each of the caves of this glen which I entered, during a halt of several days in this vicinity, I looked closely about for fossil bones, but without success in any instance. The only article of this kind observed was the recent leg and foot bones and vertebra of the *bos musarius*, which appeared to be an inhabitant of the uppermost fissures in these calcareous cliffs, but I never saw the living species, although I ranged along their summits and bases, with my gun and hammer, at various hours. Some of the compact lime stone in the bed of the creek exhibited a striped and jaspery texture. The wood-duck and the duck and mallard sometimes frequented this secluded stream, and it was a common resort for the wild turkey, at a certain hour in the evening. This bird seemed at such times to come in thirsty, from its ranges in quest of acorns on the uplands, and its sole object appeared to be to drink. Sitting in the mouth of our cave, we often had a fine opportunity to see flocks of these noisy and fine birds flying down from the cliffs, and perching on the trees below us. If they came to roost, as well as to slack their thirst, a supposition probable, this was an ill-timed movement, so long as we inhabited the glen, for they only escaped the claw and talons of one enemy, to fall before the fire-lock of the other. This bird, indeed, proved our best resource on the journey, for we travelled with too much noise and want of precaution generally, to kill the deer and elk, which, however, were abundant on the highland plains.

We passed three days at the Glen Cave, during which there were several rains; it stormed one entire day, and we employed the time of this confinement, in preparing for the more intricate and unknown parts of our journey. Hitherto we had pursued for the most of the way, a trail, and were cheered on our way, by sometimes observing traces of human labour. But, from this point we were to plunge into a perfect wilderness, without a trace or track. We had before us, that portion of the Ozark range, which separates to the right and left, the waters of the Missouri from those of the Mississippi. It was supposed, from the best reports, that by holding south-west, across these eminences, we should strike the valley

of the White River, which interposed itself between our position there and the Arkansas. To enter upon this tract, with our compass only as a guide, and with the certainty of finding no nutritious grass for our horse, required that we should lighten and curtail our baggage as much as possible, and put all our effects into the most compact and portable form. And having done this, and the weather proving settled, we followed a short distance up the Glen of Caves ; but finding it to lead too directly west, we soon left it and mounted the hills which line its southern border. A number of latter valleys, covered with thick brush, made this a labour by no means slight. The surface was rough ; vegetation sere and dry, and every thicket which spread before us, presented an obstacle which was to be overcome. We could have penetrated many of these, which the horse could not be forced through. Such parts of our clothing as did not consist of buckskin, paid frequent tribute to these brambles. At length we got clear of these spurs, and entered on a high waving table land where travelling became comparatively easy. The first view of this vista of nigh land plains was magnificent. It was covered with moderate sized sere grass and dry seed pods, which rustled as we passed. There was scarcely an object deserving the name of a tree, except, now and then, a solitary trunk of a dead pine, or oak, which had been scathed by lightning. The bleached skull of the buffalo, was sometimes met, and proved that this animal had once existed here. Rarely we passed a stunted oak ; sometimes a cluster of saplings crowned the summit of a sloping hill ; the deer often bounded before us ; we sometimes disturbed the hare from its sheltering bush, or put to flight the quail or the prairie hen. There was no prominent feature for the eye to rest upon. The unvaried prospect produced satiety. We felt in a peculiar manner the solitariness of the wilderness. We travelled silently and diligently. It was a dry and thirsty barren. From morning till sun set we did not encounter a drop of water. This became the absorbing object. Hill after hill, and vale after vale were patiently scanned, and diligently footed, without bringing the expected boon. At length we came, without the expectation of it, to a small running stream in the plain, where we gladly encamped. There was also some grass which preserved a greenish hue, and which enabled our horse also to recruit himself.

Early the next morning we repacked him, and continued our course, travelling due west south-west. At the distance of five or six miles, we reached the banks of a clear stream of twenty feet wide, running over a bed of pebbles and small secondary boulders. This stream ran towards the north west, and gave us the first intimation we had, that we had crossed the summit and were on the off drain of the Missouri. We supposed it to be the source of the Gasconade, or at farthest some eastern tributary of the Little Osage.

A few hours travelling brought us to the banks of another stream of

much larger size and depth, but running in the same direction. This stream we found it difficult to cross, and spent several hours in heaping piles of stone, and connecting them with dry limbs of trees, which had been carried down by floods. It had a rapid and deep current, on each side of which was a wide space of shallow water and rolled boulders of lime and sand stone. We succeeded in driving the horse safely over. Enobitti led the way on our frail bridge-work, but disturbed the last link of it as he jumped off on the south bank, so that it turned under my tread and let me in. There was no kind of danger in the fall as it was in the shallow part of the stream, but putting out my hands to break the fall, it so happened that my whole weight rested on my gun, which was supported on two stones, merely on its butt and muzzle; the effect was to wrench the barrel. I gave it a counter wrench as soon as we encamped, but I never afterwards could place full confidence in it. We had not gone over three or four miles beyond this river, when we came to the banks of a third stream, running west, but also sweeping off below, towards the north-west. This stream was smaller than the former and opposed no difficulty in fording it. Having done this we followed it up a short distance, and encamped on its south banks.

To be continued.)

APOTHEGMS BY HIBERNICUS.

The innate meanness of the base born soul,
Retires from honour, as from light the mole.

When the humbly born acquire riches by just means, or celebrity from genius (if possessed of humility) he will never be reminded of his origin.

He that writes apothegms will inadvertently draw his own picture, though unwilling to amend his faults.

It is only in the last stages of depravity that a man is unable to reform: we ought to will while we have the power to act.

Beauty and Truth require but simple drapery; their different modifications are the origin of art and ornament: genius and taste are shown in the selection and application of them.

He must have a very high opinion indeed of himself, who thinks he can say any thing new and instructive: yet if by his manner he attracts attention and reminds us of a truth, the impression of which had been effaced, we are certainly indebted to him.

Avarice is the basest and most selfish of the human passions.

HISTORY.

A SYNOPSIS OF CARTIER'S VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY AT NORTH AMERICA.

FIRST VOYAGE.

FORTY-TWO years had elapsed from the discovery of America by Columbus, when Jacques Cartier prepared to share in the maritime enterprise of the age, by visiting the coast. Cartier was a native of Normandy, and sailed from the port of St. Malo, in France, on the 20th April, 1534. It will be recollect that the conquest of Mexico had been completed 13 years previous. Cartier had two small vessels of 60 tons burden and 61 men each. The crews took an oath, before sailing, "to behave themselves truly and faithfully in the service of the most christian king," Francis I. After an unusually prosperous voyage of 20 days, he made cape "Buona Vista" in Newfoundland, which he states to be in north latitude, $48^{\circ} 30'$. Here meeting with ice, he made the haven of St. Catherine's, where he was detained ten days. This coast had now been known since the voyage of Cabot, in 1497, and had been frequently resorted to, by fishing vessels. Jean Denis, a native of Rouen, one of these fishermen, is said to have published the first chart of it, in 1506. Two years afterwards, Thomas Aubert, brought the first natives from Newfoundland to Paris, and this is the era, 1508, commonly assigned as the discovery of Canada. The St. Lawrence remained, however, undiscovered, nor does it appear that any thing was known, beyond a general and vague knowledge of the coast, and its islands. The idea was yet entertained, indeed, it will be seen by subsequent facts, that America was an island, and that a passage to the Asiatic continent, existed in these latitudes.

On the 21st May, Cartier continued his voyage, sailing "north and by east" from cape Buona Vista, and reached the Isle of Birds, so called from the unusual abundance of sea fowl found there, of the young of which the men filled two boats, "so that" in the quaint language of the journal, "besides them which we did eat fresh, every ship did powder and salt five or six barrels." He also observed the godwit, and a larger and vicious bird, which they named margaulx. While at this island, they descried a polar bear, which, in their presence leapt into the sea, and

thus escaped. On their subsequent passage to the main land, they again encountered, as they supposed, the same animal swimming towards land. They manned their boats, and "by main strength overtook her, whose flesh was as good to be eaten, as the flesh of a calf two years old." This bear is described to be, "as large as a cow, and as white as a swan."

On the 27th he reached the harbour of "Carpunt" in the bay "Les Chastaux," latitude 51° , where he was constrained to lay by, on account of the accumulation of ice, till the 9th of June. The narrator of the voyage takes this occasion to describe certain parts of the coast and waters of Newfoundland, the island of St. Catherine, Blanc Sablon, Brest, the Isle of Birds, and a numerous group of Islands called the Islets. But these memoranda are not connected with any observations or discoveries of importance. Speaking of Bird and Brest Islands, he says, they afford "great store of godwits, and crows, with red beaks and red feet," who "make their nests in holes underground, even as conies." Near this locality "there is great fishing."

On the 10th June, he entered a port in the newly named island of Brest, to procure wood and water. Meantime, boats were dispatched to explore among the islands, which were found so numerous "that it was not possible they might be told, for they continued about 10 leagues beyond the said port." The explorers slept on an island. The next day they continued their discoveries along the coast, and having passed the islands, found a haven, which they named St. Anthony: one or two leagues beyond, they found a small river named St. Servansport, and here set up a cross. About three leagues further, they discovered another river, of larger size, in which they found salmon, and bestowed upon it the name of St. Jacques.

While in the latter position, they descried a ship from Rochelle, on a fishing voyage, and rowing out in their boats, directed it to a port near at hand, in what is called "Jaques Cartier's Sound," "which," adds the narrator, "I take to be one of the best, in all the world." The face of the country they examined, is, however, of the most sterile and forbidding character, being little besides "stones and wild crags, and a place fit for wild beasts, for in all the North Island," he continues, "I did not see a cart load of good earth, yet went I on shore, in many places, and in the Island of White Sand, (Blanc Sablon,) there is nothing else but moss and small thorns, scattered here and there, withered and dry. To be short, I believe that this was the land that God allotted to Cain."

Immediately following this, we have the first description of the natives. The men are described as being "of an indifferent good stature and bigness, but wild and unruly. They wear their hair tied on the top, like a wreath of hay, and put a wooden pin within it, or any other such thing, instead of a nail, and with them, they bind certain birds feathers. They are

clothed with beast skins, as well the men as women, but that the women go somewhat straiter and closer in their garments, than the men do, with their waists girded. They paint themselves with certain roan colours; their boats are made of the bark of birch trees, with the which they fish, and take great store of seals. And as far as we could understand, since our coming thither, that is not their habitation, but they come from the main land, out of *hotter** countries to catch the said seals, and other necessaries for their living."

From this exploratory trip, the boats returned to their newly named harbour of Brest, on the 13th. On the 14th, being the Sabbath, service was read, and the next day Cartier continued his voyage, steering southerly, along the coast, which still wore a most barren and cheerless aspect. Much of this part of the narrative is taken up with distances and soundings, and the naming of capes and islands of very little interest at the present day. They saw a few huts upon the cliffs on the 18th, and named this part of the coast "Les Granges," but did not stop to form any acquaintance with their tenants. Cape Royal was reached and named the day prior, and is said to be the "greatest fishery of cods there possibly may be, for in less than an hour we took a hundred of them." On the 24th they discovered the island of St. John. They saw myriads of birds upon the group of islands named "Margaulx," five leagues westward of which they discovered a large, fertile, and well-timbered island, to which the name of "Brion" was given. The contrast presented by the soil and productions of this island, compared with the bleak and waste shores they had before encountered, excited their warm admiration; and with the aid of this excitement, they here saw "wild corn," peas, gooseberries, strawberries, damask roses, and parsley, "with other sweet and pleasant herbs." They here also saw the walrus, bear, and wolf.

Very little is to be gleaned from the subsequent parts of the voyage, until they reached the gulf of St. Lawrence. Mists, head winds, barren rocks, sandy shores, storms and sunshine, alternately make up the landscape presented to view. Much caution was evinced in standing off and on an iron bound coast, and the boats were often employed in exploring along the main land. While thus employed near a shallow stream, called the "River of Boats," they saw natives crossing the stream in their canoes, but the wind coming to blow on shore, they were compelled to retire to their vessels, without opening any communication with them. On the following day, while the boats were traversing the coast, they saw a native running along shore after them, who made signs as they supposed, directing them to return towards the cape they had left. But as soon as the boat turned he fled. They landed, however, and putting a

*I underscore the word "hotter," to denote the prevalent theory. They were searching for China or the East India.

knife and a woollen girdle on a staff, as a good-will offering, returned to their vessels.

The character of this part of the Newfoundland coast, impressed them as being greatly superior to the portions which they had previously seen, both in soil and temperature. In addition to the productions found at Brion's Island, they noticed cedars, pines, white elm, ash, willow, and what are denominated "ewe-trees." Among the feathered tribes they mention the "thrush and stock-dove." By the latter term the passenger pigeon is doubtless meant. The "wild corn" here again mentioned, is said to be "like unto rye," from which it may be inferred that it was the zizania, although the circumstance of its being an aquatic plant is not mentioned.

In running along the coast Cartier appears to have been engrossed with the idea, so prevalent among the mariners of that era, of finding a passage to India, and it was probably on this account that he made such a scrupulous examination of every inlet and bay, and the productions of the shores. Wherever the latter offered anything favourable, there was a strong disposition to admiration, and to make appearances correspond with the theory. It must be recollected that Hudson, seventy-five years later, in sailing up the North River, had similar notions. Hence the application of several improper terms to the vegetable and animal productions of the latitudes, and the constant expectation of beholding trees bending with fruits and spices, "goodly trees" and "very sweet and pleasant herbs." That the barren and frigid shores of Labrador, and the northern parts of Newfoundland, should have been characterised as a region subject to the divine curse, is not calculated to excite so much surprise, as the disposition with every considerable change of soil and verdure, to convert it into a land of oriental fruitfulness. It does not appear to have been sufficiently borne in mind, that the increased verdure and temperature, were, in a great measure, owing to the advancing state of the season. He came on this coast on the 10th of May, and it was now July. It is now very well known that the summers in high northern latitudes, although short, are attended with a high degree of heat.

On the 3d of July Cartier entered the gulf to which the name of St. Lawrence has since been applied, the centre of which he states to be in latitude $47^{\circ} 30'$. On the 4th he proceeded up the bay to a creek called St. Martin, near bay De Chaleur, where he was detained by stress of weather eight days. While thus detained, one of the ship's boats was sent a-head to explore. They went 7 or 8 leagues to a cape of the bay, where they descried two parties of Indians, "in about 40 or 50 canoes," crossing the channel. One of the parties landed and beckoned them to follow their example, "making a great noise" and showing "certain skins upon pieces of wood"—i. e. fresh stretched skins. Fearing their numbers, the seamen kept aloof. The Indians prepared to follow them, in two canoes, in which movement they were joined by five canoes of the other party,

"who were coming from the sea side." They approached in a friendly manner, "dancing and making many signs of joy, saying in their tongue Nape tondamen assuath."^{*} The seamen, however, suspected their intentions, and finding it impossible to elude them by flight, two shots were discharged among them, by which they were so terrified, that they fled precipitately ashore, "making a great noise." After pausing awhile, the "wild men" however, re-embarked, and renewed the pursuit, but after coming alongside, they were frightened back by the strokes of two lances, which so disconcerted them that they fled in haste, and made no further attempt to follow.

This appears to have been the first rencontre of the ship's crew with the natives. On the following day, an interview was brought on, by the approach of said "wild men" in nine canoes, which is thus described. "We being advertised of their coming, went to the point where they were with our boats; but so soon as they saw us they began to flee, making signs that they came to traffic with us, showing us such skins as they clothed themselves withal, which are of small value. We likewise made signs unto them, that we wished them no evil, and in sign thereof, two of our men ventured to go on land to them, and carry them knives, with other iron wares, and a red hat to give unto their captain. Which, when they saw, they also came on land, and brought some of their skins, and so began to deal with us, seeming to be very glad to have our iron wares and other things, dancing, with many other ceremonies, as with their hands to cast sea water on their heads. They gave us whatever they had, not keeping any thing, so that they were constrained to go back again naked, and made us signs, that the next day, they would come again and bring more skins with them."

Observing a spacious bay extending beyond the cape, where this intercourse had been opened, and the wind proving adverse to the vessels quitting their harbour, Cartier despatched his boats to examine it, under an expectation that it might afford the desired passage—for it is at all times to be observed that he was diligently seeking the long sought passage to the Indies. While engaged in this examination, his men discovered "the smokes and fires" of "wild men" (the term constantly used in the narrative to designate the natives.) These smokes were upon a small lake, communicating with the bay. An amiable interview took place, the natives presenting cooked seal, and the French making a suitable return "in hatchets, knives and beads." After these preliminaries, which were conducted with a good deal of caution, by deputies from both sides, the body of the men approached in their canoes, for the purpose of trafficking, leaving most of

* In Mr. Gallatin's comparative vocabulary, "Napew" means man, in the Sheshatapoosh or Labrador. It is therefore fair to conclude that these were a party of Sheshatapoosh Indians, whose language proves them to be of the kindred of the great Algonquin family.

their families behind. About 300 men women and children were estimated to have been seen at this place. They evinced their friendship by singing and dancing, and by rubbing their hands upon the arms of their European visitors, then lifting them up towards the heavens. An opinion is expressed that these people, (who were in the position assigned to the Micmacs in 1600 in Mr. Gallatin's ethnological map,) might very easily be converted to Christianity. "They go," says the narrator, "from place to place. They live only by fishing. They have an ordinary time to fish for their provisions. The country is *hotter* than the country of Spain, and the fairest that can possibly be found, altogether smooth and level." To the productions before noticed, as existing on Brion's island &c., and which were likewise found here, he adds, "white and red roses, with many other flowers of very sweet and pleasant smell." "There be also," says the journalist, "many goodly meadows, full of grass, and lakes, wherein plenty of salmon be." The natives called a hatchet *cochi*, and a knife *bacon*.* It was now near the middle of July, and the degree of heat experienced on the excursion induced Cartier to name the inlet, Baie du Chaleur—a name it still retains.

On the 12th of July Cartier left his moorings at St. Martin's creek, and proceeded up the gulf, but encountering bad weather he was forced into a bay, which appears to have been Gaspe, where one of the vessels lost her anchor. They were forced to take shelter in a river of that bay, and there detained thirteen days. In the mean while they opened an intercourse with the natives, who were found in great numbers engaged in fishing for makerel. Forty canoes, and 200 men women and children were estimated to have been seen, during their detention. Presents of "knives, combs, beads of glass, and other trifles of small value," were made to them, for which they expressed great thankfulness, lifting up their hands, and dancing and singing.

These Gaspe Indians are represented as differing, both in nature and language, from those before mentioned. They presented a picture of abject poverty, were partially clothed in "old skins," and lived without the use of tents. They may, says the journalist, "very well and truly be called *wild*, because there is no poorer people in the world, for I think, all they had together, besides their boats and nets, was not worth five sous." They shaved their heads, except a tuft at the crown; sheltered themselves at night under their canoes on the bare ground, and ate their provisions very partially cooked. They were wholly without the use of salt, and "ate nothing that had any taste of salt." On Cartier's first landing among them, the men expressed their joy, as those at bay Chaleur had done, by singing and dancing. But they had caused all their women,

* Koshee and Bahkon. These are not the terms for a hatchet and a knife in the Micmac, nor in the old Algonquin, nor in the Wyandot.

except 2 or 3, to flee into the woods. By giving a comb and a tin bell to each of the women who had ventured to remain, the avarice of the men was excited, and they quickly caused their women, to the number of about 20, to sally from the woods, to each of whom the same present was made. They caressed Cartier by touching and rubbing him with their hands; they also sung and danced. Their nets were made of a species of indigenous hemp; they possessed also, a kind of "millet" called "kapaige," beans called "Sahu," and nuts called "Cahehya." If any thing was exhibited, which they did not know, or understand, they shook their heads saying "Nohda." It is added that they never come to the sea, except in fishing time, which, we may remark, was probably the cause of their having no lodges, or much other property about them. They would naturally wish to disencumber their canoes as much as possible, in these summer excursions, that they might freight them back with dried fish. The language spoken by these Gaspe Indians is manifestly of the Iroquois type. "Cahehya," is, with a slight difference, the term for fruit, in the Oneida.

On the 24th July, Cartier set up a cross thirty feet high, inscribed, "*Vive le Roy de France.*" The natives who were present at this ceremony, seem, on a little reflection, to have conceived the true intent of it, and their chief complained of it, in a "long oration," giving them to understand "that the country was his, and that we should not set up any cross, without his leave." Having quieted the old chief's fears, and made use of a little duplicity, to get him to come alongside, they seized two of the natives for the purpose of taking them to France, and on the next day set sail, up the gulf. After making some further examinations of the gulf, and being foiled in an attempt to enter the mouth of a river, Cartier turned his thoughts on a return. He was alarmed by the furious tides setting out of the St. Lawrence; the weather was becoming tempestuous, and under these circumstances he assembled his captains and principal men, "to put the question as to the expediency of continuing the voyage." They advised him to this effect: That, considering that easterly winds began to prevail—"that there was nothing to be gotten"—that, the impetuosity of the tides was such "That they did but fall," and that storms and tempests began to reign—and moreover, that they must either promptly return home, or else remain where they were till spring, it was expedient to return. With this counsel he complied. No time was lost in retracing their outward track, along the Newfoundland coast. They reached the port of "White Sands," on the 9th of August. On the 15th, being "the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady," after service, Cartier took his departure from the coast. He encountered a heavy storm, of three days continuance, "about the middle of the sea," and reached the port of St. Malo, on the 5th of September, after an absence of four months and sixteen days.

This comprises the substance of the first voyage of discovery, of which

we have knowledge, ever made within the waters of the St. Lawrence. The Newfoundland and Nova Scotia coasts, together with the shores of the North Atlantic generally, had been discovered by Cabot, 37 years before. The banks of Newfoundland had been resorted to, as is known pretty freely for the purpose of fishing, for 26 years of this period, and the natives had been at least, in one instance, taken to Europe. But the existence of the St. Lawrence appears not to have been known. Cartier, is, therefore, the true discoverer of Canada, although he was not its founder. The latter honour was reserved for another. In the two succeeding voyages made by Cartier, of which it is proposed to make a synopsis, his title as a discoverer, is still more fully established. But it will be seen, that he still thought Canada to be an island, and he has left a lasting monument of the still prevalent notion of a north-west passage to China, in the name of *Lachine*, which was bestowed by him and his followers upon the noted point of embarkation for the interior, nine miles above the city of Montreal.

My object in taking up these obsolete voyages, as they are given in his quaint language in Hakluyt, has been to determine the particular races or tribes among whom the French first landed, and the utmost points, to which the Iroquios and Algonquin stocks, respectively descended towards the sea, in their summer fishing excursions, during the early part of the 16th century. By a close scrutiny of their customs and languages, the line of territorial separation, may also, it is believed, be denoted between these, and the Labrador Algonquins, and their northern neighbours, the Esquimaux.

(To be continued.)

All who have served under Jason, says Xenophon, have learned this lesson, that PLEASURE IS THE EFFECT OF TOIL; though as to sensual pleasures, I know no person in the world more temperate than Jason. They never break in upon his time; they always leave him leisure to do, what must be done.

Some men are contemptible for one thing, and some for another, but no one has earned a better claim to the word, than the foreign tourist or observer, who can see nothing in his travels to approve or admire; whose mind is so jaundiced by prior association, and so wedded to the narrow precincts of his native localities, as to think every particle of praise or approbation bestowed upon the features, institutions or manners of other lands, as so much abstracted from his own, and who, having been received in his visits, with courtesy and attention, mayhap far above his merits, repays it on his return home, in strains of detraction and abuse.

TAKOZID,

OR

THE SHORT-FOOT.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Most of the individuals who have figured amongst the Red Race in America, have appeared under circumstances which have precluded any thing like a full and consistent biography. There is, in truth, but little in savage life, to furnish materials for such biographies. The very scantiness of events determines this. A man suddenly appears among these tribes as a warrior, a negotiator, an orator, or a prophet, by a name that nobody ever before heard of. He excites attention for a short time, and then sinks back into the mass of Indian society, and is no more heard of. His courage, his eloquence, or his diplomatic skill, are regarded as evidences of talent, and energy of thought or action, which, under better auspices, might have produced a shining and consistent character. But he has been left by events, and is sunk in the mass. He appeared rather like an erratic body, or flash, than a fixed light amid his people. The circumstances that brought him into notice have passed away. A victory has been won, a speech made, a noble example given. The affair has been adjusted, the tribe resumed its hunting, or corn-planting, or wandering, or internal discords, and the new name, which promised for a while to raise a Tamerlane, or Tippoo Saib in the west, settles down in the popular mind; and if it be not wholly lost, is only heard of now and then, as one of the signatures to some land treaty. There is not, in fact, sufficient, in the population, military strength, or importance of the affairs of *most* of our tribes, to work out incidents for a sustained and full biography. Even the most considerable personages of past times, who have been honoured with such full notices, have too much resemblance to a stout boy in his father's regimentals. They hang loosely about him. The most that can be done—all indeed which the occasion requires in general—is a sketch of such particular events, in aboriginal history, as the individual has connected his name with. It is proposed in the progress of this work, to furnish some of such sketches from the unwritten annals of the west and the north.

Among that class of aboriginal chiefs and actors, who have not risen to the highest distinction, or attained general notoriety out of the circle of their own tribes, was Takozid, or the Short-Foot; a Mukundwa, or pilager; a fierce, warlike, and predatory tribe of the Odjibwa Algonquin

stock, who, at an early time seated themselves on the sources of the Mississippi, making their head quarters at Leech Lake. To this place, their traditions assert, they came from Chagoimegon, or still farther east, prior to the discovery of the country by Europeans. They were consequently intruders in, or conquerors of the country, and drove back some other people. It seems equally probable that this people were the Dacotahs, the Naddowassies, or as it is abbreviated, Sioux, of early French writers. The Sioux are a numerous and warlike stock, who occupy portions of the banks of the Missouri and the Mississippi, at, and about the latitude of St. Anthony's Falls. A hereditary war of which "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," was the consequence of this ancient inroad. Of all this region of country we can speak from personal knowledge, having traversed it at sundry times, and in various directions. It is in local reminiscence, little more than a widely extended scene of Indian battles, ambuscades and murders. There is hardly a prominent stream, plain or forest, which is not referred to, as the traveller proceeds, as the particular locality of some fight, tragedy, or hair-breath escape among the Red Men. The Olympic games were not a surer test of fame in successful rivalry, than is this wide area of aboriginal warfare, for the opposing nations of the Sioux and Chippewas. War is the prime avenue to distinction to the Indian mind. As soon as a hunter has acquired any distinction, and begins to look upon himself as a person of courage and address, he turns his efforts to the war path. Whatever else he is famous for, this is the crowning test and seal of his reputation. And none have pursued it with more incessant devotion than the Chippewas.

Takozid determined from his earliest youth to take a part in the strife for barbaric glory. He early joined the war parties going into the great plains. He learned their arts, repeated their songs, and became expert in all the warrior's arts. He established the reputation of a brave young man. The next step was to lead a war party himself. He courted popularity by generosity, self denial, and attention to their religious rites and ceremonies. These things may be done on a smaller scale, as effectually among a band of savages, as in the hall or forum. He succeeded. He raised a war party, conducted it into the plains, discovered his enemies, approached them slyly, fell upon them, defeated them, and returned in triumph with their scalps to his village. His deep and hollow CHE KWAN DUM, or death-cry of victory as he came to the eminence which overlooked his village, announced all this before he set foot in his village: and the number of his scalps.

These exploits placed him on the pinnacle of fame. It is a curious fact, in the lives of our Red men, to observe that war is a stimulus to polygamy. One of the first things he thought of, as a proper reward for his bravery, was to take another wife. In this, his friends and partizans concurred, although he had no cause of dissatisfaction with his first wife, to whom he

had been married but a short time, and who had borne him a son. Time added confirmation to this plan. It was talked of, and even debated by the chiefs. It was conceded to be due to his bravery. All, indeed, appeared to approve of it, but his wife. She heard of the rumor with alarm, and received the account of its confirmation, with pain. It could no longer be doubted, for the individual who was to share, nay, control the lodge with her was named, and the consent of her parents had been obtained.

Monon, or the Little-Iron-Wood-Tree, as she was called, was a female of no ordinary firmness of character. She was ardently attached to her husband, not the less so for his rising fame, jealous of her rights, and prompted by strong feelings to maintain them. In all these points she was above the generality of her country women. Like others, however, in a community where polygamy was common, she might have submitted at length, to her fate, had not her rival in the affections of Takozid, appealed to a deeper seated principle, and waked up, in the breast of the injured wife, the feeling of revenge: a principle reckless enough, in communities where there are the safeguards of education and christianity to restrain and regulate it; but horrible in wild and roving bands of barbarians. Monon's fidelity was slandered. She was a pure and high minded woman, and the imputation goaded her to the quick.

When this slander first reached her ears, through the ordinary channel of village gossip, a chord was struck, which vibrated through every throe, and steeled her heart for some extraordinary act; although none could anticipate the sanguinary deed which marked the nuptial night. An Indian marriage is often a matter of little ceremony. It was not so, on this occasion. To render the events imposing, many had been invited. The bride was dressed in her best apparel. Her father was present. Many young and old, males and females were either present or thronged around the lodge. The broad clear blue waters of the lake, studded with green islands, spread before the door. A wide grassy lawn, which was the village ball and play ground, extended down to its margin. It was a public event. A throng had gathered around. Takozid was to be married. He was to take a second wife, in the daughter of Obegwud. Takozid himself was there. Hilarity reigned within and without. All indeed, were there, but the dejected and deserted Monon, who had been left with her child, at the chieftain's own lodge.

But a spirit had been aroused in her breast, which would not permit her to remain absent. She crossed the green silently, stealthily. She stood gazing awhile at the lake. She approached the bridal lodge. She passed easily among the group. She entered the lodge. Nor had any one, at that moment, a thought of suspicion or alarm. The bride was seated on her envied abbinos; her affianced husband was at her side.

All at once, there arose a shrill cry, in the Chippewa tongue. "*This, vociferated the enraged Monon, This for the bastard!*" and at each repeti-

tion of the words, she raised an Indian poignard, in her hand. The suddenness of her movement had paralyzed every attempt to arrest her. Amazement sat in every face. She had plunged a pointed knife into the breast of her rival.

There is little to be added to such a catastrophe. Its very suddenness and atrocity appalled every one. Nobody arrested her, and nobody pursued her. She returned as she came, and re-entered her lodge. Her victim never spoke.

From this moment the fame of Takozid declined. The event appeared to have unmanned him. He went no more to war. His martial spirits appeared to have left him. He sank back into the mass of Indian society, and was scarcely ever mentioned. Nor should we, indeed, have recalled his name from its obscurity, were it not associated in the Indian reminiscences of Leech lake, with this sanguinary deed.

I had this relation a few years ago, from a trader, who had lived at Leech lake, who personally knew the parties, and whose veracity I had no reason at all, to call into question. It is one of the elements that go into the sum of my personal observations, on savage life, and as such I cast it among these papers. To judge of the Red race aright, we must view it, in all its phases, and if we would perform our duty towards them, as christians and men, we should gather our data from small, as well as great events, and from afar as well as near. When all has been done, in the way of such collections and researches, it will be found, we think, that their errors and crimes, whatever they are, assume no deeper dye than philanthropy has had reason to apprehend them to take, without a knowledge of the principles of the gospel. *Thou shalt not kill*, is a law, yet to be enforced, among more than two hundred thousand souls, who bear the impress of a red skin, within the acknowledged limits of the American Union.

IMPROPTU.

On passing the Inn of "A Failing" on the Mohawk, in 1810.

Sure fortune's a bubble, and life is a joke,
Or fate would this man be assailing ;
For pray where's the mortal who would not have broke,
If he'd forty long years been *a—failing*.

Men who sincerely desire peace, says Xenophon, ought not to expect from others a thorough compliance with their own demands, whilst they manifest a disposition to engross all power to themselves.

THE MANITO TREE.

There is a prominent hill in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie, at the outlet of lake Superior, called by the French *La Butte des Terres*. An Indian footpath formerly connected this hill with the old French settlement at those falls, from which it is distant about a mile. In the intermediate space, near the path, there formerly stood a tree, a large mountain ash, from which, Indian tradition says, there issued a sound, resembling that produced by their own war-drums, during one of the most calm and cloudless days. This occurred long before the French appeared in the country. It was consequently regarded as the local residence of a spirit, and deemed sacred.

From that time they began to deposit at its foot, an offering of small green twigs and boughs, whenever they passed the path, so that, in process of time, a high pile of these offerings of the forest was accumulated. It seemed as if, by this procedure, the other trees had each made an offering to this tree. At length the tree blew down, during a violent storm, and has since entirely decayed, but the spot was recollect ed and the offerings kept up, and they would have been continued to the present hour, had not an accidental circumstance put a stop to it.

In the month of July 1822, the government sent a military force to take post, at that ancient point of French settlement, at the foot of the falls, and one of the first acts of the commanding officer was to order out a fatigue party to cut a wagon road from the selected site of the post to the hill. This road was directed to be cut sixty feet wide, and it passed over the site of the tree. The pile of offerings was thus removed, without the men's knowing that it ever had had a superstitious origin; and thus the practice itself came to an end. I had landed with the troops, and been at the place but nine days, in the exercise of my appropriate duties as an Agent on the part of the government to the tribe, when this trait of character was mentioned to me, and I was thus made personally acquainted with the locality, the cutting of the road, and the final extinction of the rite.

Our Indians are rather prone to regard the coming of the white man, as fulfilling certain obscure prophecies of their own priests; and that they are, at best, harbingers of evil to them; and with their usual belief in fatality, they tacitly drop such rites as the foregoing. They can excuse themselves to their consciences in such cases, in relinquishing the worship of a local manito, by saying: it is the tread of the white man that has desecrated the ground.

Many who praise virtue, says the author of the Rambler, do no more than praise it.

NIAGARA, AN ALLEGORY.

An old grey man on a mountain lived,
 He had daughters four and one,
 And a tall bright lodge of the betula bark
 That glittered in the sun.

He lived on the very highest top,
 For he was a hunter free,
 Where he could spy on the clearest day,
 Gleams of the distant sea.

Come out—come out ! cried the youngest one,
 Let us off to look at the sea,
 And out they ran in their gayest robes,
 And skipped and ran with glee.

Come Su,* come Mi,† come Hu,‡ come Sa,§
 Cried laughing little Er,||
 Let us go to yonder broad blue deep,
 Where the breakers foam and roar.

And on they scampered by valley and wood,
 By earth and air and sky,
 Till they came to a steep where the bare rocks stood,
 In a precipice mountain high.

Inya !|| cried Er, here's a dreadful leap,
 But we are gone so far,
 That if we flinch and return in fear,
 Nos,** he will cry ha ! ha !

Now each was clad in a vesture light,
 That floated far behind,
 With sandals of frozen water drops,
 And wings of painted wind.

And down they plunged with a merry skip,
 Like birds that skim the plain ;
 And hey ! they cried, let us up and try
 And down the steep again.

And up and down the daughters skipped,
 Like girls on a holiday,
 And laughed outright, at the sport and foam,
 They called Niagara.

If ye would see a sight so rare,
 Where nature's in her glee,
 Go, view the spot in the wide wild west,
 The land of the brave and free.

But mark—their shapes are only seen
 In fancy's deepest play,
 But she plainly shews their wings and feet
 In the dancing sunny spray.

* Superior. † Michigan. ‡ Huron. § St. Claro. || Erie.

¶ An exclamation of wonder and surprize.—*Odj. lan.* ** My father.—ib



ONEOTA.

OR

THE RED RACE OF AMERICA.

PART THIRD.

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ONEÓTA.

OR

THE RED RACE OF AMERICA:

THEIR HISTORY, TRADITIONS, CUSTOMS,

POETRY, PICTURE-WRITING, &c.

IN EXTRACTS FROM

NOTES, JOURNALS, AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT,

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS TO THE SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI;" "ALGIC RESEARCHES;"
"EXPEDITION TO ITASCA LAKE," ETC.

No. VI.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY BURGESS & STRINGER

No. 222 Broadway.

1845

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

New York Evening Post, Dec. 30, 1844.

ONAKOTA—or the Red Race in America, by H. R. Schoolcraft.

Every man of letters should have this book in his library—every American Poet should make it his familiar study. We speak thus strongly, not for the sake of puffing the author, but from an unaffected, sincere, and earnest desire, that the leaders of literary taste among our countrymen should become familiar with the rich materials for an original and purely American literature which lie at our very doors.

A few words will make our readers understand the character of the publication. Mr. Schoolcraft, while travelling as Government Agent at the far west, and connected with the Indian Bureau of the War Department for some twenty years, devoted himself with singular zeal to the task of collecting facts relating to the history of *Mythology* and individual peculiarities of our Aborigines. His connection by marriage with the accomplished and highly educated grand-daughter of an Indian Chief—a lady eminently versed in the language and lore of her fathers—gave Mr. Schoolcraft every possible facility to avail himself of his position and official advantages as a resident among the tribes. In his labor of research he accumulated a vast amount of notes upon their habits, their dialects and superstitions, notes of the most curious and valuable kind, from the minute insight they give us into the mind of the red man. So extensive and varied, indeed, was his collection that he despaired of giving it to the public in a fully digested form. He had matter enough to employ a dozen pens in its literary arrangement; but so few among us are devoted to simi-

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the Missouri, the latter enjoying the comforts and civilisation of her animal tribe on the banks of a beauteous river. The details of this adventure are as good as anything in *Æsop*, and rank with similar Hindoo and Egyptian inventions. He gives us a curious account of the Dormouse, how from the largest it became the smallest of animals—and of the noose by which the sun was entrapped; and how all this was brought about, we have only to refer the reader to the book, with the old proverb, *Honi soit qu' mal y pense*. Makakee Mindemoea; or the Toad-woman, an Ojibwa legend, is as fanciful as a German tale. The shoes that, set homewards, would walk back of themselves, is of the very spirit of the wild Gothic invention. The device by which the child again recognizes its mother, and the part played by the little dog, would be considered felicitous in Grimm or Hauff. The White Stone Canoe is a pure allegory in a dream, that Addison would have delighted to polish for one of his favorite fancies in the *Spectator*. And thus we might go on plucking ripe and beautiful fruit from the boughs of these old legends—finding parallels for some of the most fanciful and cherished of the European stories. We might con-

[Continued on third page of cover.]



OR

THE RED RACE OF AMERICA.

PART SIXTH.

SCENERY OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

FEW portions of America can vie in scenic attractions with this interior sea. Its size alone gives it all the elements of grandeur, but these have been heightened by the mountain masses which nature has piled along its shores. In some places these masses consist of vast walls of coarse grey or drab sandstone, placed horizontally until they have attained many hundred feet in height above the water. The action of such an immense liquid area, forced against these crumbling walls by tempests, has caused wide and deep arches to be worn into the solid structure at their base, into which the billows rush with a noise resembling low pealing thunder. By this means, large areas of the impending mass are at length undermined and precipitated into the lake, leaving the split and rent parts from which they have separated, standing like huge misshapen turrets and battlements. Such is the varied coast called the Pictured Rocks.

At other points of the coast volcanic forces have operated, lifting up these level strata into positions nearly vertical, and leaving them to stand like the leaves of an open book. At the same time, the volcanic rocks sent up from below have risen in high mountain piles. Such is the condition of things at the Porcupine Mountains.

The basin and bed of this lake act as a vast geological mortar, in which the masses of broken and fallen stones are whirled about and ground down, till all the softer ones, such as the sand-stones, are brought into the state of pure yellow sand. This sand is driven ashore by the waves, where it is shoved up in long wreaths till dried by the sun. The winds now take it up and spread it inland, or pile it immediately along the coast, where it presents itself in mountain masses. Such are the great Sand Dunes of the Grande Sables.

There are yet other theatres of action for this sublime mass of inland

waters, where it has manifested perhaps still more strongly, if not so strikingly, its abrasive powers. The whole force of the lake, under the impulse of a northwest tempest, is directed against prominent portions of the shore, which consist of the black and hard volcanic rocks. Solid as these are, the waves have found an entrance in veins of spar or minerals of softer structure, and have thus been led inland, and torn up large fields of amygdaloid and other rock, or left portions of them standing in rugged knobs or promontories. Such are the east and west coasts of the great peninsula of Keweenaw, which has recently become the theatre of mining operations.

When the visitor to these remote and boundless waters comes to see this wide and varied scene of complicated attractions, he is absorbed in wonder and astonishment. The eye, once introduced to this panorama of waters, is never done looking and admiring. Scene after scene, cliff after cliff, island after island, and vista after vista are presented. One day's scenes are but the prelude to another, and when weeks and months have been spent in picturesque rambles along its shores, the traveller has only to ascend some of its streams, and go inland, to find falls and cascades, and cataracts of the most beautiful or magnificent character. Go where he will, there is something to attract him. Beneath his feet the pebbles are agates. The water is of the most crystalline purity. The sky is filled at sunset with the most gorgeous piles of clouds. The air itself is of the purest and most inspiriting kind. To visit such a scene is to draw health from its purest fountains, and to revel in intellectual delights.

These remarks are made to introduce the following letters, written by an intelligent, modest, intellectual young man, a printer, who by way of recreation and to recruit his health, accompanied me on an expedition through this lake into the Indian country, in the summer of 1831. They were addressed to friends of mine, who have permitted them to be used for this purpose. There is a vividness and freshness about them which will repay their perusal. I remember seeing the writer sitting on heaps of clean gravel on the shore, or perched on a rock, while he penned these letters, on the spur of the moment, to be sent back to St. Mary's, by some returning trader or Indian canoe. His sudden death, the following year, in the city of New York, was deeply regretted; and the letters, while they will afford pleasure in their perusal, are offered, at the same time, as a fitting memento to his memory.

Granite Point, Lake Superior, July 3, 1831.

ESTEEMED FRIEND.

While looking over the Life of Dr. Payson, at your house, I was pleased with a remark of his, in which he says "that a formal letter to a friend is like 'Madam, I hope I have the pleasure to see you in good health,' ad-

dressed by a son to his mother, after a year's absence." These may not be the exact words, but they convey the sentiment. Had I the disposition to write to you such a letter, the circumstances of my situation would most effectually preclude its gratification.

One week has now elapsed, since we were climbing the rugged sides of the Iroquois mountain, and together gazing upon the peaceful lake, whose waters reposed in quietness at its base. During that week you may well imagine that scenes have passed before me, as diverse and varied in interest and excitement, as the vicissitudes of human life. We have glided over the limpid waters of the Superior, when its broad surface lay stretched out before us with all the placidity of a polished mirror, and anon our slender barks have been tossed like a feather upon the rushing billows. We have rambled along the sandy beach or the gravelled shore, or bounded from rock to rock in search of new objects of attraction. We have ascended the sliding sands of the Grande Sable; viewed with admiration and awe the variegated walls of the Pictured Rocks; passed under the Doric's arches, and scaled its summit; and last, but not least, climbed a weary way up the Mountain of the Breast. But I shall not be thanked for filling up my sheet with such general observations.

Very little of interest is to be found upon the coast from Point Iroquois to the Grande Marais. Nothing but a continuous sandy beach meets the eye, which at length becomes tedious in the extreme. At the Grande Marais, however, the scene changes. Here the lofty mountains of Sable commence, which, in themselves, are sufficient to occupy the mind until new wonders are presented. Mr. Johnston and myself, accompanied by two of the Indian lads, ascended them near the beginning of the range. Upon arriving at the summit, the prospect was at once impressive and sublime. Behind us was the Superior, bounded but by the horizon—before us a gigantic amphitheatre, whose walls on either side rose into the magnitude of mountains. We descended into the area, and it was one in which the Olympian combatants would have delighted to wage their contests for a false and short-lived fame. It was early when we embarked, and being invigorated by the night's repose, we felt inclined, despite fatigue, to make a survey of all that might prove interesting. Passing on, we found that the winds had disposed of the sand alternately in hills and valleys. Nothing but an arid waste met the eye, except when here and there a hardy plant had reared its head above the yellow surface, or a little islet oasis of green was observed on a hillock's side, struggling with surrounding desolation. Being informed that a small lake lay beyond the Grande Sables, we immediately resolved upon paying it a visit. The distance we had to traverse was about a mile, and as we wound our way along, I involuntarily drew the comparison between the journey of life and our morning's excursion. How true is it that the great portion of our existence in this world, is filled up with events that but leave the

soul in bitterness, while at times some bright flower, some sunny spot will appear, to which memory can recur with pleasure, and draw new hopes for the future. How miserable the condition of those whose ideas of happiness are bounded by present enjoyment; to them, futurity appears a something gloomy and undefinable, the very thoughts of which are unwelcome. But the Christian can look into a world beyond the grave, and the vista, like the green forest around this miniature Zahara, is pleasant to the sight. And even here, although his course may be over a desert, yet every bud of promise, every opening flower, serve but as a source of new excitement, and from them he gathers strength to press his onward march amid the many thorns that beset his path. But ere I had concluded moralizing, upon gaining the top of a sand hill, a scene opened to the view of the most romantic beauty. Unconsciously I stopped, lest I should too soon rush upon a prospect of such quiet loveliness. We had passed over a desert, whose only attraction consisted in the novelty of its character and the majesty of its outline, but the repetition of its barrenness began to pall upon the sight, and oppress the mind with a sensation of weariness, when instantly the entire scene was changed. Instead of sterile heights, every thing bloomed in the vigor and freshness of vegetation. The forest resounded with "the sweet notes of the summer birds," and as the eye sought for the merry warblers, it caught a glimpse of the blue water as its ripples sparkled in the morning sun. My hesitation was but for a moment, and bounding down the precipitous sand hills, the isolated lake, that seemed to exult in its wild solitude, with its richly diversified and picturesque enclosures, were spread before me. O, it was a scene that the poet and the painter would love to dwell upon. Cold must be the heart, ungrateful the affections of that being, who, blessed with intelligence, can behold the fairest of Nature's works, and not adore the God of nature. My fancy might have been highly wrought, but it all appeared more like a pleasant dream that fills the mind, when slumber steals over the senses as we are thinking upon absent friends, and the haunts of happy hours.

The lake itself is about nine miles in circumference, and in general form, as near as a comparison can be made, resembles a heart. The shores are deeply indented and irregular, now projecting into the water in small semi-circular promontories, and again retiring, as if half afraid of the embraces of the limpid element. On the south and west, as far as the eye can reach, the land rises into mountainous elevations; on the north, stands the lofty sand banks, affording a fine contrast with the fertility around, while on the east it is bounded by lower grounds, that in one instance descend to a beautiful grassy lawn. The water appears to be very deep, and as we sent a shout over its surface, we were answered by a startled water fowl, that seldom, very seldom, hears the sound of a human voice in its wild retreat. Every thing seemed to conspire to render this

one of the most enchanting spots in nature, and it was with regret that we turned to regain our canoe.

Such is Lake *Leelinau*; and while the breeze that moved over its waters sent its waves to my feet, I thought of the friend after whom I named it, and from my heart wished that *her* life might be as calm and joyous as the bright prospect before me. By that name it *shall* be known, and if this faint description of the beauties it unfolds will serve to beguile a passing moment, a double object will have been achieved.

As we hurried along on our return, George pointed out to me the fairy tracks that occasionally are seen on these hills. They were, in fact, exact representations of the print of the human foot, and about the size of your Chinese lady's. But alas! how unpoetical; we were forced to come to the conclusion that our fairy was nothing more than a *porcupine*. Although the 30th of June, we stopped at a *snow bank*, and after indulging for a moment in a winter's sport, filled one of our Indian's hats with specimens for Mr. S. We travelled over nearly four miles of these sandy mountains. Their summit, near the lake, is covered with pebbles, among which I found several carnelians.

It was nearly six o'clock when we descended to our canoes, and the thought crossed my mind that *probably* our friends at St. Mary's were beginning to shake the poppies from their eyes, and seriously think of taking a peep at the sunny sky. At eight we landed to breakfast, and need I tell you that *consumption* presided at the board. Not the arch fiend with the bright, though sunken eye, the hectic cough, and the delicate, but death-boding tint, but a consumption that caused the solid viands before us to disappear with a marvellous quickness.

But to ensure the perusal of any future production, I must tax your patience no farther now. Suffice it to say that the farther I advance, the better am I pleased with the tour I have undertaken. Let the issue be what it may, the commencement has introduced to me a friend whom I shall *never* forget. May the blessing of the Christian's God attend you.

MELANCTHON L. WOOLSEY.

To Mrs. ——.

Lake Superior, July 5, 1831.

MY DEAR ——.

It was my intention to have had a letter for you in readiness to send by Mr. Aikin, but we met him sooner than we expected, and I was obliged to postpone the fulfilment of my promise until the Indian boys returned.

In my letter to Mrs. S., I conducted her as far as Lake Leelinau. Supposing that an account of our further progress would be as acceptable as any thing I can write, I will give you an invitation to a seat in our canoe, as we depart for the Pictured Rocks. These you have often heard de-

scribed, and nothing can be added by my poor pen to what has already been said about them. They were all, and more than an excited imagination had conceived them to be. As we approach them, the mind is struck with awe at their lofty battlements, and in comparison, the most stupendous of the works of art sink into insignificance. Near their commencement, a beautiful cascade comes tumbling down the rocks, and finally makes a leap of about thirty feet into the waters below. Passing on from this, we soon come to a most singular arrangement of rocks and arches; and the first thought that strikes the mind is, to ascend and give them an examination. It is the work but of a moment, for the eye is unsatisfied until it has drunk in all the wonders before it. Our first resting place was under the main arch, from which we had a bird's-eye view of the world of woods, and waters, and rocks, by which we were surrounded. While here, Mr. Clary, with his barge, came along, and jumping upon the rocks, he soon made one of our party, when we commenced a minute examination of the celebrated Doric Rock. The principal arch, under which we were, is about twenty feet in height; and while standing under its crumbling walls, our sensations were not lessened by the idea that in an instant it might be said of us, *we had been*. At our left, and in the centre of one of the large pillars, another arch is formed; upon entering this we still find one more at our right, and which commands a view of the lake. Between the two stands a pillar of stones, near four feet in height, entirely detatched at the sides, and composed of thin plates of sand-rock. As we go out from these, for the purpose of ascending the roof, a large urn of nature's own design and workmanship appears before us. It might be a fit depository for the ashes of some of those mighty men, who, before the children "with a white, white face," overran their country, strode through these forests, or, in their light canoes bounded over these vast waters; but alas! their graves, and those of their fathers, are mingling with the common dust. Near this urn are the remains of an Indian's fire, which he had lighted at the close of his fast when propitiating his Manitou; a place well calculated to foster the wildness of superstition, and which, to a mind more enlightened than that of the poor wanderer of the wilderness, would not be deficient in suggestions of mystery. Who can wonder that the untaught natives of a region like this should make to themselves a deity in the rushing stream, or the beetling cliff? They act from the impulse of nature; and well will it be for those who enjoy every advantage that civilization and Christianity can bestow, if when weighed in the balance, even with the pagan Indian, they are not found wanting. We were soon at the top of the Doric Rock, and from its dizzy height the prospect was such as to preclude all attempt at delineation, at least by language. Your brother expressed his emotion as well as it was in the power of any mortal to do. Clapping his hands together, and putting a peculiar emphasis upon the last syllable, he exclaimed "Oh! Oh!" Nothing more

could be said. But while enjoying the grandeur of the scene, I wished that M——, was at my side, for my pleasure would have been increased ten-fold by sharing it with her. The summit of the arch is itself a curiosity. It does not appear to be more than three feet in thickness, and yet it supports and nourishes several lofty pine trees, whose weight alone I should think would crush it to atoms. The root of one of them winds around the outer edge of the rock, as if to support the source of its existence. But we had not long to indulge our admiration, for our table was spread under the shade of one of these immense rocks, and all the sublimity around us could not satisfy the imperious demands of appetite; so after regaling ourselves on some of the dainties furnished by our excellent friends at the Sault, we departed to behold new wonders, and utter repeated exclamations of, Oh! Oh! Turning a point of the rocks, we came in view of those natural excavations that have excited so much astonishment. It was our intention to pass through one of them, but the entrance was blocked up by the falling of an arch, the ruins of which were scattered around. We were obliged to content ourselves with an outside view, but this surpassed every thing of the kind I had before seen. We were in a bay formed by a semi-circle in the rocks. Above us the cliff, at the height of upwards of a hundred feet, projected far beyond our canoes, and formed a canopy of the most terrific description. We could not behold it without a shudder of awe. Upon leaving it we discharged our gun, and the reverberations were almost deafening. The sound rolled through these vast ramparts, and seemed to shake them to their foundations. It was like the groaning of an imprisoned spirit in its struggle to be free. At every stage of our progress we had new cause for amazement, and when we left them it was with the impression that we "ne'er should look upon their like again." Our encampment was at Grand Island. The next day we reached the Riviere des Moine; here we pitched our tents, and immediately commenced a search for some of the precious minerals. The locality proved so interesting that it was determined we should devote a day or two to its examination. For the first time we were compelled to resort to our mosquito bars, and it afforded me infinite amusement upon waking in the morning, to see about fifty of these insects puzzling their brains to discover the meaning of certain initials that seemed to attract their attention. We removed our encampment this day four miles. In so doing we passed a rocky mountain that filled us instantly with a desire to ascend to its summit. This was resolved on, and at five in the afternoon we procured an Indian guide, and were soon clinging to the roots and branches that overhung its precipitous sides, as we scrambled up the ascent. We were amply repaid for our fatigue by the prospect from its peak. Immediately before us was a beautiful bay, studded with numerous islands, some of which were crowned with verdure, while others were immense masses of rock. The bay was formed by the

projections of Granite Point and Presque Isle, both of which terminated in circular mountainous elevations that were connected to the main land, but by very narrow isthmuses. At the distance of fifty miles were seen Grand Island and the Pictured Rocks. To the northwest are seen seven large bays, and Point Kewena, from which we are 65 miles distant. In the back ground mountain rises on mountain as far as the eye can reach. Here and there, to add variety to the scene, a lofty peak of massy, naked granite rears its head high above its less aspiring neighbors, and to soften the asperity of the view, there are two beautiful open spots of level green, that might be taken for fairy play grounds; so secluded and so environed, that even the spirits of the air in them could find a resting place. And think you not when my eyes were gazing at the splendor of this scene, glowing as it was in the last rays of a glorious sunset, that my mind wandered to the Being who is the author of these creations.

When we have occasionally met the traders, as they were returning from their years' residence among the Indians, I have asked myself what mysterious excitement there could be in the spirit of gain, that will cause men to separate themselves from society, and voluntarily renounce those privileges incident to an intercourse with the world. But as I pass along my wonder ceases. There is such an union of beauty and grandeur in all the works of nature throughout this region, that it is impossible to be acquainted with them, and not wish to pass a life in their admiration. Following the impulse of my present feelings, I could joyfully make my home among these hills and valleys, and I should want no other. 'Tis true the busy hum of men would not reach such a wild retreat, neither would their faithlessness and cold deceit.

And now let me tell you how I have written this letter. We are waiting at the Kewena Bay, for the arrival of some Indians to transport part of our baggage to the Ontonagon. Mr. S. and Mr. Houghton, with Lt. Clary, are, by this time, over the traverse. It was uncertain how soon we might be able to embark, but I resolved to devote what time I had to you. Accordingly, at 5 o'clock this morning, I turned a chest upside down for a desk, planted myself against the tent pole, and, with the stump of a pen, commenced operations. But alas, the sand flies and mosquitoes made such a desperate onset, that I was obliged to haul down my colors, and ingloriously fly for my life. I then waited until after breakfast, and commenced again with no better success. I then resorted to the open air, and placing my paper on a small bank, and standing on the stones below, with the sun at 90° , pouring its rays upon my head, while with one hand, and sometimes two, I battled insects of divers descriptions, at last have made *black marks* over the greater part of this sheet. Should you, in decyphering these hieroglyphics, come to any place where the subject was suddenly dropped and another commenced, without any apology, attribute it to a huge horse fly, which, lighting on my nasal protuberance, caused me

to drop my pen, and with it my ideas. But here come a dozen of them; so good bye till you hear from me again.

M. L. WOOLSEY.

To Miss _____.

La Pointe, Lake Superior, July 17, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Instead of a sand bank for a writing desk, I am now seated by the side of a good table in your brother's house, and surrounded by comforts and conveniences that would be no discredit to a place less out of the world than La Pointe. We have luxuries that even the inhabitants of St. Mary's might envy. Our table groans beneath its load of white fish and trout, veal and pigeons, rice puddings and strawberries; all of which are served up *a-la-mode*, in Joseph's best style, assisted by the culinary skill of *Pluse*, the cook. We at present adopt the maxim, "Live while you may," for we well know that soon we will be out of the reach of every thing of this sort, and be glad to get our dish of corn soup. This is a very pleasant island, and presents quite a village-like appearance. There are several large dwelling houses, besides the trading establishment; and cultivated fields, with cattle strolling about, that altogether make up a scene quite different from any thing I expected to see before arriving at Green Bay.

Since my *first* and *last* letter to you, we have passed through a variety of interesting incidents. As I closed my letter our Indians arrived, and in a short time we were on our way across the Kewena traverse. But now a fresh breeze had supplanted the calm atmosphere of the morning, and before we were half way over the bay we began to anticipate a second edition of the troubles and danger experienced by Mr. S. in 1820. But we fortunately escaped, with no inconvenience but a slight wetting, and at 12 at night came up to the encampment of our friends, when not wishing to disturb them, we spread our blankets upon the gravel, with the heavens for our canopy, and sought a few hours repose, previous to commencing an examination of Kewena Point. In this we promised ourselves an abundance of interest, and we suffered no disappointment. Such a banging the rocks have not experienced for many a day, and we robbed them of no inconsiderable quantity of their precious contents. The "King of the metals" will be under the necessity of holding another convention,* and if some of the delegates do not appear with battered visages and broken bones, then there is no virtue in our well tried hammers. Now you know, as we go skipping down the vale of life, that it is not every circumstance that assumes a serious cast, but that we have a mixture, or a kind of dish which in Scotland, and by Dr. Johnson, would be called

* Alludes to a *jeu d'esprit* poem.

hodge podge. So with us. After wearying ourselves in discovering copper mines, and hunting from their dark and stony enclosures the precious gems which here abounded, we would join with no little zest in the pleasures of the chase. One or two opportunities of doing this occurred while going round this Point. This was in the pursuit of *quacks*; and impelled by the purest *patriotism*, we were determined upon the extirpation of all that might fall in our way. What, ask you, is it possible that the *proscribed prescribers* of "roots and herbs," and steam restoratives, have found their way to the lone regions of the north? Why no, not exactly *this* kind of quacks, but a species more honest, who tell us before hand what they are, and which, of themselves, when properly prepared by a *suitable* apothecary, form an excellent remedy for a well known disease, and which those in particular are apt to contract who labour for hours together among rocks and over mountains. But to tell a plain story: while in our canoes we surprised several large broods of ducks, which happened to be in that state when their unfledged wings forbade them to fly, but when they were sufficiently large to furnish excellent game for the table. Consequently it was a trial of skill between our canoe-men and the poor quacklings, to see who could paddle the fastest, but like the boys and the frogs, while it was sport to the former it was death to the latter. Although at first they literally walked over the water, yet their strength was soon exhausted, and what with the shouts of the men, which of themselves were sufficient to scare a duck out of its senses, and their own fatigue, they fell an easy prey to their enemies. But to secure the victims after they were run down afforded us the most amusement. The men seemed to have given up their whole souls to the chase, and as the ducks would dive to escape being taken, they would endeavour to spear them with their poles and paddles, and these proving ineffectual, plunge in themselves, regardless of the consequences. Their zeal was rewarded by the capture of twelve or fifteen of the unfortunate birds. The only fear I experienced during this enlivening scene was that the Doctor would exhaust his stock of risibility, and in future we should be deprived of his hearty ha, ha! that makes one join in sympathy with him *before the story comes*. He surrendered himself entirely to the power of Momus, but we have had abundant demonstration since that he is still a subject of the laughing deity. But the afterpiece was the most interesting to us individually; what that was you must guess. But *luckily* the clouds now "began to gather blackness," and before we had proceeded many miles we were favored with a couple of smart showers, and finally obliged by the rain to go on shore. *Luckily*, because this spot proved to be the richest in minerals and metals that we had yet visited. Your brother discovered two rich veins of copper ore, and we found agates and other gems in quantities. While we were thumping about us, the Doctor got into the canoe for the purpose of seeking an encamping place. This was

found at the bottom of a very pretty bay, but which nevertheless we dignified with the name of Musquito Cove. Here we were wind-bound, and I spent a half-hour very pleasantly on the rocks, witnessing the foaming and dashing of the waves, that seemed enraged at the resistance which they met, while the rocks themselves groaned at the encounter, as if fearful of being shaken from their solid foundations. Here was a place for melancholy, and a mind like yours would have held a revelry with the wildness of the scene. My curiosity to witness the onset of the waters prompted me to venture too near them, as I found by a salute, not very friendly, that left me in rather a moist condition ; but although experience is the best school, yet forgetting myself I was again reminded that being but a spectator it would be well to retire from the influence of the battle shock. This was so pleasing that I felt no disposition to quit it, and continued my way over the rocks, until weariness alone induced me to return. My path was through a pleasant wood, and as I was loitering along I was startled by the report of a gun, repeated three or four times in quick succession, and upon making up to the place from whence the sound proceeded, found that two of the men had been sent out to search for the supposed lost one. The wind had abated, and we left our camp as the sun began to creep below the horizon. The rest of my story I hope to have the pleasure of communicating to you by word of mouth.

You will not probably hear from us again until our arrival at the Sault. In the mean time remember me to William, and the young gentlemen of your household.

M. L. WOOLSEY.

RELUCTANCE TO TELL NAMES.

Indian children are taught by their mothers to forbear telling their names, by being told that if they impart their names to strangers they will never grow to be men and women. This has a powerful influence, but the real cause of the advice is still hid from them, and is very difficult to explain. It seems probable that it is caused by a fear of offending those personal gods whom they have taken for their protectors, or after whom they have been named. A name is often the result of a dream. Dreams are deemed to be revelations, and are held sacred.

 The Greeks have passed a law expelling all white men from the limits of the nation, who play at cards, whether they have Indian wives or not.

EDUCATION OF THE INDIAN RACE.

A PAPER ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN LYCEUM, 1834.

WHATEVER traits of the Indian character may be singled out as favouring their advance, the inquiry still returns upon us: how can those points which best betoken the possession of a capacity to rise, be most advantageously improved? What is the best mode of educating them, and of introducing civilization and Christianity?

Knowledge, to be attractive to the Indian tribes, must possess a decidedly practical character. All the sources of their moral depression, are such as are peculiar to the earliest stages of society. Their wants, both intellectual and physical, are the primary wants. Most of them are of the most simple and obvious kind; they are the wants of a hunter, a fisherman, a wanderer of the forest—a man without a house, without cattle, without agriculture. These are only in danger of being lost sight of, by straining after some great and sudden efforts to remodel the internal constitution of their society—to produce effects in a *brief period* which demand a *long one*—to make, as it were, the red man, a white man, in a day. History gives us very little reason to suppose that such changes, or any permanently beneficial changes, will happen, by any other, but the patient and faithful application of the common means. To read and to write, to build and to plant, household economy, domestic comfort and order, temperance and assiduity, dress and address, are among the chief elements of civilization and civil knowledge. And this knowledge may be deemed as a series, which begins in the profoundest condition of ignorance and barbarism, and terminates in the most polished state of moral refinement.

To depart one step from the former, is to take one step towards the latter. To abandon the temporary lodge, to throw aside the blanket, to discontinue the use of paints, are as certain indications of incipient civilization, as it unquestionably is, at a more advanced stage, to substitute alphabetical for heiroglyphic signs, or machine for hand labour. It is something to gain one influential man to the side of industry, good order, and THOUGHT. The example of consistent individuals in a tribe, will become the means of influencing communities. If we can convince them of the superiority of agriculture over mere gardening, of grazing over hunting, of pacific over warlike achievements, of written over oral laws, of temperance over intemperance, of industry over inanity, we have gained so many points in their positive reformation. It will then become easier to convince them that true independence consists in a life of self exertion, that it is dishonourable to be lazy, and infamous to be dishonest.

The Indian must abandon his lodge, and live in a house; he must throw off the blanket, and put on a coat. He must cast away moccasins and wear shoes. He must put off his feathers and wear a hat. Externals are important to him.

Other truths lie in the direct train of these improvements, and are inseparable from them, such as relate to the varied economy of life, the reciprocal duties of society, and the principles of government. To assent to these truths, and to adopt them in practice, cannot it is conceived, be occurrences very widely separated in point of time. But in order to the Indian mind's giving this assent, in the true sense, there must be such a previous understanding, appreciation and application of MORAL TRUTHS, as is totally irreconcilable with the condition of Indians living in an idolatrous and unregenerate state.

Hence, there is a still higher and nobler duty—the duty of preparing the Indian mind for giving this assent. And it is one which is conceived to be alike essential to the commencement and to the completion of their moral elevation. It is not only deemed a point of primary importance to teach them their true relation to civilized communities, and to each other, and the principles which lead such communities to rise and fall in the scale of wealth and power; but a little reflection must make it manifest, that they should, at the same time, be taught the solemn and important relation, in which the volume of inspiration places them, with respect to the Author of their existence. Christianity is applicable to barbarism. Else Paul knew nothing of it.

By imparting this light at the *commencement* of their career of civilization, they will be enabled to take a view of the whole ground of their responsibilities. And to see whether it is worth their while to commence a moral race, the rewards of victorious competitorship in which are fully held up, and displayed to their view. If this paramount obligation can be impressed on their minds, while they exist in the state of hunters and warriors, they will be placed in a position, in which they can the more readily judge whether a continuance in these pursuits, wholly or in part, or the adoption of civilized modes of industry, wholly or in part, will best subserve the fulfilment of the whole circle of their obligations. And, if there be no error in this conclusion, they will thus be led to esteem industry, and the acquisition of property and education, as means essential to the attainment of an end, and not, as they are otherwise apt to become, the end itself. They will not mistake civilization for Christianity.

Christianity everywhere inculcates order, obedience, wisdom and virtue. Its order, educed from chaos, as depicted in Genesis, leads the mind through an infinite and connected series of beautiful creations of both animate and inanimate classes, from "nature up to nature's God." And its maxims of obedience, wisdom and virtue, are the most perfect and sublime to which the human intellect can refer. An Indian can be made to com-

prehend these truths, as displayed in the Bible. Considered merely as a code of morals, and were there no futurity to test their immutability, the maxims of Christianity, which he can be taught, will produce the greatest amount of happiness to families, and to communities. They are so interwoven in their practical application with the duties and relations of life, and evince so intimate a knowledge of human nature, that they are found to be adapted to all periods and states of human life. Cannot an Indian be made to understand them? They form a system which applies to man in the forest, as well as the field, in the wigwam as well as the palace, in his infancy and in his age; in his weakness and in his strength; in his joy and in his sorrow; in his life and in his death. Has not an Indian feelings? Can he not be acted on by *hope* and *fear*?—It is the admiration of this system, that it is equally applicable to every condition of society. The governor and the subject, the master and the servant, the parent and the child, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, are placed on an equality of faith. Science and learning, splendour and penury, lose their distinctions before the two-edged sword of its requisitions. It considers all as subject to its laws. It deems all capable of obeying them. It prescribes no standard of art, or book knowledge. It looks to no necessary amount of human attainment in the occupations or rank of life. Felix, trembling before the moral majesty of Paul, or Tinda quailing under the denunciations of Brainerd are equally just demonstrations of its applicability and power. To love, and to hate, are the ends of its requirement. And these are exercises of the affections, at the command of every rational being, savage or civilized. All its promises, all its denunciations; all the inducements it holds out to obedience, all its solemn threatenings of disobedience, are equally addressed to the “Jew and the gentile, the bond and the free.” Were it not so—if truth could disprove one of its precepts; if justice could point out any portion of the human family who were exempt from its laws; or if any candid interpretation of language could be made, tending to invalidate its obligations, then the exhibition of this single truth, so established to be a truth, would be, in effect, to knock the key stone from the Christian’s temple, and tumble the whole superstructure in splendid fragments. Who shall say the Red man is not born to an inheritance with the other members of the family? Who shall deny his right? What scripture teaches it?

If these positions be correct, then it is an object of the highest moment with all who purpose to better the condition of the Indians, to begin their labours by the introduction of Christianity. This should be the corner stone. We are not willing to stop here. It should also cement the materials of the whole edifice. And it should constitute the capitals and ornaments of its final finish. Without it, there may indeed, be a pseudo civilization. Several of the states of antiquity are pronounced to have been eminently civilized before the Christian era. But we are inclined to

think it was the civilization of the *head*, rather than the *heart*. Body and mind were brought to unite their aid in this effort. Sculpture, painting, and architecture, were carried to their highest pitch. All the arts, which require great physical skill were successfully cultivated. History and poetry were unexcelled. But they owed no part of their excellence to the virtues of society. Viewed in the era of its highest refinements, it was corrupt to the core. Profligacy, revenge, and refined error, in morals and philosophy, were its striking characteristics. There was an utter destitution of moral loveliness. And we cannot select an era in ancient history which will bear the scrutinizing glare of biblical truth. The very highest efforts of Greece and Rome were made in times of the greatest moral lassitude, affording proof that while the *mind* was disciplined for its most extraordinary achievements, and while the taste was cultivated, and the manners refined, the affections of the heart, like an uncaged lion, were left to rage in all their native fury. We merely allude to this species of civilization for the purpose of pointing out its enormities. And to illustrate the position, that mere civilization of manners, and changes of philosophical opinions, will not, as a necessary consequence, produce Christianity, although they may alike *precede or follow it*. While we may confidently appeal to history to show, that the introduction of the Gospel among the rudest nations, has without producing luxury, been attended by an almost immediate reformation of manners and a resort to the arts of civilization.

We are aware that we are trenching on disputed ground, and that many have entertained a different theory respecting the Indian race. By these, Christianity has been deemed the peculiar growth of a more advanced period of attainment. It has been deemed necessary first to learn to build and sow, and then to learn to pray. It has been regarded, so to say, as the *fruit* rather than the *seed* of civilization. We believe this opinion to be unsound, as a practicable maxim. We do not know that the church of Christ, has, at any period of its history, had doubts respecting the perfect applicability of the gospel to uncivilized nations. Paul had none. The Moravians had none, when they entered the missionary fields of India and Greenland. Elliot had none. Brainerd and Martyn had none. And whatever of doubt there may still rest on the minds of candid inquirers after truth, on this point, the history and progress of missions, in our day, and in our own land, furnishes a triumphant answer on the subject. The sublime experiment of Owyhee alone, settles the question. They found the true God first, and all else followed.

So far as my own observation has gone on the American frontiers, I feel impelled by the force of facts to affirm, that, as a general axiom, Christianity must be regarded as the precursor of civilization. That with the Red man, as with the White, it is a *cause*, and not an *effect*. And that if the action of these appear to be often reciprocal, such reciprocity is, to human view, the result of a belief, and a condition of the affections, which

may nevertheless be exercised by individuals the most rude and nomadic in their habits. Were the reverse true—were not uncultivated and hunter nations susceptible to gospel impressions in their wild and erratic state, the whole missionary effort of modern days, would be either a labour of almost endless duration, or an utter failure. Millions might be shown to be required to make a Christian. Gold would usurp the office and place of prayer, and no small part of the word of God itself, must be regarded as a total mistranslation.

The field of missionary labour among the American tribes is a very extensive one, and is daily acquiring a new interest. The claims of the Indians, on the one hand, and the duties of an enlightened population on the other, are beginning to be more fully appreciated. The American church in all its vital branches is zealously alive on the subject. But it is a mistake to suppose that they alone are responsible for the faithful performance of this duty. Much of it indeed rests *officially* upon the churches and the ministry. But there is nothing, in a candid examination of truth, to exonerate any portions of community from the exercise of an active benevolence in promoting the cause of religion and education among the various Indian tribes. The true enquiry respecting these tribes is not, whether the duty of instructing them be an imperative one, but how this duty can be most speedily, usefully and efficiently performed. And the question, which we take to be the pressing one, in the present condition of evangelical operations is, *whether there be any thing in the condition and present state of dispersion of the Indians, which requires a peculiar adaptation of the means of instruction, or the ordinary modes may be exclusively pursued.*

On this point we may be allowed to speak rather from the results of personal observation, than from preconceived theory. The time has gone by with us when we regarded the conversion of an adult Indian as an anomaly in religion. The course of missionary exertions on the frontiers has brought numerous examples of such conversions before us. It has afforded the opportunity of observing, that the plain and striking doctrines of Scripture may be declared to them, in a language which they understand, with as promising prospects of their being understood and assented to, and adopted as the governing axioms of life, as to other classes of individuals not further advanced in the scale of intellectual improvement. Coming as these doctrines do, to their minds with the charm of novelty, (a principle as deeply implanted in the Indian as the white man,) they are the more readily led to consider them. The principal impediment, aside from external vices, arises from the acquisition of the languages—an object demanding the earliest attention, in all attempts at instruction. Three requisites appear to be essential to the instruction of these tribes.

1. They should be taught in their own languages.
2. Schools should be located in their own territories.

3. Reading, and a select literature should be provided for them.

It is in vain to suppose that the tribes will cast aside their mother tongues, and learn a new language. The world's history shows no such example. Nations the most liberal in mind would not do it, and shall such a sublime effort be expected from benighted Indians?

By introducing schools into the Indian villages, suspicion on the part of parents is allayed. The Indian is a mass of suspicions. In his natural state he suspects every body and every thing—for to him even things without life, have life. Parents, who daily see the improvements of their children, will be the more ready to second the efforts of teachers. Children who are drawn away to foreign boarding schools, become estranged from their tribes, and when they return, it is too often found that they have acquired a species of knowledge which places them so far above their people, that they become objects of distrust. Despondency or intemperance often ensue. Calvin and Konkapot are examples of this. To make schools efficacious, useful and popular, they should be located in villages and neighborhoods in the heart of the nation, where the instructive principle may become diffusive, and its benefits extend to and be acknowledged by all. Nothing in these efforts to teach the young, can supply the want of kindness, simplicity and clearness. A kind and patient manner will win the stoutest heart.

The mode of lecturing to the Indians, old and young, on the Scriptures, or other subjects, should be of the plainest character, and as little as possible left to inference. What is not plainly told will generally not be inferred at all, or misconceived. Books should be as simple as elementary books can be made. Orthography should also be simple and uniform. No rules are likely to facilitate early instruction but those of the most obvious necessity. Much of the dicta laid down in our older school books, is rather suited to puzzle, than inform the beginner. Children are not capable of philological analysis, and least of all, Indian children. Indeed, if the art and spirit of teaching be present, and there be perseverance and discrimination in the order in which facts are presented to the youthful mind, it is of little moment how much of the external circumstances of customary form be dispensed with. Personal exertion and ingenuity on the part of the instructor, must often compensate for disadvantages of time and place. A circle of Indian children, gathered under a grove, might be as certainly taught the alphabet and digits, as if they were covered with a costly canopy. Buildings become necessary only to avoid the common changes of the atmosphere, and to ensure the observance of order. But such buildings require nothing beyond the simplest arrangements of a school house. It has been found that children and parents are better kept from the sources of jealousy and suspicion, if the scholars come from their parents' lodges in the morning, and return

to them in the evening. He who teaches Indians must accommodate himself to Indians.

In the system of instruction, the monitorial plan, as it is most economical of time, and makes a more direct appeal to the spirit of emulation (which the natives in an eminent degree possess), is preferable, so far as it can be carried. There are also some features in the plan of infant schools, highly calculated to interest Indian children. It is found that their attention is quickly attracted to forms representing astronomical and other bodies. And the apparatus may be dismissed at the precise point where the idea is retained in the memory. But every school, whatever aid it may derive from monitors, should be placed under the strict and constant care, and personal supervision of a white teacher.

Large expenditures in the shape of buildings and fixtures, diminish the means applicable to instruction, and are precisely those features which either excite jealousy on the part of the Indians, or animadversion on the part of the whites. And it is on this account, that boarding schools should be confined as closely as possible to the sites of academical instruction, and always within the Indian limits. To teach a scholar is one thing—to board, clothe and lodge him another. There is no comparison, in point of expense, between the first and second objects. There is no necessary connexion between them. And we believe that in schools located in the territories of the tribes, the furnishing of both, in the form of free boarding schools, has been a positive injury instead of a benefit, to both parents and children. No system is so exclusively right as that which begins right. It is a position which forms the very basis of civilization, that each member of society must support himself by his own industry. And it seems important to teach this truth early to the Indians. If they are ever to exist as a happy, united, and independent people, it must be through faithful individual exertions on their own part. And were the question between the adoption of manual labour and free schools, that is, schools to which the natives do not contribute their funds, I should think there could be no hesitancy, in point of policy, as to the preference of the former.

Schools, to be largely beneficial to the tribes, must be local. A school situated without the boundaries of the tribe, is also measurably without the boundary of a moral influence upon it. Experience has fully demonstrated the futility of attempts to change the moral condition of tribes by educating a select number of their youths at colleges and other remote points, while no simultaneous efforts were made with the body of the tribe itself. The learning of colleges has thus, in a measure, been thrown away upon individuals, who, on returning to their tribes, have found them in no way prepared for appreciating their acquirements. Did they labour to convince their erratic countrymen of the advantages of learning over

ignorance, of farming over hunting, of letters over rude signs—it has been to little purpose—

“ All doubt, few aid, and fewer understand.”

Neither can such isolated scholars themselves maintain the state of artificial elevation, in which adventitious circumstances have placed them. Their first efforts have been received with coldness and indifference, and they have at last themselves often yielded to despondency. Like partial efforts in other departments of human knowledge the result is bad.

Teach one in fifty, and the one shall stare
 To see how blind the nine and forty are ;
 But teach a band, and there are none behind
 To mark how want of knowledge sinks the kind.

The whole failure, in these cases, has resulted from the want of local district schools, and other sources of instruction to raise the mass ;—for if the mass of a tribe be degraded, it is of little avail that a few be educated. And whatever degree of objection arises to village schools in the nation, wholly ceases the moment they are well established and multiplied. This may be regarded as the plain reason why some of the tribes, who have enjoyed the double advantage of academical and primary local instruction, have made more rapid advances in civilization. The Greeks and Choctaws educated their principal men, and left the mass ignorant. The Cherokees did better, but did not escape the evil. This is the great difficulty these tribes still labour under.

Of the same era with the policy of educating at remote points the *few*, while the *many remained in gross ignorance at home*, is the opinion that the native languages should be neglected. The theory on this subject is, that it is easier to teach the Indians the English language than to learn theirs. The reverse is manifestly true.

We have heard of projects for their melioration, in which it was maintained “ that the Indians must sink the distinction of languages.” As if it were an easy thing to induce a whole nation to lay aside its mother tongue. Did Elliot, or Edwards, or Brainerd reason thus ?

A stronger reason, it is granted, for the disuse of the native languages, were it possible to replace them, arises from their crude and imperfect state, and their consequent maladaptation to the purposes of moral instruction. An Indian, who has been all his life in the habit of supplying the deficiencies of speech by gesticulation, figurative signs, and circumlocution, may not be aware how far he comes short of exactness and precision in the conveyance of thought. But when such a language comes to be written and cultivated, there will be found means of obviating numerous deficiencies and redundancies. The pertinacious distinction of matter into animate and inanimate classes, while it destroys the distinction of

gender, has imparted to the vocabulary a cumbrous load of inflections, which greatly extend its limits, while there is but little gained in obvious utility. Cannot this principle be retrenched? The extension in space caused by it, is still further increased by the most besetting evil of the languages—their *tautological forms*, by which often not a particle of new meaning is conveyed. These defects will have been observed by those who have given any attention to Scripture translations, (*which, from the days of Zeisberger to those of Peter Jones, are rather numerous*) the most obvious external trait of which is, that one and all, they require nearly double the space in the translations, which the Scriptures occupy in either the Hebrew, Greek or English. True, some of this is owing to the verse system, and the attempt to give literally word for word—instead of being content to throw out the idea in a free original form, and afterwards divide and apply figures. These defects weigh much against the substantial claims of the languages to cultivation. They do not, however, interpose a bar to their use—on the contrary, it is a field in which the genius of missionary enterprise is invited to persevere, and may be expected to triumph. All that relates to the conversion and improvement of the adult population, must be done *in the native languages*. And it is a question of practical importance, to what extent they may be employed in primary schools, and at what point they may be laid aside. On this subject an experiment, on a wide scale, is in progress, both in the Sandwich islands and on this continent, and we may confidently look to the active labourers in the missionary field, for practical information. We apprehend that the only Bible these nations will ever read as nations, must be an INDIAN BIBLE. Elliot had the germ of truth in his mind, when he sat down to this work amongst the Natics.

Indian literature. In advancing the subject of moral and religious instruction among the Indians, in the native tongues, a system of proper reading books and literature should be prepared for them. It is not improbable, to my mind, that the peculiar branch of modern benevolence which is comprehended by the subject of Tracts, may open a means of extensive usefulness. An appropriate series of SCHOOL AND MISSIONARY, AND BELLES-LETTRE TRACTS, in the native and in the English languages, would prove valuable and efficient helps to teachers now in the field, both in their preparation and distribution. And so long as the high postage system continues, one or two missionary presses on the frontiers would quadruple the powers of every active labourer. The press should be brought to bear in every possible way on the Indian race.

In the preparation of such papers in the native tongues, it is obvious that a brief and simple system of alphabetical notation, with accents, is required. And to be generally useful, it should provide for the whole circle of the languages. The Cherokee character is applicable only to the Cherokee language. How far this object may be attained, without a

departure from the primary sounds of the English alphabet, and without, at the same time, admitting any of its inexactitude and partiality of application, is perhaps a question of importance. For it must be recollected, that the literature of the Indians, when they come to require it, is one which they will find recorded in the English language. And it would therefore appear to be an advantage, that the sounds of its alphabet be not such as shall grate on the Indian ear, in repulsive and foreign tones. They are not, when educated, to read a French, a German, or an Italian literature. We stand ready to give them Bacon and Locke, and Franklin and Milton.

In connection with the education and conversion of the Indians, the subject of the organization of the elements of a civil government among the tribes who have expatriated to the west banks of the Mississippi, is one of the number which claims missionary thought and aid. But momentous as this is, there is none of more practical importance than the subject of temperance. Without temperance nothing can be accomplished. There can be no Christianity; no well-attended schools; no well-cultivated farms; no comfortable buildings; no comely dress; no personal cleanliness; no adequate means of subsistence; no general health, or sound prosperity. Without temperance, the Bible and the school book may be carried to the Indians, but they will be carried as sealed books.

It is a curious fact, that the word "Puck," which has been thought so Shaksperian, and which has puzzled so many commentators upon the great dramatist, is a generic term in the Algonquin dialect. It requires no very great stretch of fancy to suppose that the ready ear of Shakspeare caught the peculiar and most daintily appropriate term from the relations of those accomplished navigators, with whom he was undoubtedly familiar, and who, according to Gallatin and other researchers, had been for more than thirty years before the death of the great poet, intimately acquainted with that part of the coast where the Algonquin dialect was spoken, and had even attempted to colonize so early as 1585, on the coast of North Carolina, at the small island of Roanoke, which, as elsewhere on the coast, was inhabited by the Algonquin tribes.—ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Wabeno is the name of a society of men who perform their orgies at night. They invoke foul spirits, and affect malignant arts. It is the most debased of all the Indian associations. The term is from Wabun, daylight, and may be idiomatically expressed in English, by the phrase day-lighters, or men who dance till day-break.

ORIGIN
AND
HISTORY OF THE RACE.

HISTORICAL TRADITIONS OF THE CHIPPEWAS, ODJIBWAS, OR ODJIBWA-ALGONQUINS.

Of all the existing branches of the Algonquin stock in America, this extensive and populous tribe appears to have the strongest claims to intellectual distinction, on the score of their traditions, so far, at least, as the present state of our inquiries extends. They possess, in their curious fictitious legends and lodge-tales, a varied and exhaustless fund of tradition, which is repeated from generation to generation. These legends hold, among the wild men of the north, the relative rank of story-books; and are intended both to amuse and instruct. This people possess also, the art of picture writing, in a degree which denotes that they have been, either more careful, or more fortunate, in the preservation of this very ancient art of the human race. Warriors, and the bravest of warriors, they are yet an intellectual people.

Their traditions and belief, on the origin of the globe, and the existence of a Supreme Being, are quite accordant with some things in our own history and theory. They believe that the Great Spirit created material matter, and that he made the earth and heavens, by the power of his will. He afterwards made animals and men, out of the earth, and he filled space with subordinate spirits, having something of his own nature, to whom he gave a part of his own power. He made one great and master spirit of evil, to whom he also gave assimilated and subordinate evil spirits, to execute his will. Two antagonist powers, they believe, were thus placed in the world who are continually striving for the mastery, and who have power to affect the fortunes and lives of men. This constitutes the groundwork of their religion, sacrifices and worship.

They believe that animals were created before men, and that they originally had rule on the earth. By the power of necromancy, some of these animals were transformed to men, who, as soon as they assumed this new form, began to hunt the animals, and make war against them. It is

expected that these animals will resume their human shapes, in a future state, and hence their hunters, feign some clumsy excuses, for their present policy of killing them. They believe that all animals, and birds and reptiles, and even insects, possess reasoning faculties, and have souls. It is in these opinions, that we detect the ancient doctrine of transmigration.

Their most intelligent priests tell us, that their forefathers worshipped the sun ; this luminary was regarded by them, as one of their Medas told me, as the symbol of divine intelligence, and the figure of it is drawn in their system of picture writing, to denote the Great Spirit. This symbol very often occurs in their pictures of the medicine dance, and the wabeno dance, and other sacred forms of their rude inscriptions.

They believe, at least to some extent, in a duality of souls, one of which is fleshly, or corporeal, the other is incorporeal or mental. The fleshly soul goes immediately, at death, to the land of spirits, or future bliss. The mental soul abides with the body, and hovers round the place of sepulture. A future state is regarded by them, as a state of rewards, and not of punishments. They expect to inhabit a paradise, filled with pleasures for the eye, and the ear, and the taste. A strong and universal belief in divine mercies absorbs every other attribute of the Great Spirit, except his power and ubiquity ; and they believe, so far as we can gather it, that this mercy will be shown to all. There is not, in general, a very discriminating sense of moral distinctions and responsibilities, and the faint out-shadowings, which we sometimes hear among them, of a deep and sombre stream to be crossed by the adventurous soul, in its way to the land of bliss, does not exercise such a practical influence over their lives, as to interfere with the belief of universal acceptance after death. So firm is this belief, that their proper and most reverend term for the Great Spirit, is Gézha Monedo, that is to say, Merciful Spirit. Gitchy Monedo, which is also employed, is often an equivocal phrase. The term Wäz-heáud, or Maker, is used to designate the Creator, when speaking of his animated works. The compound phrase Wäosemigóyan, or universal Father, is also heard.

The great spirit of evil, called Mudje Monedo, and Matche Monito, is regarded as a *created*, and not a pre-existing being. Subordinate spirits of evil, are denoted by using the derogative form of the word, in *sh* by which Moneto is rendered Monetosh. The exceeding flexibility of the language is well calculated to enable them to express distinction of this nature.

This tribe has a general tradition of a deluge, in which the earth was covered with water, reaching above the highest hills, or mountains, but not above a tree which grew on the latter, by climbing which a man was saved. This man was the demi-god of their fictions, who is called Manabozho, by whose means the waters were stayed and the earth re-created. He employed for this purpose various animals who were sent to dive

down for some of the primordial earth, of which a little was, at length, brought up by the beaver, and this formed the germ or nucleus of the new, or rather rescued planet. What particular allegories are hid under this story, is not certain ; but it is known that this, and other tribes, are much in the habit of employing allegories, and symbols, under which we may suspect, they have concealed parts of their historical traditions and beliefs. This deluge of the Algonquin tribes, was produced, as their legends tell, by the agency of the chief of the evil spirits, symbolized by a great serpent, who is placed, throughout the tale, in an antagonistical position to the demi-god Manabosho. This Manabozho, is the same, it is thought, with the Abou, and the Michabou, or the Great Hare of elder writers.

Of their actual origin and history, the Chippewas have no other certain tradition, than that they came from Wabenong, that is to say, the land of the EAST. They have no authentic history, therefore, but such remembered events, as must be placed subsequent to the era of the discovery of the continent. Whether this tradition is to be interpreted as an ancient one, having reference to their arrival on the continent, or merely to the track of their migration, after reaching it, is a question to be considered. It is only certain, that they came to their present position on the banks of Lake Superior, from the direction of the Atlantic seaboard, and were, when discovered, in the attitude of an invading nation, pressing westward and northward. Their distinctive name sheds no light on this question. They call themselves *Od-jib-wāg*, which is the plural of *Odjibwa*,—a term which appears to denote a peculiarity in their voice, or manner of utterance. This word has been pronounced Chippewa by the Saxon race in America, and is thus recorded in our treaties and history. They are, in language, manners and customs, and other characteristics, a well marked type of the leading Algonquin race, and indeed, the most populous, important, and wide spread existing branch of that family now on the continent. The term Chippewa, may be considered as inveterately fixed by popular usage, but in all disquisitions which have their philology or distinctive character in view, the true vernacular term of *Od-jib-wa*, will be found to possess advantages to writers. The word Algonquin is still applied to a small local band, at the Lake of Two Mountains, on the Utawas river, near Montreal, but this term, first bestowed by the French, has long been a generic phrase for the entire race, who are identified by the ties of a common original language in the United States and British America.

One of the most curious opinions of this people is their belief in the mysterious and sacred character of fire. They obtain sacred fire, for all national and ecclesiastical purposes, from the flint. Their national pipes are lighted with this fire. It is symbolical of purity. Their notions of the boundary between life and death, which is also symbolically the limit of the material verge between this and a future state, are revealed in con-

nection with the exhibition of flames of fire. They also make sacrifices by fire of some part of the first fruits of the chase. These traits are to be viewed, perhaps, in relation to their ancient worship of the sun, above noticed, of which the traditions and belief, are still generally preserved. The existence among them of the numerous classes of jossakeeds, or muterers—(the word is from the utterance of sounds low on the earth,) is a trait that will remind the reader of a similar class of men, in early ages, in the eastern hemisphere. These persons constitute, indeed, the Magii of our western forests. In the exhibition of their art, and of the peculiar notions they promulgate on the subject of a sacred fire, and the doctrine of transmigration, they would seem to have their affiliation of descent rather with the disciples of Zoroaster and the fruitful Persian stock, than with the less mentally refined Mongolian hordes.

TO A BIRD, SEEN UNDER MY WINDOW IN THE GARDEN.

By the late Mrs. H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, who was a grand daughter of the war chief
WABOJEEG.

Sweet little bird, thy notes prolong,
And ease my lonely pensive hours;
I love to list thy cheerful song,
And hear thee chirp beneath the flowers.

The time allowed for pleasures sweet,
To thee is short as it is bright,
Then sing ! rejoice ! before it fleet,
And cheer me ere you take your flight.

PONTIAC, when he determined to oppose the settling of the Saxon race west of the Alleghanies, sought to invent a currency, to carry on his war. He bethought him of this expedient. He drew his totem on pieces of bark, or paper, and these, putting over it a figure of the thing he wanted, tradition says, he faithfully redeemed.

Whatever else the Indian lacks, in his mental constitution, he does not lack *belief*. He believes, among other things, that, by an act of necromancy, a part of the human family were transformed into bears, wolves and other animals, who are to be restored to their original shapes in another world.

Dr. Johnson says—The source of intellectual pleasure is variety: uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence.

TRADITIONAL WAR SONGS

OF THE

ODJIBWA ALGONQUINS.

WHOEVER has heard an Indian war song, and witnessed an Indian war dance, must be satisfied that the occasion wakes up all the fire and energy of the Indian's soul. His flashing eye—his muscular energy, as he begins the dance—his violent gesticulation as he raises his war-cry—the whole frame and expression of the man, demonstrate this. And long before it comes to his turn to utter his stave, or portion of the chant, his mind has been worked up to the most intense point of excitement: his imagination has pictured the enemy—the ambush and the onset—the victory and the bleeding victim, writhing under his prowess: in imagination he has already stamped him under foot, and torn off his reeking scalp: he has seen the eagles hovering in the air, ready to pounce on the dead carcass, as soon as the combatants quit the field.

It would require strong and graphic language to give descriptive utterance, in the shape of song, to all he has fancied, and seen and feels on the subject. He, himself, makes no such effort. Physical excitement has absorbed his energies. He is in no mood for calm and connected descriptions of battle scenes. He has no stores of measured rhymes to fall back on. All he can do is to utter brief, and often highly symbolic expressions of courage—of defiance—of indomitable rage. His feet stamp the ground, as if he would shake it to its centre. The inspiring drum and mystic rattle communicate new energy to every step, while they serve, by the observance of the most exact time, to concentrate his energy. His very looks depict the spirit of rage, and his yells, uttered quick, sharp, and cut off by the application of the hand to the mouth, are startling and horrific.

Under such circumstances, a few short and broken sentences are enough to keep alive the theme in his mind; and he is not probably conscious of the fact, that, to an unimpassioned and calm listener, with note book in hand, there is not sufficient said to give coherence to the song. And that such a song, indeed, under the best auspices, is a mere wild rhapsody of martial thought, poured out from time to time, in detached sentences, which are, so to say, cemented into lines by a flexible chorus and known tune. The song and the music are all of a piece. Vivid and glowing, and poetic pictures will float in such a train, and often strike

the imagination by their graphic truth and boldness; but the poet must look elsewhere for finished melody, and refined and elaborate composition.

The Indian is to be viewed here, as elsewhere, as being in the highest state of his *physical*, not of his *mental* phasis. Such glimmerings may however be picked out of these warlike rhapsodies, as denote that he is of a noble and independent tone of thinking. We shall at least enable the reader to judge. The following specimens, which have been derived from actors in the depths of the forest, consist of independent songs, or stanzas, each of which is sung by a different or by the same warrior, while the dance is in progress. The words have been taken down from a young Chippewa warrior of lake Superior, of the name of Che che-gwy-ung. It will be perceived that there is a unity in the *theme*, while each warrior exercises the freest scope of expression. This unity I have favoured by throwing out such stanzas as mar it, and afterwards arranging them together.

WAR SONG.

a. In beginning this song the warrior has turned his eyes to the clouds.

O shá wan ong	(From the place of the south)
Un dos' e wug,	(They come,) <i>repeat.</i>
Pe nä' se wug,	(The birds, <i>i. e.</i> the warlike birds.)
Ka baim wai wá dung-ig.	(Hear the sound of their passing screams on the air.)

b. The idea of ravenous birds hovering in the sky, still prevails—

Tod ot' to be	(I wish to change myself to be)
Pe nä' se.	(A bird.)
Ka dow' we á we yun'.	(His swift body—to be like him.)

c. The warrior now rises above all thoughts of fear.

Ne wä be na,	(I cast it away.)
Né ow a.	(My body.)
Ne wá be na,	(<i>Repeats.</i>) This is a high symbolical boast of per-
Né ow a.	sonal bravery.

d. He appeals to the Great Spirit for extraordinary power.

Na bun á kum ig,	(On the front part of the earth,)
Tshe bá be wish' em ug.	(First shines [strikes] the light.)
In do main' em ik,	(Such power to me,)
Mon' e do,	(My God,)
Shä wa nem id.	(In thy mercy give!)

By the boldness of this figure he claims the omnipotent power of the sun to see and discover his enemies.

e. He upbraids such of his people as hold back, and do not join in the dance—that is to say, enlist in the war.

Wä go nain', e win ? (Why do ye, warriors,)
A be yun ah, (Stand back?)
Wä wos is se, we yun. (Ye who bear the mark of the Awasees.)
The Awasee is a kind of fish, which is the *totem* of a clan.

f. He declares his full purpose to enter into the war.

Ne má je, e yeh !	(I go to the spot—the war path !)
Ne má je, e yeh !	(Repeats.)
Ne me kun ah, e yeh !	(My war path !)
Ge zhig neen wá tin,	(My sky is fair and clear.) The common phrase to denote good fortune.
Hoh ! Ne monedo netaibuä-tum o win.	(Let others linger. Onward ! my God !—my right !)

In presenting these specimens of the original words of some of our western warriors, we are permitted to give the annexed versions of them from the pen of one of our most gifted writers.

WAR-SONG—"Pe-nä' se-wug."

(From the Algonquin of Schoolcraft.)

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

I.

Hear not ye their shrill-piping
 screams on the air?
Up! Braves for the conflict
 prepare ye—prepare!
Aroused from the canebrake,
 far south by your drum,
With beaks whet from carnage,
 the Battle Birds come.

II.

Oh God of my Fathers,
as swiftly as they,
I ask but to swoop
from the hills on my prey:
Give this frame to the winds,
on the Prairie below,
But my soul—like thy bolt—
I would hurl on the foe!

III.

On the forehead of Earth
 strikes the Sun in his might,
 Oh gift me with glances
 as searching as light.
 In the front of the onslaught,
 to single each crest,
 Till my hatchet grows red
 on their bravest and best.

IV.

Why stand ye back idly,
 ye Sons of the Lakes ?
 Who boast of the scalp-locks,
 ye tremble to take.
 Fear-dreamers may linger,
 my skies are all bright—
 Charge—charge—on the War-Path,
 FOR GOD AND THE RIGHT.

Take the following additional example, of a death song. These stanzas have all been actually sung on warlike occasions, and repeated in my hearing. They have been gleaned from the traditional songs of the Chippewas of the north, whose villages extend through the region of lake Superior, and to the utmost sources of the Mississippi. Those bands are the hereditary foes of their western neighbours, the Dacotahs or Sioux, who are generally called by them, by way of distinction, Na do wā' sees, that is to say, OUR ENEMIES. The allusions in the songs are exclusively to them. In writing the original, I omit the chorus, as it is not susceptible of translation, and would increase considerably the space occupied.

DEATH SONG.

1. In opening this song the warrior is to be contemplated as lying wounded on the field of battle.

A' be tuh ge' zhig, (Under the centre of the sky,)
 Ne bá baim wā' wā. (I utter my baim wā' wā.)

Baimwāwā, is the sound of passing thunders, which will convey a just idea of the violence of this figure.

2. His thoughts revert to the star of his destiny.

Ain dah' so gezhig (Every day, thou star !)
 Ke gá gun o wá bom in. (I gaze at you.)
 It is the morning star that is here alluded to.

3. He sees the birds of carnage hovering over the field.

A' be tuh geézh-ig (The half of the day)
 Ai be yaun (I abide—gazing)
 Pe nā se wug. (Ye warlike birds.)

4. He keeps the flight of these birds before his mind and hears their shrill cries.

Pe misk wosh e wug (They fly round the circuit of the sky.)
 Pe nā se wug (The birds—circling)
 A' be tuh geezh ig oag. (Round half the circuit of the sky.) The meaning is, approaching him in circle, more nearly, as life becomes fainter in him.

5. This figure is continued. He lies bleeding.

A' zha waush e wug (They cross the enemy's line)
 Pe nā se wug. (The birds.)

6. He feels that he is called to another world.

A pit she Mon e doag (The high gods)
 Ne mud wā wā (My praise)
 Wá we ne goag. (They sound.)

7. He is content and willing to go.

Kā gait', ne min wain' dum (Full happy—I)
 Ne bun aí kum ig (To lie on the battle-field)
 Tshe bá be wish e naun. (Over the enemy's line.)

DEATH-SONG—"A' be tuh gé zhig."

(From the Algonquin of Schoolcraft.)

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

I.

Under the hollow sky,
 Stretched on the Prairie lone,
 Centre of glory, I
 Bleeding, disdain to groan,
 But like a battle cry
 Peal forth my thunder moan,
Baim-wā-wā!

II.

Star—Morning-Star, whose ray
 Still with the dawn I see,

Quenchless through half the day
 Gazing thou seest me—
 Yon birds of carnage, they
 Fright not my gaze from thee!
Baim-wä-wä!

III.

Bird, in thine airy rings
 Over the foeman's line,
 Why do thy flapping wings
 Nearer me thus incline?
 Blood of the Dauntless brings*
 Courage, oh Bird to thine!
Baim-wä-wä!

Hark to those Spirit-notes!
 Ye high Heroes divine,
 Hymned from your god-like throats
 That Song of Praise is mine!
 Mine, whose grave-pennon floats†
 Over the foeman's line!
Baim-wä-wä!

BRANT, notwithstanding the views presented, in the meritorious life of him, in connection with the revolutionary border wars, by the late Col. Stone, was in a false position, bore a double character, and was the object of just suspicion and reproach, during the entire period. The attempt to wipe this stigma from his memory, which does so much credit to the heart of the writer, has been made at too recent a period, while many of the actors of those scenes are yet alive, to be successful. He was the bitter and implacable foe of the Americans, in every phase of the contest. No plea can excuse his barbarities; they are aggravated by the circumstances of his education.

The Algonquin tribes believe in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. This appears clearly in some of their legends. Pappuckewis, the Indian Merry Andrew, was once a wolf, and once a wild goose, or brant. Being sore pressed in one of his adventures, he was, at another time, changed into a rock, to escape a stroke of lightning.

* *Nan-pah-shene*, or “The Dauntless,” is a title given among some tribes of the Northwest to those fraternized bands of warriors, in which each member is consecrated to death on the battle-field, or rather is sworn never to desert a brother of the band in battle.

† The Indians plant flags at the head of the grave, which it is deemed sacrilegious even for an enemy to disturb.

SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF
NOTED RED MEN AND WOMEN,
WHO HAVE APPEARED ON THE WESTERN CONTINENT.

BRANT, RED JACKET, UNCAS, MIONTONIMO.

**A NOTICE OF THE BIOGRAPHIES OF THE LATE COL. WILLIAM L. STONE, PREPARED FOR THE
DEMOCRATIC REVIEW—1843.**

THE Egyptians embalmed their dead in myrrh and spices, but the blessed art of printing has given us a surer and less revolting method of preserving and transmitting to posterity, all that is truly valuable in the plaudits of virtue, worth, and honor. Books thus become a more permanent memorial than marble, and by their diffusion scatter those lessons among all mankind, which the age of mounds and hieroglyphics, stone and papyrus, had confined to the tablet of a shaft, or the dark recesses of a tomb or a pyramid. It is never to be forgotten, that in the development of this new phasis in the history of the human race, it was printing that first lit the lamp of truth, and has driven on the experiment, till the boundaries of letters have well nigh become co-extensive with the world. If we do not widely err, there is no part of the globe, where books of all descriptions have become so cheap and abundant as they are at this time in the United States, and, laying aside all other considerations, we may find a proof of the position stated in the fact, that our vernacular literature is no longer confined to the production of school books, the annals of law and divinity, the age of muddy pamphlets, or the motley pages of the newspaper. We have no design to follow up these suggestions by showing how far the study of the natural sciences, the discussion of political economy, or the advances of belles-lettres, have operated to produce this result; far less to identify those causes, in the progress of western arts and commerce, which have concurred to bring down the price of books, and scatter the blessings of an untrammelled press, among all classes. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that even the lives of our distinguished native chieftains have come in for a share of modern notice, and, we feel proud to add, of a notice which, so far as it reaches, is worthy of the subject. And should our contributions on this head, for the last few years, be equally well followed up for a few years to come, even the desponding strains of one of

their own impersonated heroes can no longer be repeated with perfect truth :

“ They sink, they pass, they fly, they go,
Like a vapor at morning’s dawn,
Or a flash of light, whose sudden glow
Is seen, admired, and gone.

“ They died ; but if a brave man bleeds,
And fills the dreamless grave,
Shall none repeat his name, his deeds,
Nor tell that he was brave ?”

To no one in our literary annals is the public so much indebted for rescuing from oblivion the traits and character of the four celebrated chiefs whose names stand at the head of this article, as to the able author of these biographies, William L. Stone. Gifted with a keen perception of the questions of right and wrong, which turn upon the planting of the colonies among barbarians, who more than idled away their days upon a soil which they did not cultivate—with a deep sympathy in their fate and fortunes, on the one hand, and the paramount claims of letters and Christianity on the other, he has set himself to the task of rendering justice to whom justice belongs, with the ardor of a philanthropist, and the research of a historian. He appears to have planned a series of biographies which, if completed, will give a connected view of the leading tribes who occupied New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, with a range in the examination of contemporary men and collateral topics, which embraces a wide circle. And he has filled up the outlines of his plan, thus far, in a manner which leaves but little to glean in the path which he has trod. If the extension of this circle, and the large amount of contemporaneous matter brought in, has, in the minds of some, abstracted too large a share of attention, and left the biographies with less unity and compactness than they would otherwise have assumed, this is exclusively the fault of their plan, so far as it is acknowledged, and not of the execution. And for this course of extension there is a plea to be found in the nature of the subject, in the treatment of which, scantiness of material was often sought to be supplied by the introduction of collateral and sometimes extraneous matter.

We propose briefly to notice the series of these biographies in their order of publication. In his first work on Brant, he has presented, in living colors, the great Mohawk of 1776, who rose up to crush that confederacy which Washington and his compeers had pledged their lives to maintain. Brant was a man of power and capacities, mental and physical, beyond his tribe ; and was so situated, in the actual contest, as to throw a greater weight into the scale against us, than any other, or all of the hostile chiefs of the Red Race put together. If he could not, like Ariel, call

up the "spirits of the vasty deep," he could, at his bidding, summon together the no less malignant spirits of the woods, who fell upon our sleeping hamlets with the fury of demons. And whether at Johnson Hall or Niagara, at Cherry Valley or Schoharie, on the waters of the Oriskany or the Chemung, he was the ruling and informing spirit of the contest. Such was the power he wielded as commander of a most effective body of light troops (for such are all Indian warriors), who were supported by large and well appointed armies, that, like the electric flashes of the boding storm, he preceded the heavier outbreak by sounding aloud the wild notes of terror and dismay. It was in this manner that his name became a talisman on the frontiers, to conjure up deeds of evil, and in this way also, doubtless, it became loaded with reproaches, some of which, as the author has denoted, were due to other actors in the contest. It is difficult, however, to disturb the judgments of a preceding age, on the character of individuals who have long passed off the stage of action, whether those judgments be favorable or unfavorable; and it is, in fact, impossible to reverse them. It is only necessary to glace backward a short way, on the track of biography, to perceive that posterity never revises the opinions once put on individual character, heroic or literary. It tries to forget all it can, and every body it can, and never remembers a long time any name which it is possible to forget. It is willing, we should infer, to concede something to the great men among barbarian nations, whose names have often burst upon civilized society with the fearful attractions of the meteor, or the comet, producing admiration in the beholders, without stopping to inquire the true cause. Such were the Tamerlanes, and the Tippoo Saibs of the eastern world, of a prior age, as well as the Mehemet Alis and Abdel Kaders of the present. And such were, also, with reduced means of action, numbers of the American aboriginal chiefs, who, between the days of Manco Capac and Micanopy have figured in the history of the western world. Most of these men owe their celebrity to the mere fact of their having dazzled or astounded, or like Brant himself, excited the terror of those who opposed them. In the case of the latter, a change of opinion in those particular traits which affect his humanity, is less readily made, from the fact, yet generally remembered, that he had received a Christian education; that he was, while a mere boy, received into the best society, acquired the English language, and had been instructed, first at a New England academy, and afterwards at one of its most practically efficient colleges. Posterity holds the Mohawk chief responsible to have carried the precepts thus obtained into the forest, and to have diffused their blessings among those who had perhaps his bravery, without his talents or his knowledge. Those who fought against him were ill qualified, we confess, to be his judges. He had not only espoused the wrong cause, wrong because it was adverse to the progress of national freedom and those very principles his people contended for; but he battled for it with a

master's hand, and made the force of his energy felt, as the author has more fully indicated than was before known, from the banks of the Mohawk and the Niagara, to the Ohio, the Miami, and the Wabash. Yet, if there was error in the extent to which he failed to carry the precepts of civilization and Christianity, it was meet it should be pointed out, although it will also be admitted, the public have a right to look for the strongest of these proofs of a kind and benevolent feeling towards his open enemies, out of the range of his domestic circle. His family had carried the incipient principles of civilization, which he gave them, too high—they had exhibited to the next age, a too prominent example of cultivation and refinement in every sense—not to feel deeply the obloquy cast upon his name, by the poetic spirit of the times; and not to wish that one who had, in verity, so many high and noble qualities, both in the council and the field, should also be without a spot on his humanity. We deem the feeling as honorable to all who have the blood of the chieftain in their veins as it is praiseworthy in his biographer. We cannot, however, consent to forget, that historical truth is very severe in its requisitions, and is not to be put off, by friend or foe, with hearsay testimony, or plausible surmises.

Brant cannot, like Xicotencal, be accused of having joined the invaders of his country, who were recklessly resolved upon its subjugation; but he overlooked the fact, that both the *invader* and the *invaded* in the long and bloody border warfare of the revolution, were, in all that constitutes character, the same people. They were of the same blood and lineage, spoke the same language, had the same laws and customs, and the same literature and religion, and he failed to see that the only real point of difference between them was, who should wield the sceptre. Whichever party gained the day in such a contest, letters and Christianity must triumph, and as the inevitable result, barbarism must decline, and the power of the Indian nation fall.

In Brant, barbarism and civilization evinced a strong and singular contest. He was at one moment a savage, and at another a civilian, at one moment cruel, and at another humane; and he exhibited, throughout all the heroic period of his career, a constant vacillation and struggle between good and bad, noble and ignoble feelings, and, as one or the other got the mastery, he was an angel of mercy, or a demon of destruction. In this respect, his character does not essentially vary from that which has been found to mark the other leading red men who, from Philip to Osceola, have appeared on the stage of action. Like them, his reasoning faculties were far less developed than his physical perceptions. And to attempt to follow or find anything like a fixed principle of humanity, basing itself on the higher obligations that sway the human breast, would, we fear, become a search after that which had no existence in his mind; or if the germ was there, it was too feeble to become predominant. We do not think it necessary, in commenting on his life, to enter into any nice

train of reasoning or motives to account for this characteristic, or to reconcile cruelties of the most shocking kind, when contrasted with traits of mildness and urbanity. They were different moods of the man, and in running back over the eventful years of his life, it becomes clear, that civilization had never so completely gained the mastery over his mind and heart, as not to desert him, without notice, the moment he heard the sound of the war-whoop. The fact that he could use the pen, supplied no insuperable motive against his wielding the war club. His tomahawk and his Testament lay on the same shelf. The worst trait in his character is revealed in his tardiness to execute acts of *purposed* mercy. There was too often some impediment, which served as an excuse, as when he had a ploughed field to cross to save Wells and his family, or a lame heel, or gave up the design altogether, as in the case of Wisner, whom he construed it into an act of mercy to tomahawk.

That he was, however, a man of an extraordinary firmness, courage and decision of character, is without doubt. But his fate and fortunes have not been such as to give much encouragement to chiefs of the native race in lending their influence to European, or Anglo-European powers, who may be engaged in hostilities against each other on this continent. Pontiac had realized this before him, and Tecumtha realized it after him. Neither attained the object he sought. One of these chiefs was assassinated, the other fell in battle, and Brant himself only survived the defeat of his cause, to fret out his latter days in vain attempts to obtain justice from the power which he had most loyally served, and greatly benefited. Had he been knighted at the close of the contest, instead of being shuffled from one great man to another, at home and abroad, it would have been an instance of a noble exercise of that power. But George III. seemed to have been fated, at all points, neither to do justice to his friends nor his enemies.

Such was Brant, or Thayendanegea, symbolically, the Band of his tribe,* to whose lot it has fallen to act a more distinguished part in the Colonies, as a consummate warrior, than any other aboriginal chieftain who has arisen. And his memory was well worthy of the elaborate work in which his biographer has presented him, in the most favourable points of view, amidst a comprehensive history of the border wars of the revolution, without, however, concealing atrocities of which he was, perhaps sometimes unwillingly, the agent.

A word, and but a word, will be added, as to some points connected with this chief's character, which are not in coincidence with the generally received opinion, or are now first introduced by way of palliation, or vindication. We confess, that so far as the presence or absence of the Great Mohawk in the massacre of Wyoming, is concerned, the statements are

* The name is usually translated, two-sticks tied, or united.

either inconclusive, or less satisfactory than could be wished. There was quite too much feeling sometimes evinced by his family, and particularly his son John, to permit us to receive the new version of the statement without some grains of allowance. An investigation is instituted by Col. Stone as to the immediate ancestry of Brant, and much importance is attached to the inquiry, whether he was descended from a line of hereditary chiefs. We think the testimony adverse to such a supposition, and it affords no unequivocal proof of talents, that notwithstanding such an adventitious circumstance, certainly without being of the line of *ruling* chiefs, he elevated himself to be, not only the head chief and leader of his tribe, but of the Six Nations. Courtesy and popular will attach the title of chief or sachem to men of talents, courage or eloquence among our tribes generally; and while mere descent would devolve it upon a chief's son, whatever might be his character, yet this fact alone would be of little import, and give him little influence, without abilities: whereas abilities alone are found to raise men of note to the chieftainship, among all the North American tribes, whose customs and character are known.

It has constituted no part of our object, in these general outlines, to examine minor points of the biography or history, upon which the information or the conclusions are not so satisfactory as could be wished, or which may, indeed, be at variance with our opinions. One fact, however, connected with this name, it is not deemed proper to pass *sub silentio*. Brant is made to take a part in the Pontiac war, a contest arising on the fall of the French power in Canada in 1759, and which closed in 1763. Brant was at its close but twenty-one years of age, and had not, it is probable, finally returned from his New England tutors. At any rate, there is no reason to suppose, that, at that early period of his life and his influence, he could have had any participation in the events of that war.

In the life of Red Jacket, or Sagóyewata, we have a different order of Indian intellect brought to view. He was an orator and a diplomatist, and was at no period of his life noted for his skill as a warrior. Nay, there are indubitable proofs that his personal courage could not always be "screwed up to the sticking point." But in native intellect, he was even superior to Brant. He was, indeed, the Brant of the council, and often came down upon his opponents with bursts of eloquence, trains of argument, or rhapsodies of thought, which were irresistible. And of him, it may be symbolically said, that his tongue was his tomahawk, and the grandiloquent vocabulary of the Seneca language, his war-club. Nor has any native chieftain wielded the weapon to more purpose, or with a longer continued effect than the great Seneca orator. The specimens of his eloquence which have appeared in our newspapers for forty years or more, are still fresh in the memory, and it was due and meet that these should be collected and preserved in a permanent shape, together with such particulars of his life and career as could be obtained. This task has been performed

by Col. Stone, in a manner which leaves nothing more to be attempted on the subject. Much zeal and industry have been evinced in eliciting facts from every quarter where it was probable information could be had. And he has brought together a body of contemporaneous proofs and reminiscences, touching this chief, which a few years would have put beyond the power of recovery, and which a position less prominent than he occupied as a public journalist, might have rendered it difficult for another to collect. We need only refer to the names of Gen. P. B. Porter, Rev. J. Breckenridge, Mr. Parish, and Mr. Hosmer, to show the character of this part of his materials.

Other chiefs of the native stock, have produced occasional pieces of eloquence, or admired oratory, but Red-Jacket is the only prominent individual who has devoted his whole career to it. That he did, indeed, excel, producing effects which no reported speech of his ever equalled or did justice to, there are still many living to attest. In the question of land sales, which arose between the white and red races, there were frequent occasions to bring him out. And these, in the end, assumed a complicated shape, from either the vague nature, or ill understood conditions of prior grants. In all these discussions, he preserved a unity and consistency in the set of opinions he had adopted. He was opposed to further sales, to removal, to civilization, and to the introduction of Christianity among his people. What Brant had done in *politics*, Red-Jacket repeated in *moralis*. Both took the wrong side, and both failed. But it is to be said of the Seneca orator, that he did not live to see the final defeat of that course of policy which he had so long and so ably advocated.

It was remarked by Mr. Clinton, and the fact had impressed others, that the Iroquois, or Six Nations, excelled the other natives in eloquence. Of this, their history, during the Supremacy of Holland and England in New York, as given by Colden, furnishes ample proofs. The speech of Garangula, against the Governor General of Canada and his wily policy, is unexcelled, as a whole, by anything which even Red-Jacket has left in print, though much of the effect of it is due to the superior and heroic position occupied by the tribes for whom he spoke. Logan, unexcelled by all others for his pathos and simplicity, it must be remembered, was also of this stock,—Mingo, or *Mengwe*, as the Delawares pronounced it, being but a generic term for Iroquois; so that the transmission of this trait, from the proud era of the Iroquois confederacy down to modern days, is quite in keeping with the opinion quoted.

It is to be wished that Col. Stone would supply another link in the chain of Iroquois history, by favoring the public with the life of the noted Oneida chief, Shenandoah, for which materials must exist in the Kirkland family.

The lives of the two men, Uncas and Miontonimo, whose leading acts

are described in one of the volumes named in our caption, belong to an earlier period of history, and a different theatre of action. The scene changes from western New York to the seaboard of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and, to some extent, Massachusetts. Uncas was the good genius, the tutelary spirit, if we may so say, of the colony of Connecticut; and the best monument which that State could erect to his memory, would be to change the unmeaning and worn out name of one of her counties, New London, for that of the noble and friendly chief, of whose forest kingdom it once formed a part. From the first day that the English colonists set foot within it, to the hour of his death, Uncas was the unwavering "friend of the white man," as his biographer justly calls him. He was of that race, whom history has, without making a particle of allowance for savage ignorance and hereditary prejudice, branded under the name of Pequods. They were of that type of languages and lineage, which was very well characterized generically, at least as far south as the original country of the Delawares; but which assumed a sub-type after crossing the Hudson, and was known east of that point under one of its superinduced forms, as the Mohegan. This term had been dropped by the Pequods, if it was ever their specific cognomen, but it is a proof, and we think a very conclusive proof, of the yet freshly remembered affiliation with Taminund* and the Manhattans, that Uncas, the moment he revolted from King Sassacus, assumed the name of a Mohegan, and put himself at the head of that tribe, as it then existed within the boundaries of Connecticut. Or rather, he constituted the revolted Pequods a new tribe, under an old and respected name, and he thus laid the foundation of the Uncas dynasty. Placed thus by circumstances in a position in which he sought an alliance with the early colonists, and finding his security in theirs, he was in fact the only leading chief of the times who, really, heartily, and faithfully sought their prosperity and growth to the end. The rise of Uncas and Connecticut thus began at one era; and as the alliance was founded on mutual interest and safety, it only grew stronger with time. A man of less force of character or natural sagacity than Uncas, would have vacillated when he saw the colonists becoming more powerful and himself more weak as years rolled on, and would have been seduced to enter into alliances for arresting the white man's power, as other native chiefs had done. But all history concurs in showing that, under every circumstance, and there were many of the most trying kind, he carried himself well, and avoided even a suspicion of his fidelity.

Uncas was well qualified for a ruler both in mind and person. He possessed a fine figure, over six feet in height, a commanding voice, and a noble bearing. He was mild yet dignified in his manners. He was not

* The name of this chief is Anglicised in the word Tammany.

only wise in council, but brave* in war, as he evinced in many instances, but particularly in the battle of Sachem's Plain, in which he proved himself the bravest and most chivalrous of the brave. Yet his wisdom and moderation in governing his people, and the well balanced justice and consistency of his character, give him a still higher reputation, and establish his best claim to remembrance. In all the trials in which he was placed, in all the temptations he had to fly into a rage, and act out the savage, he sustained this character for wise deliberation ; and by adhering to his first covenant with the English, and laying all his plans and grievances before the colonial courts, he raised himself in strength and reputation, and finally triumphed, first over Sassacus, and then over Miontonimo, the two greatest and most powerful of his immediate contemporaries.

If Uncas was the patron of Connecticut, Miontonimo, with his family of the Narragansett chiefdom, was equally so of Rhode Island. And it is from this obvious fact, probably, in part, that we find the historical notices of him, from the last quarter, decidedly more favorable to his general character than those emanating from the land of his enemy and his conqueror, Uncas. While there is no disagreement as to any historical fact of note, it is natural that some little shade of feeling of this nature should remain. We have noticed a similar feeling with respect to existing tribes and chiefs, in the western world, where the inhabitants never fail to be imbued with those peculiar notions and traditions of the particular tribe about them, which represent the latter as the principal nation, and invest them with tribal traits of superiority. It is a feeling which leans to the better side of one's nature, and does honor to men's hearts ; but the historian is obliged to look at such questions with a colder eye, and can never abate a tittle of the truth, although he may run counter to this local sympathy and bias. We could name some remarkable instances of this prejudice, if we were willing to digress.

If Miontonimo be compared to Uncas, it will at once be seen that he lacked the latter's sagacity and firmness of character. Had the Narragansett listened to Sassacus, and formed a league with him, he would have crushed, for a time, the infant colony of Connecticut. This he declined, apparently, because it had the specific character of enabling Sassacus to put down Uncas. After the Pequod king had been defeated and

* The terms "brave" and "braves" used in a substantive sense, in this work, are neither English nor Indian. The Indian term should be translated strong-heart, its literal import ; for it is one of the general rules of these languages, that the operation of the adjective, as well as action of the verb, is uniformly marked upon the substantive—there being, indeed, different inflections of each substantive, to denote whether this operation or action be caused by a noble or ignoble, or an animate or inanimate object. Still the general use of the Canadian term *Brave*, on our Indian border, may give it some poetic claims to introduction into our vernacular, burthened as it already is with more objectionable Americanisms.

fled to the Mohawks, Miontonimo was left in a position to assume the Pequod's policy, and then tried to bring Uncas into just such a combination to fall on the colonists, as he had himself refused, when the proposition came from Sassacus. As Uncas not only refused, but laid the scheme before his allies, Miontonimo went to war against him, with a large army. Uncas hastily prepared to meet him, with a smaller force. They met on Sachem's Plain, on the banks of the Shawtucket. Uncas, unwilling to see so many of his people slain in battle, nobly stepped forward and proposed a personal combat, to decide the question of who should rule, and who obey. It was declined, but the moment the reply was made, he threw himself on the plain, a signal, it seems, for his men to advance, and they came on with such an impulse, that he won the day and took Miontonimo prisoner. This capture was the act of one of his minor chiefs; but when his enemy was brought before him, he declined exercising his right of putting him to death, but determined to refer the matter to the authorities of Hartford. There it was found to be a knotty question, and finally referred to the General Court at Boston. The Court strengthened itself with the opinions of six distinguished clergymen and several eminent civilians; and then decided, that the Narragansett chief had justly forfeited his life, by violating his political covenants with the colonies, but it might not be taken away *by them*. He must be remanded to Uncas, within his jurisdiction, and by him be executed; but it was enjoined, with a very poor compliment to the known mildness of the character of Uncas, that no needless cruelty should be practised. Here, then, the white man evinced less mercy than the red had done. Miontonimo was now released from his confinement, and conducted back to the very spot where he had first been taken prisoner, as he approached which, one of the Mohegans who accompanied him, keeping him in entire ignorance of his fate, raised his tomahawk as he walked behind him, and laid him dead at a blow.

Whether the moral responsibility of this execution rests with the court, or the executioner, we do not propose particularly to inquire, nor to ascertain to what degree it was shuffled off, by directing an Indian to commit an act which it was unlawful for a white man and a Christian to perform. Had Uncas slain his adversary in cold blood, after the action, the thing would have been in perfect accordance with Indian law. Had Miontonimo been a subject of either of the colonies of Connecticut, Rhode Island, or Massachusetts, and levied war, or committed any overt act of treason, his execution would have been in accordance with the laws of civilized nations. Neither condition happened. It was, however, felt, that the great disturber of the colonies, after Sassacus, had now been caught. He had violated his covenant by going to war without apprising them. They did not believe he would keep any future covenants. The moral sense of the community would not be shocked, but rather gratified by his execution. This point was strongly signified to the court. But they could

not legally compass it. English law opposed it. The customs of civilized nations, in warring with *each other*, opposed it. Should a different rule be observed towards the aborigines? Did the dictates of sound judgment and common sense, did the precepts of Christianity,—aye, “there was the rub,”—did the precepts of Christianity sanction it? On full deliberation,—for the question was not decided in haste,—neither of these points could be affirmatively answered. But while policy—the policy of *expediency*, the lust of power, and the offended moral sense of an exposed and suffering community demanded, as it was thought, the death of the sachem, still it was not found that one whom they had ever treated, and then viewed, as a foreign prince, legally considered, could be thus deprived of his life. Imprisonment was not, as a permanent policy, resolved on. There was one course left to escape both dilemmas, and to avoid all censure. It was to restore things to the precise footing they had before his surrender. It was to hand him back to Uncas, without the expression of any decision, leaving that chieftain to act as he deemed fit. They remanded him indeed, but went one step too far, by first deciding in a formal court, after months of deliberation, in the course of which the clergy and gentry, (this is a term that would be proper to the times) had been formally consulted, and directed his death, stipulating only that he should not be killed with cruelty. If there was not something that smacks of the want of true and noble dealing in this—if it accorded with the bland precepts of Christianity, to do unto others as you would that others should do unto you—if the act did not, in fine, partake of the very spirit of Jesuitism in the worst sense in which the word has been adopted into the language, we have, we confess, formed a totally wrong idea of its meaning.

A case, in some respects similar to this, happened in modern times, which may be thought to contrast rather strongly with the above example of Puritan mercy. The reasons for a capital punishment, were, indeed, far more cogent, and the community called out strongly for it, and would have sustained it. It was the capture of Black Hawk, which, it will be recollected, took place during the first Presidential term of General Jackson. Black Hawk had levied war within the boundaries of one of the States, on lands ceded by treaty, and organized a confederacy of Indian tribes, which, though broken up in part, chiefly through the failure of the other tribes to fulfil their engagements with him, yet required for its suppression the entire disposable force of the Union. The Sac chief was finally captured on Indian territory, in the act of fleeing west of the Mississippi. He was imprisoned, and the case referred to the Government for decision. He had broken his treaty covenants. He had not only made war, but in its outbreak and its continuance, had been guilty of countenancing, at least, the most shocking barbarities. He had, indeed, opened the scene by cruelly murdering the agent of the Government, the representative of the President, in the person of Mr. St. Vrain. The commu-

nity, the western States particularly, called loudly for his execution. There could be no security, it was said, if such a bloody fellow was allowed to roam at large. He had forfeited his life a thousand times. There was, indeed, the same popular feeling against him, which had existed in New England, one hundred and ninety years before, against Miontonimo. But could he have been *legally* executed? And if so, was it, indeed, the true policy? Was it noble—was it high-minded? Was it meting out exact and equal justice to men with red skins, as well as white? It was thought that all these questions must be negatively answered; and the bold Sac insurgent was sent home, accompanied by an officer of the army, to secure his comfort and safety, and thus to see that a wise and merciful decision should be faithfully carried out, and popular indignation be prevented from wreaking itself, in the assassination of the chief.

In closing these remarks, it may appear selfish to express the hope, that Mr. Stone, to whom we are already indebted for these spirited, comprehensive, and well written volumes, should still further employ his pen in adding to the sum of these obligations. But he has so well studied the field in its historical bearing, so far at least as relates to the eastern department of the Union, that we know of no one to whom the labour would present less of the character of a task. We are in want of a good account of Philip, or Metacomet, the energetic sachem of the Pokenokets, who impersonated so fully the wild Indian character, and views, and battled so stoutly against the occupancy of New England by the Saxon race. In showing up to modern times such a man, we think a biography would derive very deep interest, and it would certainly be a new experiment, to take up the aboriginal views and opinions of the invading race, and thus write, as it were, from *within*, instead of *without* the circle of warlike action. In this way, their combinations, efforts and power, would better appear, and redound more to the credit of the aboriginal actors, as warriors and heroes. As it is, history only alludes to them as conspirators, rebels, traitors, or culprits; as if the fact of their opposing the egress of civilized nations, who were in all respects wiser and better, were sufficient to blot out all their right and claim to the soil and sovereignty of the land of their forefathers, and they were in fact bound to stand back, and give it up *nolens volens*.

We had designed to subjoin a few remarks on the biographical labors of other writers in this department, particularly those of Thatcher and Drake, but our limits are already exhausted, and we must abandon, or at least, defer it.

HORÆ INDICÆ.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

[CONTINUED FROM NO. V.]

HERCULANEUM had nothing in common with its sombre Italian prototype, which has been dug out of dust and ashes in modern times, but its name. Instead of buried palaces and ruins of a luxurious age of marble, bronze and silver, most of the houses were built of squared oak logs, and had bulky old fashioned chimneys, built outside with a kind of castellated air, as they are seen in the old French and Dutch settlements in Canada, and along the vallies of the Hudson and Mohawk. The arts of painting and gilding and cornices, had not yet extended their empire here. Mr. Austin's residence, was the only exception to this remark, I remember. The Courts of Justice were content to hold their sessions in one of the oaken timber buildings named ; the county jail had a marvellous resemblance to an ample smoke-house, and my kind host, Ellis, who was a native of South Carolina, was content to serve up substantial and good cheer in articles, not exhumed from a city buried in volcanic ashes, but in plain fabrics of Staffordshire and Birmingham. In addition to the host-like and agreeable resort, which travellers unexpectedly found at his hands, in a mansion whose exterior gave no such signs, he presided over the department of a public ferry, established at this place, across the wild and fluctuating Mississippi ; and had he kept note book, he could have given account of many a one, from other lands, with golden hopes of the far west, whom he had safely conducted, against the most adverse floods, to the Missouri shore. I found a few old books at his house, which showed that there had been readers in his family, and which helped to while away moments, which every traveller will find on his hands.

I have intimated that there was nothing in the way of the antique, in Herculaneum, but its name. To this I might add, that there was no exception, unless it be found in the impressions of objects, in the structure of the rocks, in this quarter, denoting a prior age of existence. I was shown an impression, in the surface of a block of limestone, quarried here, which was thought to resemble a man's foot. It did not appear to me to bear this similitude, but was rather to be referred to some organic extinct forms, which are not yet well understood.

Having passed a couple of days here, I set out early one morning,

on foot, for St. Louis, accompanied by two young men from Pennsylvania, with whom I had become acquainted on prior parts of my route. They had come with an adventure of merchandize from the waters of the Yioughagany, and were desirous of seeing the (then) capitol of the Territory. Nothing untoward occurred, until we reached and crossed the river Merrimack, where night overtook us, and set in with intense darkness, just as we reached the opposite shore. There was but one house in the vicinity ; and not distant more than a mile, but such was the intensity of the darkness, owing to clouds and a gathering storm, that we lost the road, wandered in the woods for some hours, during which the rain commenced, and were at length directed to the house we sought, by the faint and occasional tinkling of a cow bell.

We travelled the next morning twelve miles, to breakfast at the antique looking village of Carondalet. The route lies over an elevated tract of uplands, eligibly situated on the right bank of the Mississippi, in which a growth of wild prairie grass and flowers, filled up the broad spaces between the trees. There was no habitation visible on the route—a standing spring under a ledge of rocks, about half way, was the only spot where we could get a drop of water to allay our thirst—for it was a hot August day. We encountered several deer, and from the frequent occurrence of their tracks, deemed such an occurrence to be common. It is on this elevated and airy tract, that the site of Jefferson Barracks, has since been judiciously established by the government.

Beyond Carondalet, the country has the appearance of a grown-up heath. It is a bushy uninviting tract, without mature forest trees. The most interesting feature we saw, consisted of a number of regular depressions, or cup-shaped concavities in the soil, caused by the passage of springs over a clay basis, upon which there is deposited a heavy diluvial stratum of sand, mixed earth and pebbles. Within about three miles of the city, this heathy and desolate tract began to assume a cultivated character ; dwellings and gardens soon succeeded, and we found ourselves, by almost imperceptible grades, introduced into the city, which we reached about four o'clock in the afternoon. On entering its ancient Spanish barriers, we noticed one of the old stone towers, or defences, which constituted a part of the enclosure. This town, I afterwards learned, had been regularly walled and fortified, during the possession of the country by the Spanish crown. As soon as I had taken lodgings, I called on R. Pettibone Esq., a friend formerly of Vernon, in western N. Y. who had established himself in this central city of the west, in the practice of the law ; he was not in, at the moment, but his family received me with cordiality. He returned my visit in the evening, and insisted on my taking up my quarters at his house. The time that I spent here, was devoted to the most prominent objects which the town and its vicinity presented to interest a stranger, such as the private museum of the late Gen. Wm. Clark,

containing many articles of rich and valuable Indian costume ; the large natural mounds above the city, and the character of the rock formation along the shores of the river, which was said to have had the impressions of human feet, on its original surface. The latter I did not see till the summer of 1821, when the block of stone containing them was examined in Mr. Rapp's garden, at Harmony, on the Wabash.

My inclinations having led me, at this time, to visit the extensive lead mines, southwest of this city, on the waters of the Merrimack, I lost no time in retracing my way to Herculaneum, by descending the Mississippi.

When I was prepared to descend the river, the two gentlemen who had been my travelling companions, on the journey up, had completed the business of their adventure, and offered me a seat, in a small boat, under their control. It was late in the afternoon of the day that this arrangement was proposed, and it was dusk before we embarked ; but it was thought the village of Cahokia, some five or six miles below, could be reached in good season. A humid and misty atmosphere rendered the night quite dark, and we soon found ourselves afloat on the broad current of the stream, without knowing our position, for it was too intensely dark to descry the outlines of either shore. Being in a light open boat, we were not only in some peril, from running foul of drifting trees, but it became disagreeably cold. On putting in for the Illinois shore, a low sandy bar, or shoal was made, but one of my companions who had landed came running back with an account of a bear and her cub, which caused us to push on about a mile further, where we passed the night, without beds or fire. Daylight disclosed to us the fact that we had passed Cahokia ; we then crossed over to the Missouri shore, and having taken breakfast at Carondalet, continued the voyage, without any further misadventure, and reached Herculaneum at noon.

I lost no time in preparing to visit the mines, and having made arrangements for my baggage to follow, set out on foot for Potosi. The first day I proceeded eighteen miles, and reached Steeples, at the head of the Zwoshau, or Joachim river, at an early hour. The day was excessively hot, and the road lay for the greater part of the distance, over a ridge of land, which afforded no water, and very little shelter from the sun's rays. I met not a solitary individual on the route, and with the exception of the small swift footed lizard, common to the way side, and a single wild turkey, nothing in the animal kingdom. The antlers of the deer frequently seen above the grass, denoted it however to abound in that animal. I was constrained while passing this dry tract, to allay my thirst at a pool, in a rut, not, however, without having disconcerted a wild turkey, which had come apparently for the same purpose.

Next day I crossed the valley of Grand or *Big* river, as it is commonly called, and at the distance of twelve miles from the Joachim, I entered the mining village of Shibboleth—the feudal seat, so to say, of the noted

"John Smith T." of whose singularities rumour had already apprized me. Here was a novel scene. Carts passing with loads of ore—smelting furnaces, and fixtures, and the half-hunter, half-farmer costumes of the group of men who were congregated about the principal store, told me very plainly, that I was now in the mining region. Lead digging and discovering, and the singular hap-hazards of men who had suddenly got rich by finding rich beds of ore, and suddenly got poor by some folly or extravagance, gave a strong colouring to the whole tone of conversation at this spot, which was carried on neither in the mildest or most unobtrusive way : quite a vocabulary of new technical words burst upon me, of which it was necessary to get the correct import. I had before heard of the pretty term, "mineral blossom," as the local name for radiated quartz, but here were tiff (sulphate of barytes), glass-tiff (calcareous spar), "mineral sign," and a dozen other words, to be found in no books. At the head of these new terms stood the popular word "mineral," which invariably meant galena, and nothing else. To hunt mineral, to dig mineral, and to smelt mineral, were so many operations connected with the reduction of the ores of galena.

I soon found the group of men about the village store, was a company of militia, and that I was in the midst of what New Yorkers call a "training," which explained the hunter aspect I had noticed. They were armed with rifles, and dressed in their every day leather or cotton hunting shirts. The officers were not distinguished from the men, either because swords were not easily procured, or more probably, because they did not wish to appear with so inefficient and useless an arm. "Food for powder," was the first term that occurred to me on first surveying this group of men, but nothing could have been more inapposite ; for although like "lean Jack's" men, they had but little skill in standing in a right line, never were men better skilled for personal combat,—from the specimens given, I believe there was hardly a man present, who could not drive a bullet into the size of a dollar at a hundred yards. No man was better skilled in this art, either with rifle or pistol, than the Don of the village, the said John Smith T., or his brother, called "the Major," neither of whom travelled, or eat, or slept, as I afterwards witnessed, without their arms. During my subsequent rambles in the mine country, I have sat at the same table, slept in the same room, and enjoyed the conversation of one or the other, and can say, that their extraordinary habit of going fully armed, was united in both with courteous manners, honourable sentiments, and high chivalric notions of personal independence ; and I had occasion to notice, that it was none but their personal enemies, or opponents in business, that dealt in vituperation against them. John Smith T. was doubtless a man of singular and capricious humours, and a most fiery spirit, when aroused ; of which scores of anecdotes are afloat. He was at variance with several of his most conspicuous neighbours, and, if he be likened to the lion of

the forest, it will be perfectly just to add, that most of the lesser animals stood in fear of him.

My stop here had consumed some time, but thinking I could still reach *Minè a Burton*, I pushed on, but had only proceeded a couple of miles when I was hastily compelled to seek shelter from an impending shower. As it was late, and the storm continued, I remained at a farm house, at Old Mines during the night. They gave me a supper of rich fresh milk and fine corn bread. In the morning, a walk of three miles brought me to Potosi, where I took lodgings at Mr. Ficklin's, proprietor of the principal inn of the place. Mr. F. was a native of Kentucky, a man of open frank manners, and most kind benevolent feelings, who had seen much of frontier life, had lived a number of years in Missouri, and now at a rather advanced period of life, possessed a fund of local knowledge and experience, the communication of which rendered the time I spent at his house both profitable and pleasing.

I reached Potosi on the second of August. The next day was the day of the county election*, which brought together the principal miners and agricultural gentlemen of the region, and gave me a favourable opportunity of forming acquaintance, and making known the object of my visit. I was particularly indebted to the civilities of Stephen F. Austin, Esq. for these introductions. During my stay in the country he interested himself in my success, omitted no opportunity of furthering my views, and extending my acquaintance with the geological features and resources of the country. He offered me an apartment in the old family mansion of Durham Hall, for the reception and accumulation of my collections. Mr. Bates and sons, Mr. Jones and sons, Mr. Perry and brothers, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Brickey, Mr. Honey and others, seconded these civilities. Indeed the friendly and obliging disposition I uniformly met with, from the inhabitants of the mines, and the mine country generally, is indelibly impressed on my memory.

I was now at the capital of the mines, and in a position most favourable for obtaining true information of their character and value. Three months devoted to this object left scarcely a nook of the country which I had not either personally explored, or obtained authentic information of. I found forty-five principal mines, or mineral *diggings* as some of them are called, within a circumference of less than forty miles. Potosi, and its vicinity yielded annually about three millions of pounds of lead, and furnished employment to the estimated number, of eleven to twelve hundred hands. The business was however depressed, like almost every other branch of domestic arts or industry, after the peace of 1814, owing to the great influx and low prices of

* About 70 votes were polled in the town of Potosi. Mr. Austin, the younger, was returned by the county to the Territorial Legislature.

foreign products, and the general derangement of currency and credit. Prepared ore, delivered at the furnaces, was worth two dollars per cwt., paid chiefly in merchandize. Pig lead sold at four dollars, at the mines ; and but half a dollar higher on the banks of the Mississippi, and was quoted at seven dollars in the Atlantic cities. Judged from these data, there appeared no adequate cause for the alleged depression ; for in addition to the ordinary merchant's profit, in the disposition of his stock to the operative miner or digger of ore, a profit of one cent and a half per pound was left, over and above the cost of transportation to an eastern market ; besides, the difference in exchange, between the south western and eastern cities. And it was evident, from a view of the whole subject, that the business could not only be profitably pursued, with economical arrangements, but that the public domain, upon which most of the mines are seated, might be made to yield a revenue to the treasury, at least equal to the amount of this article required for the national consumption, over the expenses, the superintendence and management. Besides which, there was great room for improved and economical modes of mining; and there was hardly one of the manipulations, from the making of a common drill or pick, to the erection of a smelting furnace, which did not admit of salutary changes for the better. The recovery of the mere waste lead, in its sublimated form, around the open log furnaces of the country, promised to add a valuable item to the profit of the business. The most wasteful, hurried, and slovenly of all systems is pursued in exploring and raising the ore, by which the surface of the country is riddled with pit holes, in the most random manner ; the loose and scattered deposits in the soil hastily gathered up, and the real lead and veins of metal left, in very many cases, untouched. Thousands of square acres of land were thus partially rifled of their riches, and spoiled, and condemned, without being exhausted. By having no scientific knowledge of mineral veins and geological structure, as practically adopted in Europe, all rule in the process of mining and raising the ore had degenerated into mere guess work, and thousands of dollars had been wasted, in some places, where the application of some of the plainest mining principles, would not have warranted the removal of a shovel full of earth. In short, there was here observed, a blending of the miner and farmer character. Almost every farmer was a miner. Planters who had slaves, employed them part of the year in mining ; and every miner, to some extent was a farmer. Because the ore found in the clay beds did not occur in east and west, or north and south lines, or its rules of deposition had not been determined by careful observation, all success in the exploration was supposed to be the result of chance. And whoever surveys the mineral counties of Missouri, will be ready to conclude, that more labour has been thrown away in the helter-skelter system of digging, than was ever applied to well directed or profitable

mining. Had an absolute monarch called for this vast amount of labour from his people to build some monument, he would have been declared the greatest tyrant. Indeed, I know of no instance in America, of the misapplication of so great an amount of free labour—labour cheerfully bestowed, and thrown away without a regret. For the losers in mining, like the adventurers in a lottery, have no one to blame but themselves.

It appeared to me that a statement of the actual condition of the mines, would be received with attention at Washington, and that a system for the better management of them could not but be approved, were it properly brought forward. I determined to make the attempt. It did not, however, appear to me, that nature had limited the deposits of ore to one species, or to so limited an area, and I sought means to extend my personal examinations farther west and south. To bring this about, and to collect the necessary information to base statements on, in a manner correspondent to my wishes, required time, and a systematic mode of recording facts.

To this object, in connexion with the natural history of the country, I devoted the remainder of the year, and a part of the following year. I soon found, after reaching the mines, that I had many coadjutors in the business of collecting specimens, in the common miners, some of whom were in the habit of laying aside for me, any thing they found, in their pits and leads, which assumed a new or curious character. Inquiries and applications relative to the mineralogy and structure of the country were made, verbally and by letter, from many quarters. I established my residence at Potosi, but made excursions, from time to time, in various directions. Some of these excursions were fruitful of incidents, which would be worth recording, did the cursory character of these reminiscences permit it. On one occasion, I killed a horse by swimming him across the Joachim river, at its mouth, whilst he was warm and foaming from a hard day's ride. He was put in the stable and attended, but died the next day, as was supposed, from this sudden transition. There was scarcely a mine or digging in the country, for forty miles around, which I did not personally examine; and few persons, who had given attention to the subject, from whom I did not derive some species of information.

The general hospitality and frankness of the inhabitants of the mine country could not but make a favourable impression on a stranger. The custom of riding on horseback, in a region which affords great facilities for it, makes every one a horseman and a woodsman, and has generated something of the cavalier air and manners. But nothing impressed me more, in this connexion, than the gallant manner, which I observed here, of putting a lady on horseback. She stands facing you, with the bridle in her right hand, and gives you her left. She then places one of her feet in your left hand, which you stoop to receive, when, by a simultaneous exertion and spring, she is vaulted backwards into the saddle. Whether

this be a transmitted Spanish custom, I know not, but I have not observed it in the French, or American settlements west of the Alleghanies.

The earthquakes of 1812, which were so disastrous in South America, are known to have propagated themselves towards the north, and they exerted some striking effects in the lower part of the valley of the Mississippi, sending down into the channel of the latter, large areas of deluvial earth, as was instanced, in a remarkable manner, at New Madrid. Portions of the forest, back of this town, sunk, and gave place to lakes and lagoons. These effects were also witnessed, though in a milder form, in the more solid formations of the mine country. Soon after reaching Potosi, I visited the Mineral Fork, a tributary of the Merrimack, where some of these effects had been witnessed. I descended into the pit and crevices of the Old Mines. These mines were explored in the metalliferous rock. Every thing had an old and ruinous look, for they had been abandoned. Large quantities of the ore had been formerly raised at this mine, which was pursued into a deep fissure of the limestone rock. I descended into this fissure, and found among the rubbish and vein stones, large elongated and orbicular masses of calc spar, the outer surfaces of which bore strong marks of geological abrasion. They broke into rhombs very transparent, and of a honey-yellow colour. Mr. Elliot, the intelligent proprietor of this mine, represented the indications of ore to have been flattering, although every thing was now at a stand. Masses of sulphuret of zinc, in the form of blonde, were noticed at this locality. Mr. Elliot invited me to dine, and he filled up the time with interesting local reminiscences. He stated, among other facts, that a copious spring, at these mines, dried up during the remarkable earthquakes of 1812. These earthquakes appear to have discharged their shocks in the direction of the stratification from the southwest to the northeast, but they spent their force west of the Mississippi. Their chief violence was at Natchitoches and New Madrid, at the latter of which they destroyed an immense area of alluvial land. Their effects in the Ohio valley, lying exactly in the direction of their action, were slight. A Mr. Watkins, of Cincinnati, accompanied me on this examination, and rode back with me to Potosi.

On the 9th of August, I had dined with Samuel Perry, Esq., at Mine à Burton, one of the principal inhabitants of the county, and was passing the evening at Mr. Austin's, when Mr. and Mrs. Perry came suddenly in. They had hardly taken seats, when a rabble of persons with bells and horns surrounded the house, and kept up a tumult that would have done honor to one of the wildest festivals of St. Nicholas, headed by Brom Bones himself. This, we were told, was a Chiraviri. And what is a Chiraviri? I am not deep enough read in French local customs to give a satisfactory answer, but the custom is said to be one that the populace may indulge in, whenever a marriage has taken place in the village, which is not in exact accordance with their opinions of its propriety. I was, by this incident, in-

formed of Mr. Perry's recent marriage, and should judge, moreover, that he had exercised both taste and judgment in his selection of a partner. The affair of the Chiraviri is said to have been got up by some spiteful persons.

Towards the middle of the month (12th,) I set out, accompanied by Mr. James B. Austin, on horseback, for Herculaneum, by the way of Hazel Run, a route displaying a more southerly section of the mine country than I had before seen. A ride on horseback over the mine hills, offers one of the most delightful prospects of picturesque sylvan beauty that can be well conceived of. The hills are, with a few exceptions, not precipitous enough to make the ride irksome. They rise in long and gentle swells, resembling those of the sea, in which the vessel is, by an easy motion, alternately at the top of liquid hills, or in the bottom of liquid vales. From these hills the prospect extends over a surface of heath-grass and prairie flowers, with an open growth of oaks, giving the whole country rather the aspect of a *park* than a *wilderness*. Occasionally a ridge of pine intervenes, and wherever there is a brook, the waters present the transparency of rock crystal. Sometimes a range of red clay hillocks, putting up rank shrubs and vines of species which were *unknown before*, indicates an abandoned digging or mine. Farms and farm houses were then few; and every traveller we met on horseback, had more or less the bearing of a country cavalier, with a fine horse, good equipments, perhaps holsters and pistols, sometimes a rifle, and always something of a military air, betokening manliness and independence. Wherever we stopped, and whoever we met on the way, there was evinced a courteous and hospitable disposition.

We did not leave Potosi till afternoon. It was a hot August day, and it was dusk before we entered the deep shady valley of Big River. Some delay arose in waiting for the ferryman to put us across the river, and it was nine o'clock in the evening when we reached Mr. Bryant's, at Hazel Run, where we were cordially received. Our host would not let us leave his house, next morning, till after breakfast. We rode to McCormick's, on the Platten, to dinner, and reached Herculaneum before sunset. The distance by this route from Potosi is forty-five miles, and the road, with the exception of a couple of miles, presented a wholly new section of the country.

The Mississippi was now low, displaying large portions of its margin, and exhibiting heavy deposits of mud and slime, which broke into cakes, as they dried in the sun. I know not whether these exhalations affected me, but I experienced a temporary illness for a few days during this visit. I recollect that we had, during this time, some severe and drenching rain storms, with vivid and copious lightning, and heavy pealing thunder. These drenching and rapid showers convert the brooks and rills of the mine country to perfect torrents, and this explains one cause of the wash-

ing away and gulling of roads and streets, so remarkable on the west bank of the Mississippi. My illness induced me to give up returning on horseback ; and I set out, on the 18th of the month, in a dearborn, accompanied by Mrs. Austin. On descending the long hill, near Donnell's, beyond the Joachim, the evening was so dark that I became sensible I must have got out of the road. I drove with the more care a few moments, and stopped. Requesting Mrs. Austin to hold the reins, I jumped out and explored the ground. I found myself in an abandoned, badly gullied track, which would have soon capsized the wagon ; but leading the horse by the bridle, I slowly regained my position in the direct road and got down the hill, and reached the house without further accident. Next day we drove into Potosi by four o'clock in the afternoon. This was my second visit, and I now accepted a room and quarters for my collection, at their old homestead called Durham Hall.

From this period till the middle of September, I pursued with unremitting assiduity, the enquiry in hand, and by that time had made a cabinet collection, illustrating fully the mineralogy, and, to some extent, the geological structure of the country. I erected a small chemical furnace for assays. Some of the clays of the country were found to stand a high heat, and by tempering them with pulverized granite, consisting largely of feldspar, I obtained crucibles that answered every purpose. Some of the specimens of lead, treated in the dry way, yielded from 75 to 82 per cent.

Accident threw in my way, on the 25th of August, a fact which led to the discovery of a primitive tract, on the southern borders of the mine country, the true geological relation of which to the surrounding secondary formations, formed at the outset rather a puzzle. I rode out on horseback on that day, with Mr. Stephen F. Austin, to Miller's, on the Mineral Fork, to observe a locality of manganese, and saw lying, near his mills, some large masses of red syenitic granite, which appeared to have been freshly blasted. He remarked that they were obtained on the St. Francis, and were found to be the best material at hand for millstones. On examination, the rock consisted almost exclusively of red feldspar and quartz. A little hornblende was present, but scarcely a trace of mica. This species of syenitic granite, large portions of which, viewed in the field, are complete syenite, and all of which is very barren of crystals, I have since found on the upper Mississippi, and throughout the northwestern regions above the secondary latitudes. The hint, however, was not lost. I took the first opportunity to visit the sources of the St. Francis : having obtained letters to a gentleman in that vicinity, I set out on horseback for that region, taking a stout pair of saddle-bags, to hold my collections. I passed through Murphy's and Cook's settlements, which are, at the present time, the central parts of St. Francis county. *Mine a la Motte* afforded some new facts in its mineralogical features. I first saw this red

syenite, in place, on Blackford's Fork. The westernmost limits of this ancient mine extends to within a mile or two of this primitive formation. The red clay formation extends to the granitic elevations, and conceals their junction with the newer rock. The nearest of the carboniferous series, in place, is on the banks of Rock Creek, at some miles' distance. It is there the crystalline sandstone. How far this primitive district of the St. Francis extends, has not been determined. The St. Francis and Grand rivers, both have their sources in it. It is probable the Ozaw Fork of the Merrimack comes from its western borders. Not less than twenty or thirty miles can be assigned for its north and south limits. The Iron mountain of Bellview is within it. The vicinity of the pass called the Narrows, appears to have been the locality of former volcanic action. A scene of ruder disruption, marked by the vast accumulation of broken rock, it would be difficult to find. Indeed the whole tract is one of high geological, as well as scenic interest. Had the observer of this scene been suddenly dropped down into one of the wildest, broken, primitive tracts of New England, or the north east angle of New York, he could not have found a field of higher physical attractions. Trap and green-stone constitute prominent tracts, and exist in the condition of dykes in the syenite, or feldspathique granite. I sought in vain for mica in the form of distinct plates. Some of the greenstone is handsomely porphyritic, and embraces green crystals of feldspar. Portions of this rock are sprinkled with masses of bright sulphuret of iron. Indeed iron in several of its forms abounds. By far the largest portion of it is in the shape of the micaceous oxyde. I searched, without success, for the iridescent specular variety, or Elba ore. In returning from this trip, I found Wolf river greatly swollen by rains, and had to swim it at much hazard, with my saddle-bags heavily laden with the results of my examination. It was dark when I reached the opposite bank: wet and tired I pushed for the only house in sight. As I came to it the doors stood open, the fences were down, a perfect air of desolation reigned around. There was no living being found; and the masses of yawning darkness exhibited by the untenanted rooms, seemed a fit residence for the genius of romance. Neither my horse nor myself were, however, in a temper or plight for an adventure of this kind, and the poor beast seemed as well pleased as I was, to push forward from so cheerless a spot. Four miles' riding through an untenanted forest, and a dark and blind road, brought us to a Mr. Murphy's, the sponsor of Murphy's settlement.

LITTLE TURTLE was a Miami, yet Little Turtle made a visit to Kentucky, and induced its legislature to pass a law against the sale of ardent spirits to the Indian race.

THE RABID WOLF.

A VERITABLE TRADITION OF THE VALLEY OF THE TAWASENTHA.

THE great Pine Plains, beginning not far south of the junction of the Mohawk with the North River, are still infested by wolves, who harbour in its deep gorges, from which they sally out at night, on the sheep-folds of the farmers, and often put a whole neighbourhood in fear. The railroad track from Albany to Schenectady, passes over a part of these plains, which stretch away in the direction of the blue outlines of the Helderberg mountains. It is many miles across the narrowest part of them, and they reach down to the very outskirts of the city of Albany, where they have of late years, and since Buel's day, begun to cultivate them by sowing clover, planting fruit trees, and in other ways. They constitute the table land of the county, and send out from beneath their heavy mass of yellow sand and broken down sand stones, mica slates, and granites, many springs and streams of the purest and most crystalline waters, which find their outlets chiefly into the valley of the Tawasentha, or, as the river is called in popular language, the Norman's Kill, and are thus contributed to swell the noble volume of the Hudson. These springs issue at the precise point where the arenaceous mass rests on a clay or impervious basis. The effect, in ancient years, has been that the sand is carried off, grain by grain, till a deep ravine or gorge is formed. The sides of this gorge being composed of mixed earth and some mould, and free from the aridity of the surface, bear a dense and vigorous growth of hard wood trees and shrubbery, and are often found to be encumbered with immense trunks of fallen pines and other forest rubbish, which renders it very difficult to penetrate them. It is into these dark gorges that the wolves retreat, after scouring the plains and neighbouring farms for prey ; and here they have maintained their ancient empire from time immemorial. Such, at least, was the state of things between the settlers and the wolves, at the date of this story, in 1807.

Bancroft Library

Sometimes the whole country armed and turned out *en masse*, to ferret them out of their fastnesses and destroy them ; and truly the forces assembled on some of these wolf-hunts were surprising, and, in one respect, that is to say, the motley and uncouth character of their arms, they would have put both Bonaparte and Wellington to flight. There was nothing, from a pitchfork to a heavy blunderbuss, which they did not carry, always excepting a good rifle, which I never remember to have seen on these occasions. Indeed, these formal turn-outs were better suited to frighten away, than to kill and capture the foe ; so that there was no

just cause of surprise why the wolves remained, and even increased. They still kept masters of the Plains—sheep were killed by dozens, night after night, and the alarm went on.

It was at other times tried to trap them, and to bait them in sundry ways. I recollect that we all had implicit faith in the village schoolmaster, one Cleanthus, who knew some Latin, and a little of almost every thing ; and among other arts which he cherished, and dealt out in a way to excite wonder for his skill, he knew how to make the wolves follow his tracks, by smearing his shoes with *æsosædita*, or some other substance, and then ensconcing himself at night in a log pen, where he might bid defiance to the best of them, and shoot at them besides. But I never could learn that there were any of these pestiferous animals killed, either by the schoolmaster and his party, or any other party, except it was the luckless poor animal I am about to write of, which showed its affinities to the canine race by turning rabid, and rushing at night into the midst of a populous manufacturing village.

Iosco was eligibly seated on the summit and brow of a picturesque series of low crowned hills, just on the southern verge of these great Plains, where the tillable and settled land begins. It was, consequently, in relation to these wolves, a perfect frontier ; and we had not only frequent alarms, but also the privilege and benefit of hearing all the wonderful stories of wolf-adventure, to man and beast, for a wide circle. Indeed, these stories often came back with interest, from the German and Dutch along the Swarta Kill, and Boza Kill settlements, away up to the foot of the Helderberg mountains. A beautiful and clear stream of sparkling cold water, called the Hungerkill, after gathering its crystal tributaries from the deep gorges of the plains, ran through the village, and afforded one or two seats for mills, and after winding and doubling on its track a mile or two, rendered its pellucid stores into the Norman's Kill, or, as this stream was called by the ancient Mohawk race, in allusion to their sleeping dead, the Tawasentha. No stream in the country was more famous for the abundance of its fine brook trout, and the neighbouring plains served to shelter the timid hare, and the fine species of northern partridge, which is there always called a pheasant.

The village was supported by its manufacturing interests, and was quite populous. It had a number of long streets, some of which reached across the stream, and over a spacious mill pond, and others swept at right angles along the course of the great Cherry Valley turnpike. In its streets were to be heard, in addition to the English, nearly all the dialects of the German between the Rhine and the Danube ; the Low Dutch as spoken by the common country people on the manor of Rensselaerwyck, the Erse and Gaelic, as not unfrequently used by the large proportion of its Irish and Scotch, and what seemed quite as striking to one brought up in seclusion from it, the genuine Yankee, as discoursed by

the increasing class of factory wood choppers, teamsters, schoolmasters, men out at the elbows, and travelling wits. The latter were indeed but a sorry representation of New England, as we have since found it. No small amount of superstitions were believed and recited in the social meetings of such a mixed foreign population. Accounts of instances of the second sight, death-lights on the meadows and in the churchyard, the low howling of premonitory dogs before funerals, and other legendary wares, to say nothing of the actual and veritable number of downright spooks, seen on various occasions, on the lands of the Veeders, the Van Valkenburgs, the Truaxes, and the Lagranges, rendered it a terror to all children under twelve to stir out of doors after dark. There were in the annals of Iosco, several events in the historical way which served as perfect eras to its inhabitants; but none, it is believed, of so striking and general importance as the story of the Mad Wolf, of which I am about to write.

There had been found, soon after the close of the revolutionary war, in a dark wood very near the road, pieces of a cloth coat and metallic buttons, and other things, which rendered it certain that a man had been murdered at that spot, in consequence of which the place was shunned, or hurried by, as if a spirit of evil had its abode there. On another occasion, the body of a poor old man of the name of Homel, was found drowned deep in the Norman's Kill, clasped in the arms of his wife, both dead. A gentleman of standing, who ventured alone, rather groggy, one dark night, over the long unrailed bridge that crossed the mill pond, pitched upon some sharp pallisadoes in the water, and came to a melancholy end. Hormaun, an Iroquois, who haunted the valley, had killed, it was said, ninety-nine men, and was waiting an opportunity to fill his count, by dispatching his hundredth man. This was a greatly dreaded event, particularly by the boys. There was also the era, when a Race Course had been established on a spot called the "Colonel's Farm," and the era of the "Deep Snow." There were many other events celebrated in Iosco, such as the De Zeng era, the Van Rensselaer era, and the Van Kleeck era, which helped the good mothers to remember the period when their children were born; but none, indeed, of so notable a character to youthful minds as the adventure of the mad wolf.

Wolf stories were in vogue, in fact, in the evening and tea party circles of Iosco for many years; and if one would take every thing as it was given, there had been more acts of bravery, conduct, and firm decision of character and foresight, displayed in encountering these wild vixens of the plains and valleys by night, than would, if united, have been sufficient to repel the inroads of Burgoyne, St. Leger, or Sir John Johnson, with Brant, and all his hosts of tories and Indians, during the American revolution.

I chanced one night to have left the city of Albany, in company with

one of these heroic spirits. We occupied my father's chaise, an old-fashioned piece of gentility now out of vogue, drawn by a prime horse, one which he always rode on parades. It was late before we got out of the precincts of the city, and up the hill, and night overtook us away in the pine woods, at Billy McKown's, a noted public-house seated half way between the city and Iosco, where it was customary in those days to halt; for besides that he was much respected, and one of the most sensible and influential men in the town, it was not thought right, whatever the traveller might require, that a *horse* should be driven eight miles without drawing breath, and having a pail of water. As I was but young, and less of a charioteer than my valiant companion, he held the whip and reins thus far; but after the wolf stories that poured in upon us at McKown's that evening, he would hold them no longer. Every man, he thought, was responsible to himself. He did not wish to be wolf's meat that night, so he hired a fleet horse from our host, and a whip and spurs, and set off with the speed of a Jehu, leaving me to make my way, in the heavy chaise, through the sandy plains, as best I could.

In truth we had just reached the most sombre part of the plain, where the trees were more thick, the sand deep and heavy, and not a house but one, within the four miles. To render it worse, this was the chief locality of wolf insolence, where he had even ventured to attack men. It was on this route too, that the schoolmaster had used his medical arts, which made it better known through the country as the supposed centre of their power. Nothing harmed me, however; the horse was fine, and I reached home not only uneaten, but unthreatened by a wolf's jaw.

But I must confine myself to the matter in hand. A large and fierce wolf sallied out of the plains one dark summer's night, and rushed into the midst of the village, snapping to the right and left as he went, and biting every animal that came in his way. Cows, swine, pigs, geese—every species, whether on four legs, or two legs, shared its malice alike. The animal seemed to have a perfect ubiquity—it was every where, and seemed to have spared nothing. It is not recollect that there was a single house, or barn-yard in the village, where something had not been bitten. If he had come on an errand of retribution, for the great and threatening wolf-parties which had gone out against his race, and all the occult arts of the schoolmaster in trying to decoy them at Barrett's hollow, he could not have dealt out his venomous snaps more indiscriminately.

It must have been about midnight, or soon after, that the fearful visiter came. Midnight, in a country village, finds almost every one in bed, but such was the uproar among the animal creation, made by this strange interloper, that *out* of bed they soon come. The cattle bellowed, the pigs squealed, the poultry cackled—there must be something amiss. Santa Claus himself must be playing his pranks. "A wolf!" was the cry—"a wolf is committing havoc." "It is mad!" came next on the voices of the

night. "A mad wolf!—a mad wolf!" Nothing but a mad wolf could venture alone into the heart of the village, and do so much mischief. Out ran the people into the streets, men, women and all. Some caught up guns, some clubs, some pitchforks. If the tories and Indians, in the old French war, had broke into the settlement with fire and sword, there could not have been a greater tumult, and nothing but a mad wolf would have stood his ground. Where is he? which way did he run? who saw him? and a thousand like expressions followed. He had gone south, and south the mob pushed after him. He was away over on the street that leads up from the middle factory. It was a cloudy night, or the moon only came out fitfully, and threw light enough to discern objects dimly, as the clouds rolled before it. Indistinct murmurs came on the breeze, and at length the scream of a woman. The cause of it soon followed. The wolf had bitten Mrs. Sitz. Now Mrs. Sitz was a careful, tall, rigid-faced, wakeful housewife, from the dutchy of Hesse D'Armstadt, who had followed the fortunes of her husband, in trying his mechanical skill in the precincts of Iosco; but while her husband Frank laid fast asleep, under the influence of a hard day's labour, her ears were open to the coming alarm. It was not long before she heard a tumult in her goose pen. The rabid animal had bounded into the midst of them, which created as great an outcry as if Rome had a second time been invaded. Out she ran to their relief, not knowing the character of the disturber, but naturally thinking it was some thief of a neighbour, who wished to make provision for a coming Christmas. The animal gave her one snap and leapt the pen. "Mein hemel!" screamed she, "er hat mein gebissen!" Sure enough the wolf had bit her in the thigh.

The party in chase soon came up, and while some stopt to parley and sympathize with her, others pushed on after the animal—the spitzbug, as she spitefully called him. By this time the wolf had made a circuit of the southern part of the village, and scampered down the old factory road, by the mill dam, under the old dark bridge at the saw mill, and up the hill by the old public store; and thus turned his course back towards the north, into the thickest part of the village, where he had first entered. He had made a complete circuit. All was valour, boasting, and hot speed behind him, but the wolf had been too nimble for them. Unluckily for him, however, while the main group pushed behind, just as he was scampering up the old store hill, he was suddenly headed by a party coming down it. This party was led by old Colonel S., a revolutionary soldier, a field-officer of the county militia, and the superintendent of the extensive manufacturing establishment from which the village drew its prosperity. He was armed with a fusil of the olden time, well charged, and having been roused from his bed in a hurry, could not at the moment find his hat, and clapt on an old revolutionary cocked hat, which hung in the room. His appearance was most opportune; he halted on the brow of

the hill, and as the wolf bounded on he levelled his piece at the passing fugitive, and fired. He had aimed at the shoulders ; the fleetness of its speed, however, saved its vital parts, but the shot took effect in the animal's hind legs. They were both broken at a shot. This brought him down. The poor creature tried to drag himself on by his fore paws, but his pursuers were too close upon him, and they soon dispatched him with hatchets and clubs.

Thus fell the rabid wolf, to be long talked of by men and boys, and put down as a chief item in village traditions. But the effects of his visit did not end here. In due time, symptoms of madness seized the cattle and other animals, which had come within the reach of his teeth. Many of the finest milch cows were shot. Calves and swine, and even poultry went rabid ; and as things of this kind are generally overdone, there was a perfect panic in the village on the subject, and numbers of valuable animals were doubtless shot, merely because they happened to show some restiveness at a very critical epoch.

But what, methinks the reader is ready to ask, became of Mrs. Sitz ? Whether it was, that she had brought over some mystical arts from the Wild Huntsman of Bohemia, or had derived protection from the venom through the carefully administered medicines of Dr. Crouse, who duly attended the case, or some inherent influence of the stout hearted woman, or the audacity of the bite itself, had proved more than a match for the wolf, I cannot say ; but certain it is, that while oxen and kine, swine and fatlings, fell under the virus and were shot, she recovered, and lived many years to scold her dozing husband Frank, who did not jump up immediately, and come to her rescue at the goose pen.

INDIAN POSSESSIONS.—The Ottoes own, at the latest accounts, a large tract of country on the Big Platte, west of the Missouri ; they are a poor race of people, and receive a small annuity of \$2,500. The Pawnees are a powerful body, and number about 6,500 persons, divided into bands under the names of Pawnee Loups, Grand Pawnees, Republican Pawnees, Pawnee Pics, &c. ; they are wild and furtive in their habits, and receive provisions and goods. The Grand Nation is the Pottowattomies, or the “united bands of the Chippewas, Ottawas, and Pottowattomies.” They own five millions of acres of prairie lands, along the Missouri river to the Little Sioux, number about 2,000, and receive \$42,000 a year for their lands sold in Illinois and Michigan. They are a respectable body of Indians, are good farmers, and educate their children. The payment of the annuities is always a season of great hilarity and festivity.—*N. O. Pic.*

TALES OF A WIGWAM.

It is a characteristic of some of the Indian legends, that they convey *a moral* which seems clearly enough to denote, that a part of these legends were invented to convey instruction to the young folks who listen to them. The known absence of all harsh methods among the Indians, in bringing up their children, favours this idea. The following tale addresses itself plainly to girls ; to whom it teaches the danger of what we denominate coquetry. It would seem from this, that beauty, and its concomitant, a passion for dress, among the red daughters of Adam and Eve, has the same tendency to create pride, and nourish self-conceit, and self-esteem, and assume a *tyranny over the human heart*, which writers tell us, these qualities have among their white-skinned, auburn-haired, and blue-eyed progeny the world over. This tale has appeared in the "Columbian." The term Moowis is one of the most derogative and offensive possible. It is derived from the Odjibwa substantive, mo, filth, or excrement.

MOOWIS,

OR

THE MAN MADE UP OF RAGS AND DIRT.

A TRADITIONARY LEGEND OF THE ODJIBWAS.

In a large village, there lived a noted belle, or Ma mon dá go kwa, who was the admiration of all the young hunters and warriors. She was particularly admired by a young man, who from his good figure, and the care he took in his dress, was called the Beau-Man, or Ma mon dá gin in-e. This young man had a friend and companion, whom he made a confidant of his affairs. "Come," said he, one day in a sportive mood, "let us go a courting to her who is so handsome, perhaps she may fancy one of us." But she would listen to neither of them, and when the handsome young man rallied from the coldness of her air, and made an effort to overcome her indifference, she put together her thumb and three fingers, and raising her hand gracefully towards him, deliberately opened them in his face. This gesticulatory mode of rejection is one of the highest contempt, and the young hunter retired confused and abashed. His sense of pride was deeply wounded, and he was the more piqued, that it had been done in the presence of others, and the affair was soon noised about the village, and became the talk of every lodge circle. Besides, he was a very sensitive man, and the thing so preyed upon him, that he became moody, and at last took to his bed. He was taciturn, often lying for days without uttering a word, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, and taking little or no food. From this state no efforts could rouse him ; he felt abashed and dis-honoured, even in the presence of his own relatives, and no persuasions could induce him to rise. So that when the family prepared to take down the lodge to remove, he still kept his bed, and they were compelled to lift it over his head, and leave him upon his skin couch. It was a time of general removal and breaking up of the camp, for it was only a winter's hunting camp, and as the season of the hunt was now over, and

spring began to appear, they all moved off, as by one impulse, to the place of their summer village, and in a short time, all were gone, and he was left alone. The last person to leave him was his boon companion, and cousin, who has been mentioned as also one of the admirers of the forest belle. But even *his* voice was disregarded, and as soon as his steps died away on the creaking snow, the stillness and solitude of the wilderness reigned around.

As soon as all were gone, and he could no longer, by listening, hear the remotest sounds of the departing camp, the Beau-Man arose. It is to be understood that this young man was aided by a powerful guardian spirit, or personal Moneto ; and he resolved to make use of his utmost power to punish and humble the girl. For she was noted in the tribe for her coquetry, and had treated others, who were every way her equals, as she had done him. He resolved on a singular stratagem, by way of revenge. For this purpose, he walked over the deserted camp, and gathered up all the bits of soiled cloth, clippings of finery, and cast off clothing, and ornaments which had either been left or lost. These he carefully picked out of the snow, into which some of them had been trodden and partially buried, and conveyed them to one place. The motley heap of gaudy and soiled stuffs, he restored to their original beauty, and determined to make them into a coat and leggins, which he trimmed with beads, and finished and decorated after the best fashion of his tribe. He then made a pair of moccasins and garnished them with beads, a bow and arrows, and a frontlet and feathers for the head. Having done this, he searched about for cast out bones of animals, pieces of skins, clippings of dried meat, and even dirt, and having cemented them together with snow, he filled the clothes with these things, and pressed the mass firmly in, and fashioned it externally in all respects, like a tall and well framed man. He put a bow and arrows in his hands, and the frontlet on his head. And having finished it, he brought it to life, and the image stood forth, in the most favoured lineaments of his fellows. Such was the origin of Moowis, or the Dirt and Rag Man.

"Follow me," said the Beau-Man, "and I will direct you, how you shall act." He was indeed, a very sightly person, and as they entered the new encampment, the many colours of his clothes, the profusion of ornaments which he had managed to give him, and his fine manly step, and animated countenance, drew all eyes. And he was received by all, both old and young, with marks of attention. The chief invited him to his lodge, and he was feasted on the moose's hump and the finest venison.

But no one was better pleased with the handsome stranger than Ma mon dá go kwa. She fell in love with him at the first sight, and he was an invited guest at the lodge of her mother, the very first evening of his arrival. The Beau-man went with him, for it was under his patronage that he had been introduced, and, in truth, he had another motive for accompanying him, for he had not yet wholly subdued his feelings of admira-

tion for the object, against whom he had, nevertheless, exerted all his necromantic power, and he held himself subject to any favourable turn, which he secretly hoped the visit might take, in relation to himself. But no such turn occurred. Moowis attracted the chief attention, and every eye and heart were alert to entertain him. In this effort on the part of his entertainers, they had well nigh revealed his true character, and dissolved him into his original elements of rags, and snow, and dirt ; for he was assigned the most prominent place before the fire : this was a degree of heat which he could by no means endure. To ward it off he put a boy between himself and the fire. He shifted his position frequently, and evaded, by dexterous manœuvres, and timely remarks, the pressing invitation of his host to sit up, and enjoy it. He so managed these excuses, as not only to conceal his dread of immediate dissolution, but to secure the further approbation of the fair forest girl, who could not but admire one who had so brave a spirit of endurance against the paralysing effects of cold.

The visit proved that the rejected lover had well calculated the effects of his plan. He withdrew from the lodge, and Moowis triumphed. Before he went, he saw him cross the lodge to the coveted *abinos*, or bridegroom's seat. Marriage in the forest race, is a simple ceremony, and where the impediments of custom are small, there is but little time demanded for their execution. The dart which Ma mon dá go kwa had so often delighted in sending to the hearts of her admirers, she was at length fated herself to receive. She had married an image. As the morning begun to break, the stranger arose and adjusted his warrior's plumes, and took his forest weapons to depart. "I must go," said he, "for I have an important business to do, and there are many hills and streams between me and the object of my journey." "I will go with you," she replied. "It is too far," he rejoined, "and you are ill able to encounter the perils of the way." "It is not so far, but that I can go," she responded, "and there are no dangers which I will not fully share for you."

Moowis returned to the lodge of his master, and detailed to him the events we have described. Pity, for a moment, seized the breast of the rejected youth. He regretted that she should thus have cast herself away upon an image and a shadow, when she might have been mistress of the best lodge in the band. "But it is her own folly," he said, "she has turned a deaf ear to the counsels of prudence, and she must submit to her fate."

The same morning the Image-man set forth, and his wife followed him, according to custom, at a distance. The way was rough and intricate, and she could not keep up with his rapid pace ; but she struggled hard, and perseveringly to overtake him. Moowis had been long out of sight, when the sun arose, and commenced upon his snow-formed body the work of dissolution. He began to melt away, and fall to pieces. As she followed him, piece after piece of his clothing were found in the path.

She first found his mittens, then his moccasins, then his leggins, then his coat, and other parts of his garments. As the heat unbound them, they had all returned also to their debased and filthy condition. The way led over rocks, through wind falls, across marshes. It whirled about to all points of the compass, and had no certain direction or object. Rags, bones, leather, beads, feathers, and soiled ribbons, were found, but she never caught the sight of Moowis. She spent the day in wandering; and when evening came, she was no nearer the object of her search than in the morning, but the snow having now melted, she had completely lost his track, and wandered about, uncertain which way to go, and in a state of perfect despair. Finding herself lost, she begun, with bitter cries, to bewail her fate.

"Moowis, Moowis," she cried. "Nin ge won e win ig, ne won e win ig"—that is—Moowis, Moowis, you have led me astray—you are leading me astray. And with this cry she continued to wander in the woods.

Sometimes the village girls repeat the above words, varying the expressions, till they constitute an irregular kind of song, which, according to the versions of a friendly hand, may be set down as follows:—

Moowis ! Moowis !

Forest rover,—

Where art thou ?

Ah my bravest, gayest lover,
Guide me now.

Moowis ! Moowis !

Ah believe me,
List my moan,
Do not—do not, brave heart, leave me
All alone.

Moowis ! Moowis !

Foot-prints vanished,
Whither wend I,
Fated, lost, detested, banished,
Must I die.

Moowis ! Moowis !

Whither goest,
Eye-bright lover,
Ah thou ravenous bird that knowest,
I see you hover.

Circling—circling,

As I wander,
But to spy
Where I fall, and then to batten,
On my breast.

Notices of the Press—Continued.

trast the act of piety of the daughter of the Great Sand Dune, who bore her father to the great Lake Michigan, to inhale its pure breezes for the last time, with the story of Imma, the daughter of Charlemagne, who carried her lover through the snow; and find room for a hundred Indian Godivas, "unveiling their beauty to the moon," in the midnight walks of the unconscious Ceres.

Why should not these Indian legends become the foundation of a series of national children's tales? They are indeed, now, almost ready made for the ear of childhood. What more wonderful for young listeners than stories of animals and birds—what more exciting to youthful sympathies than the tales of the camp and the foray, or more encouraging to a sense of discipline than the story of the patient vigils and fasts of the young warrior—what more soothing to youth or age than the stories of the spirit land.

The expression of the pleasure we have received from the perusal of Mr. Schoolcraft's "Tales of the Wigwam" has left us no room to notice his facts, philological and other disquisitions, and, not the least interesting, his auto-biographical sketches.

N. Y. Commercial Advertiser:

We cordially recommend Mr. Schoolcraft's publication. We should indeed seriously regret, if for lack of due encouragement at the commencement of the enterprise, Mr. S. should be discouraged from prosecuting this publication; knowing as we do that he has at his command great stores of information, the result of his experience, observation, and adventurous position in so wide a field.

N. Y. Express.

Mr. Schoolcraft, after spending thirty years in the West, in the highest official stations, connected with the Indian Department of our government, has returned with a very large amount of information, which he has collected with great care and labor, relating to different branches of Indian research, and throws much light upon subjects hitherto exceedingly obscure. The system of Indian hieroglyphics alone abounds in curious matter, which will surprise and gratify the public; as in this work it will be developed and explained in a familiar manner, with the aid of Indian drawings. This species of picture-writing has been carried much farther by our aborigines than has ever been suspected, as Mr. Schoolcraft abundantly proves; and the general reader will find with pleasure—after accompanying the author through a proper course of preliminary explanation—that the celebrated inscription on the Dighton rock, in Massachusetts, is a genuine Indian production—not only so, but he will be able to understand the principles adopted by an aged Western Indian, in its interpretation, and to apply them, step by step, to the numerous emblems and symbols of which it consists.

This is one of the most interesting cases existing, in which simple matter of fact has triumphed over learned conjecture. The savants of Sweden, three or four years ago, published an universal volume in Latin, wherein they hazarded a system of interpretation for the Dighton inscription, making it about 800 years old. In the absence of facts this has remained uncontradicted, or, at least, not disproved, until an aged red man—ignorant of what importance had been attached to the picture in Europe—being furnished with a copy by Mr. Schoolcraft, borrowed a lamp and retired to his wigwam. Late at night, a lonely twinkle of light showed that the old man was at his task of deciphering it; and in the morning he explained, at great length, the mysterious record of a distant branch of his own race and people.

This, however, is one of the least important subjects on which Mr. Schoolcraft's writings furnish light and instruction.

ONEOTA contains much curious and valuable information, and we cannot doubt that the work will meet with a hearty reception.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The knowledge of the vast fund of materials collected by the author, suggests the preparation of a great work on the subject, which no one could so acceptably prepare as Mr. Schoolcraft.—*N. Y. American.*

We trust such a reception will be given to the numbers of Oneota, as to encourage the author to edit soon the long-projected "Indian Cyclopædia."—*The American Review for January, 1844.*

ONEOTA

OR

THE RED RACE OF AMERICA.

PART SIXTH.

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